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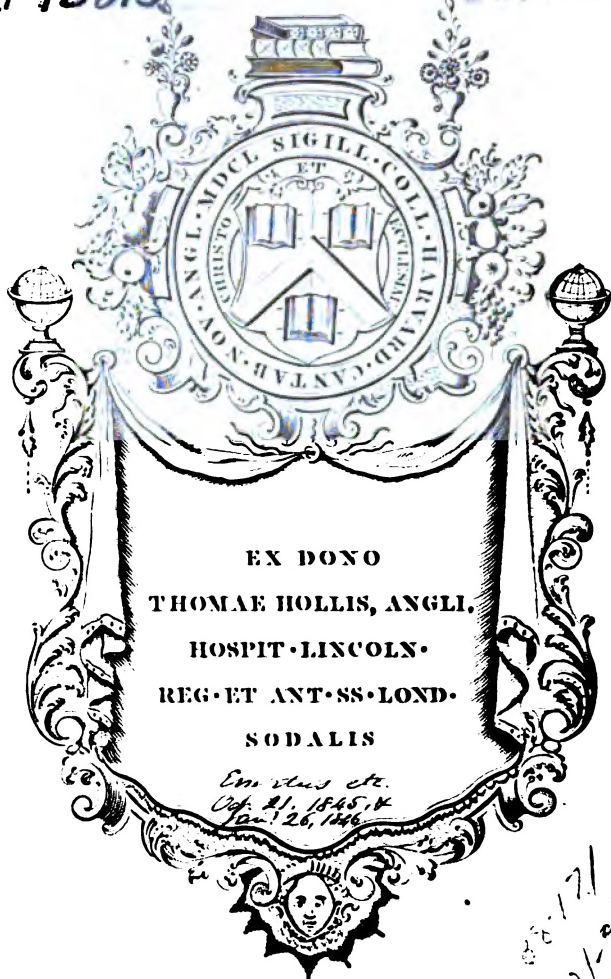
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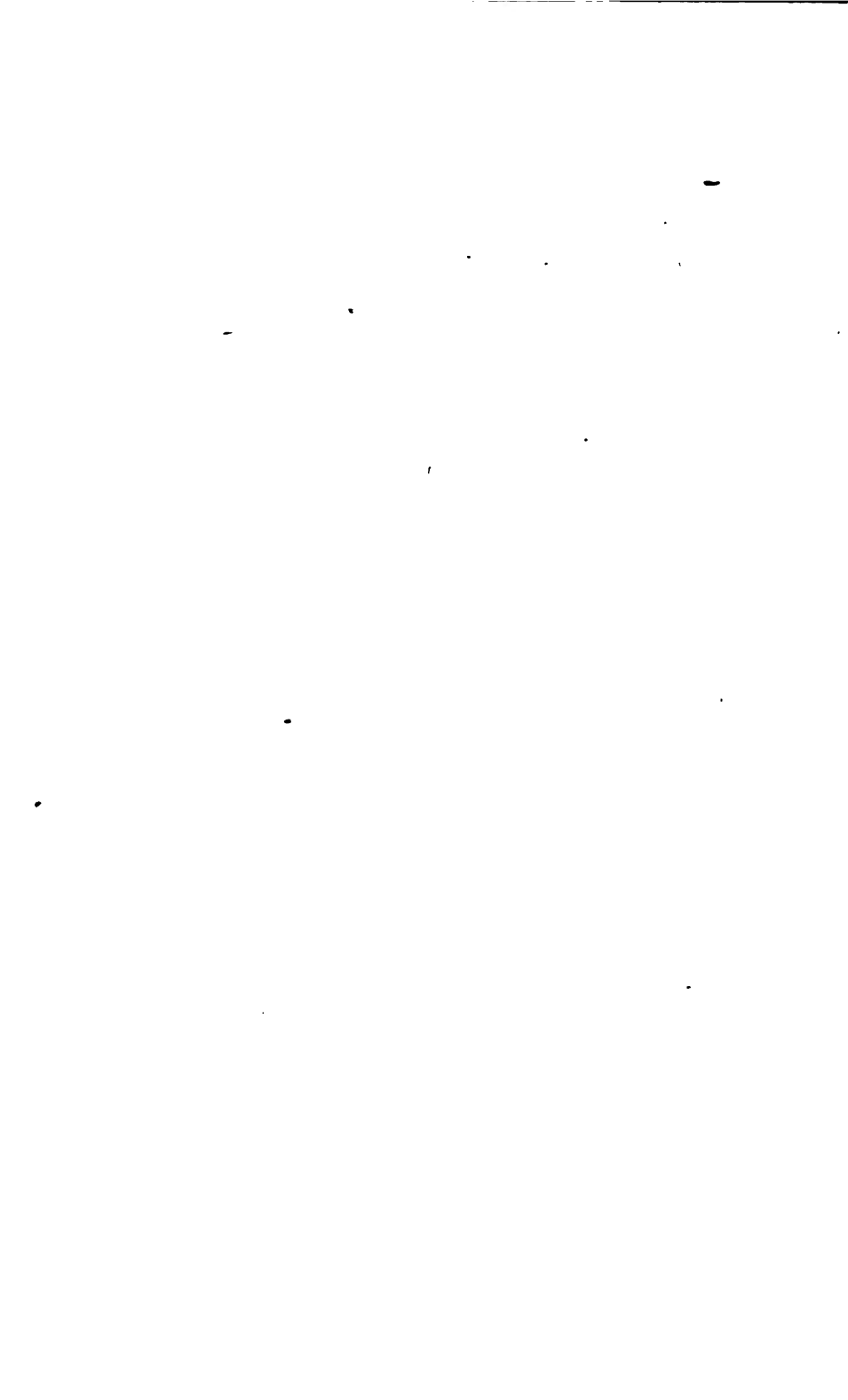
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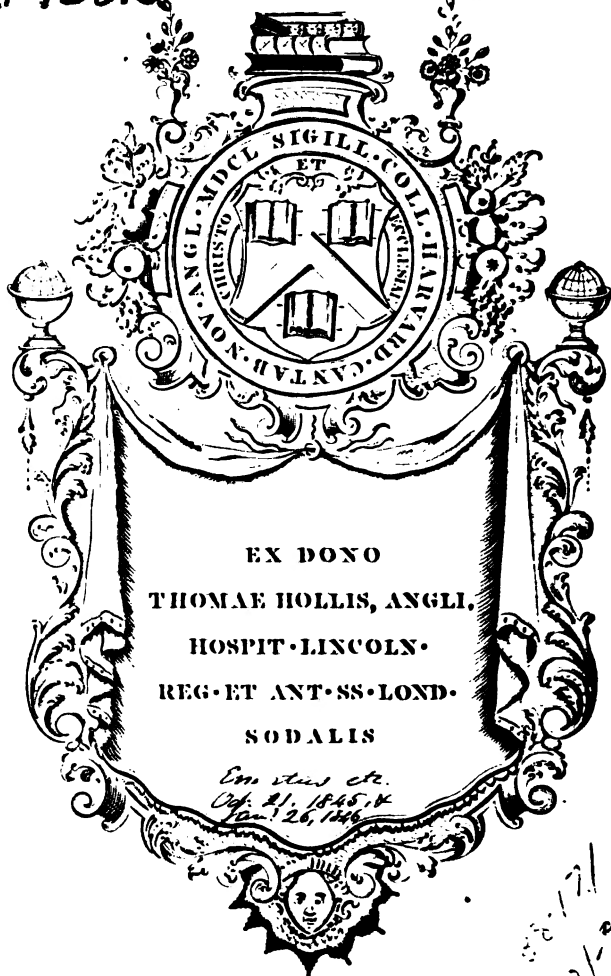
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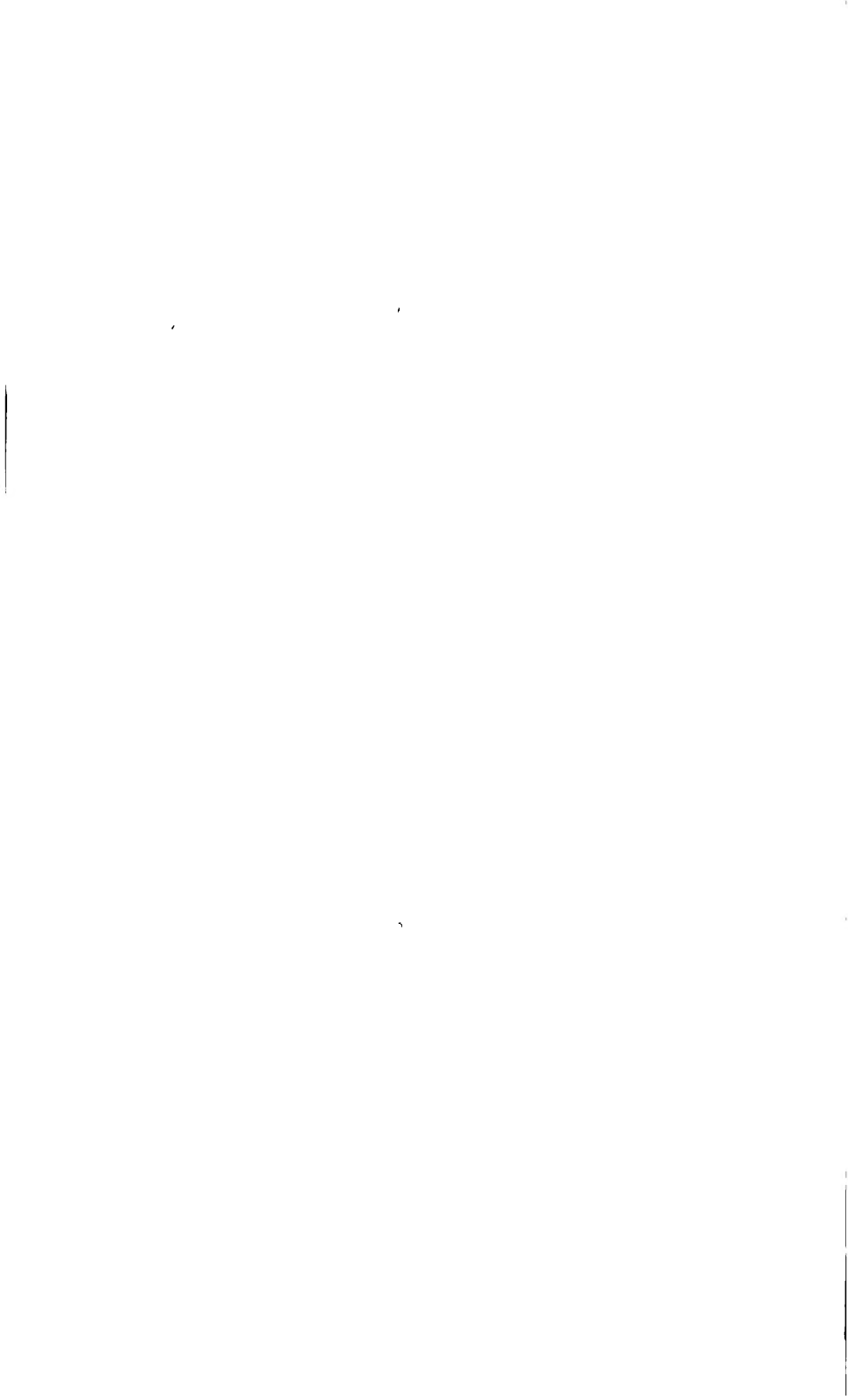


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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Napoleon im Jahre 1813; politisch-militairisch geschildert.* (Napoleon in the Year 1813, viewed as a Politician and a Soldier.) By CARL BADE. 4 small vols. Altona. 1839, 1840, 1841.
2. *Geschichte des Deutschen Freiheitskriegs.* (History of the German Liberation War, from 1813 to 1815.) By Dr. FREDERICK RICHTER. 4 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 1838-40.
3. *Manuscrit de 1813.* Par le Baron FAIN, Secrétaire du Cabinet à cette Epoque. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. Paris. 1825.
4. *Portfeuille de 1813.* Par M. DE NORVINS. Paris. 1825.
5. *History of Europe.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON. Vol. IX. Edinburgh. 1841.
6. *The Fall of Napoleon.* By Colonel MITCHELL. London. 1845.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, measured by the highest standard, was great only as a soldier. A great MAN certainly we cannot call him, who, in the very outset of his career—in the Venetian business—acted in direct contradiction, or rather in lordly despite of those laws of truth and justice, the capacity to recognise which distinguishes man from the brute, far more certainly than any superiority of merely intellectual endowment: and a great KING, or ruler, *he* could never be, who, in endeavouring to influence human beings, never appealed to any positive passion more noble than vanity, and whose chief reliance was on the purely negative affection of fear. The heathenish old Romans were bad enough, as we see them; and, perhaps, were Etruscan, Volscian, Samnite, and Carthaginian historians extant, might appear much worse; but their maxim,

“Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos”—

“To spare the yielding, and to crush the proud”—

was a fair enough one (if indeed it existed anywhere except in Virgil's brain) for a nation of heathen soldiers to acknowledge.

Bonaparte, however, in that truly diabolical transaction of Venice, acted altogether upon the reverse of this maxim,

“To spare the strong man, and to crush the weak;”

and in so doing at the early age of twenty-seven years, not under any foreign influence, but from the pure dictate of his own gigantic selfishness and despotic baseness, proved himself to be utterly destitute of all those higher qualities of soul, which, in the pages of Plutarch and Quintus Curtius, teach us to overlook the necessary harshness of the soldier in the generosity of the man, and the nobility of the hero. Napoleon was purely a soldier; on the ladder of battles he mounted to his throne; his sceptre was a marshal's baton; his laws were the laws of the sword; and the fruit of his decennial supremacy to France was, after a short fever of military excitement, lassitude and exhaustion from within, from without the hatred and the execration of all Europe. So vain was the attempt to transform the purely military principles of force and fraud, battle and stratagem, into habitual maxims of civilised government. To do so was in fact to establish, so long as it could last, a system of uninterrupted war, to proclaim the soldier the supreme arbiter of all human fortunes, to say that the word Right (not to speak of love and kindliness) was to be altogether blotted out from human language, and from human thought. Such a portentous attempt, like that of the Giants against Jove in the old fable, could not but fail. With all its breadth of outward projection, and greedy vastitude of clutch, it was in fact a thing essentially hollow, and intrinsically little. Napoleon the great soldier, the strong arm of revolutionary France, aspiring to be the political heart and the brain of Europe, proved himself to be nothing as a man, and, as a king, a Titanic phantasm. It was discovered that the will of nations could not be puffed aside always unceremoniously, in the same fashion that the Paris mob was in 1795, by a whiff of grape shot; and the fall of the strong continental despot in the year 1813 at Leipzig (for it was there rather than at Montmartre or Waterloo that he truly fell) proved to the world for the hundredth or thousandth time on a great scale, that man is essentially a moral being, and by moral influences alone can permanently either govern or be governed.

But though Bonaparte was little as a man, and hollow as a sovereign, we are not, therefore, to overlook the political and civil element in forming an estimate of his actions. If he was a soldier more than a king, he was an ambitious soldier; and an ambitious soldier will always subordinate the technical accuracy of his campaign to his prospects of, through victory, achieving, in the first place, military, and with that, among a military people, and in a

revolutionary age, as a natural consequence, civil command. The peculiarity of Napoleon's character, indeed, seems to lie in this, that, from the very first, he acted on the principle that the soldier was not merely bound to obey, but entitled to command the state, whose safety he pledged; hence he took into his own hand, not only the strategics of the campaign—(which he was perfectly entitled to do), but the conditions of the peace: Campo Formio was as much his work as Rivoli. By an overwhelming instinct, he at this early period, anticipating his future destiny, identified the soldier with the government; and it is only by bringing this, his double character, to bear upon every particular moment of his future fortunes, that a proper estimate can be formed. No greater error, therefore, can possibly be than to take any one of his famous campaigns, and judge it purely on military principles. It may be, perhaps, that his first Italian campaign will suffer little or nothing by such an analysis; but certain we are, that Napoleon the Emperor, in 1806, 1809, and 1812, acted on principles, about which Napoleon the General of 1796, with all his brilliant and confounding rashness, might have hesitated. And above all in the critical year of 1813, when, after the fatal precipitation from Moscow, so much depended on the maintenance before Europe of an imposing political attitude in Germany, we shall not be surprised, if any judgment passed upon the memorable campaigns of Lützen and Leipzig, from a purely military point of view, prove insufficient and unsatisfactory. Here, if anywhere in his portentous career, a careful balancing of contending military and political motives is necessary to a just appreciation.

That the campaign of 1813, in Germany, is beyond all comparison the most important, the most instructive, and the most interesting of all those in which Napoleon was engaged, will be manifest upon the slightest consideration. The celebrated Italian campaign on which the admirers of the brilliant soldier delight to dwell, was a master-piece of combined nimbleness and vigour that strikes the merely military imagination with an effect truly electric; but there is a uniformity about the strategic progress of the young conqueror, which leads us to suspect that he owes his astonishing success as much to stupidity, indecision, and division of counsels in his adversaries, as to his own unquestioned genius; and for moral and political interest there is absolutely nothing, and worse than nothing; an audacious young hypocrite with a few sounding phrases about liberty and glory, but who believes only in grape-shot, making use of the unsuspecting enthusiasm of one party, and the vacillating weakness of another, to work out objects of the most pure, gross, and unpalliated selfishness. In the future German wars, again, we lose even the one military point which, in his first

great campaign, forces sympathy from the most unwilling heart; we see no longer the animating spectacle of an unassisted adventurer triumphing again and again over superior masses, by sheer boldness of conception, and celerity of movement; but we see, as at Ulm, in 1805, a mouse taken in a trap by a rat-catcher, which is no wonder; or, as at Jena, in 1806, a congregation of feeble, vain-glorious lordlings and superannuated aristocrats, having their beards plucked, their teeth pulled out, their ears cropped, and their bare bodies publicly flogged by a bold bravo with a club. In these two wars, if the military interest is little, the moral interest is less; for the conqueror, there can be no sympathy with those who believe that Christianity put an end for ever to the *rights* (if it ever had any) of the sword; for the conquered, as little with those who feel that a government which trains its people to be mere machines, has no right to be astonished when mere machines—in the shape of guns and cannon-balls—get the better of them. Nay, even where as in the campaign of 1809, over which the chivalrous genius of Stadion, and the soldiership of the Archduke Charles presided, the Austrian wars, for once, assume a popular and a decidedly moral character—what a sad interest is it to find such days of heroic devotion as Aspern and Wagram, followed up by the weakness and pusillanimity which dictated the peace of Vienna in 1809, implying as it did the treacherous abandonment of the heroic Tyrolese, and the degradation of the imperial family, by a political marriage of which the baseness could be equalled only by the futility? The campaign of 1813, therefore, stands prominently forward, among all the German campaigns of Napoleon, as the only one, in which the immense military energy and concentrated political activity of the French ruler, had to struggle with not unworthy forces, on a fair field, and with a tremendous moral interest. Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were men of the highest order of military intellect that thoughtful Germany could produce: to these were added the French experience of Bernadotte, who, if he might reasonably be a little backward to strike blows against his ancient country, could certainly say how others might most efficiently strike them; and to put the designs of such men into execution with more eagerness than they could plan them, there was always at hand, the fiery enthusiasm, the determined pertinacity, and the hard-hitting energy of Marshal Blücher. Napoleon, therefore, though he might look for some exhibition of hereditary clumsiness from the Austrians, when they had joined the contest, was counting without his host if he expected in Lützen and Bautzen from the Prussians only a repetition of the strategic blunders that, as much as his own genius, had brought about the double prostration of Jena and Auerstädt; and much

more did his vain military conceit, and despotic contempt of others deceive him, if he imagined that any sublime talk about French glory and honour, and fuming denunciations against Prussian defection, revolt, treason, and anarchy, were moral forces of any available weight, when set against the sworn determination of a once divided brotherhood to agree, and an insulted people to be avenged. Great truly were the forces, military and moral, strategical and political, now combined against the conqueror; but, on the other hand, his genius was undiminished; the forces at his command superior to those with which he had gained his first laurels in Italy; his control of these forces altogether despotic; and now at length on her great central battle-field of Saxony, Europe was to witness a mighty struggle, not as before of military genius with military mediocrity, of energy with weakness, of decision with vacillation, of audacity with timidity; but of material might against moral might, of soldiers against citizens, of a conqueror against the nations. On the issue of this struggle the decision of the most important question in our modern social state depended. Is it possible, and *how* is it possible, for civilised nations at the present day to save themselves from being ridden over, trampled down, quartered and cut in pieces, at the pleasure of any mere *conqueror*, after the fashion that Asia and Africa were in ancient times by Alexander the Great?

In endeavouring to gather from the campaign of 1813, an answer to this momentous question, our principal aids, hitherto, have been imported from France;* and it is needless to say that, had our own strong feelings and interests not served as a constant counteracting principle, we should have gathered little military instruction on such a point, from such a quarter, and in the name of morality, for the most part mere hallucination and jugglery. The French, indeed, of the present age, are morally speaking incapacitated for writing the history of the war of 1813, for many reasons,—First, as they are men, it were hard to see what strong motive they could have for dwelling curiously over the story of their own greatest crimes and misfortunes; such a history it is not their business to write, so much as to use when written; and if they do write it, as they have done in several shapes, the chance is, it will be more with the view of excusing than of explaining their faults; more to show by what a strange conspiracy of untoward circumstances Napoleon was accidentally overthrown, than by what a pig-headed persistency in schemes of gross fraud and

* We think we are not mistaken in saying, that the vigorous and spirited work of Colonel Mitchell is the first in this country, which has displayed an extensive and minute knowledge of the best *German* authorities on a subject so essentially *German*.

ambitious folly he overthrew himself. This is human nature, that Frenchmen in the year 1845 should think and write so of Napoleon Bonaparte; nothing more; and this is all the criticism that a sensible man requires to make on many thick-strewn passages, or rather on the whole slavish, puerile, foolish, or extravagant tone, of such works as those of Fain and Norvins; but when, beyond the mere weaknesses of frail mortality, we take into account the peculiar faults and follies of *French* nature, so far from being astonished at much of the perverseness of their judgments on the great events of 1813, we wonder rather that among the many interested witnesses, one and the other should have been found, who could speak on these overpowering events, *sine ira et studio* comparatively, more like a man than a Frenchman, and more like a philosopher than a man. Such, for example, is Labaume, who so early as the year 1820, in his introductory observations to the 'Fall of Napoleon,' speaks of the catastrophe of 1813, in a tone of manly candour, dispassionate clearness, and classical chasteness, which contrasts very favourably with the superficial tinsel and false excitement of the later authors just named. Even Labaume, however, as a Frenchman and a soldier, cannot shake himself free from the magic of Napoleon's name. For, as Norvins very truly observes, though a foreign reader might rest content with a purely historical judgment on that great Epos of recent history, '*le lecteur Français, qui aime à rester sous le charme d'une grande mémoire, veut de plus un jugement sur Napoleon. Il a besoin de connaître celui auquel il a obéi vingt ans. Personne ne veut renoncer à ses souvenirs; ce serait abjurer sa vie passée.*' Alas, for the poor Frenchman! it is indeed a sad retrospect; these twenty years of glory, shall we say, or of shame? if it be of glory, well; but if of shame, then, however French vanity may wince, the reminiscences of that shame the sinner must forget before he can become a saint; the foolish man must abjure his past life, before he can become wise; and 'the charm of a grand memory' must be broken—the nimbus of a false military glory dispelled—before any Frenchman can form a sound judgment of Napoleon, or of the year 1813, which saw his fall.

The fact of the matter, indeed, is, that except in the way of purely military and diplomatic detail, as furnishers of the raw material, the French have nothing to do with the subject; for wanting the true inspiration, which is German, they must either write without inspiration and become stupid, or write with a false inspiration and become absurd. No man, be he ever so clever a poet, can write an epic poem, without sympathising with the character of the hero; and the hero of the great European epos of 1813, was not Napoleon in any sense, but the GERMAN

PEOPLE, and Marshal Blücher. Or if you will have the Frenchman to be the hero of this truly German epos, he is the hero, not as Achilles is in the 'Iliad,' or Ulysses in the 'Odyssey,' but as Satan is in 'Paradise Lost;' a hero to strike terror and fear, and in a certain subordinate sense to be admired, but above all things to be heartily hated, and in the ultimate catastrophe to be damned. To the Germans, therefore, who, of all European nations, have the best right to hate Napoleon heartily, and damn him unconditionally, the literature of his final precipitation belongs; and we proceed now to inquire shortly how they have executed their task.

Of the two works which stand at the head of the present article, the one is a strategico-political statement and explanation of the campaign by a close-reasoning Prussian soldier, and the other a detailed history of the same by an accurate, honest, and judicious civilian. The first for impartiality of tone, comprehensiveness of view, closeness of investigation, and justness of military and political judgment, is, in our view, a perfect master-piece; a work of which any nation might be proud, which perhaps no nation, but philosophic and scientific, truthful and cosmopolitan Germany could produce. This is the opinion, also, as we are glad to see, of that highly intelligent English soldier, Colonel Mitchell: though our readers must not suppose that the Prussian officer of artillery is at all inspired with the polemical and almost persecuting hatred of Napoleon, which so characteristically distinguishes the Englishman. The German is as cool as a judge; he does not, on the one hand, call in the 'genius of Napoleon,' as a *Deus ex machina*, on all occasions to explain things with which it has nothing earthly to do; but as little does he show any desire to deny, or undervalue that genius; you feel at every step of his great arbitration, that he is perfectly just; his award falls indifferently on either side as the plain and unvarnished evidence may dictate: and if in the end, the strong criminal is condemned, the impartial spectator feels that he stands self-convicted, that no indecent note of exultation is lifted over his fall, and that not even a jury from Heaven could have tried the case of the French invader with more patient and conscientious scrupulosity than he has received at the hand of a Prussian soldier, and a German gentleman.

Of Herr Richter's work again, though the same absolute and philosophical impartiality cannot be predicated, yet on the whole we may say, that the tone is moderate and gentlemanly; that, though perfect justice is not on all occasions done to the French, nor the bungling of allies (where they do bungle) castigated with due severity, yet he is perfectly free from those foolish exaggerations and vain-glorious exultations, which make Norvins

and the Bonapartists on all possible occasions so lamentably ridiculous. The Germans, indeed, are plain honest men in general: and in this particular matter they have no occasion to resort to those vulgar devices of sounding rhetoric and dazzling sophistry, which are unfortunately as familiar as they are necessary to the French. The German cause of 1813, being accurately and distinctly stated, is proved.

With all this, however, it is, we fear, but too plain, that no German writer of high historical genius has, as yet, applied himself in a worthy manner to this worthy theme; no writer that has handled this particular epoch with the same manly independence, vigorous sympathy, and decided historic talent, that so favourably distinguishes Menzel's general 'History of the Germans.' The reason of this also is obvious; and the blame lies with the Prussian government plainly, not with the German people. That government, as all the world knows, after rousing the whole population to arms, in 1813, with the war-cry, not of national independence merely, but of liberty and constitutional rights, and by this means restoring the monarchy, suddenly fell back into its old slavish system of military despotism, and basely betrayed that generous people, by the pouring out of whose blood the national existence was secured. The consequence has been, that freedom of speech, and, with that, political literature in Germany, has, as we have so often had occasion to lament, since 1819, ceased to be, and those biographical and personal details of great statesmen and warriors, which give flesh and blood, and a human interest to history, either do not exist in an accessible shape, or, where they do exist, may not be used. How lamentable, in this view, is the following statement in the preface to Herr Richter's second edition: 'In Germany, we want altogether biographies of the princes and generals, which, being drawn from authentic sources, might reveal their share in the course of public events, whether in the cabinet or in the field, in the same manner that the secret springs of Napoleon's proceedings lie open to us in the political memoirs of the French. In place of such, we have mere external sketches, as of Kaiser Franz and Prince Schwarzenberg, which, instead of throwing any light on the doubtful points of the war, are nothing better than mere compilations from those military histories whose defects they ought to supplement.' Such a state of things, in an intelligent country like Germany, is an insult to the national understanding, and ought not to be tolerated.

The campaign of 1813, in its gigantic development, naturally divides itself into two parts, of which one is exactly the opposite of the other. It is, in fact, when compared with the common

course of Napoleon's wars, not one war, but two; the first presenting again the type of an impetuous and overwhelming offensive, with superior masses, already exhibited in 1809, and the other being mainly defensive, with inferior masses, from a central and stationary position. So far, therefore, as strategics are concerned, there is a variety and richness of attitude here, which you seek for in vain even in the famous Italian campaign; and for diplomatic and political views, we have the interlude of an armistice, *not* followed by a peace (a rare thing in Napoleon's campaigns), from which the most interesting conclusions may be drawn as to the character and policy of this most audacious and highly-gifted adventurer. The dates are as follows:

1. Successful advance and progress of Napoleon; Lützen, Bautzen; from April 15th to May 30th.

2. Armistice and Negotiation, from June 4th to August 12th.

3. Struggle and prostration from this last date, to October 18th, the last of the terrible three days at Leipzig.

When the rash and inconsiderate invasion of Russia, in 1812, was followed by what some sagacious men, even at its outset, foresaw as its natural result, the headlong precipitation from Moscow, all the world, except a few profound thinkers, and sanguine patriots, were willing enough to believe the bulletin of the emperor, which proclaimed, to soothe the offended vanity of the Parisians, that the elements only, the FIRE from earth and the SNOW from heaven, had been able to achieve the overthrow of their darling Invincible. People did not, and perhaps could not, see then, as they may see now, that the same precipitous haste and reckless audacity which had made Napoleon's fortune, among a conclave of timid and wavering aulic councillors, in 1797, might and must, even without the help of snow and fire, be the certain cause of his ruin, so soon as it should be met by a steady and dogged resistance on the part of a patriotic PEOPLE. This steady and dogged resistance old Kutusoff, with his Muscovites, was the very proper man to oppose; and had Napoleon's memory not deserted him habitually, whenever wisdom rendered it necessary to form a just measure of his adversary, he might have brought with him from Tilsit, in 1807, one or two wholesome Eylau reminiscences, that he was about to deal with an enemy that would not likely be paralysed by one brilliant stroke, or even two, of a '*grande bataille*.' Still, whatever might have been the fate of Napoleon in Russia without the fire (for the snow must have come, and ought to have been expected); and however wise the wary old Muscovite was, in not insisting upon wasting his energy in doing that which the elements were doing for him; his Fabian policy certainly enabled the French soldier to

say, without boasting, that he had never yet been beaten by the Russians, never yet by any body (for Aspern was a passing disaster) in the field. Smolensko, and the Borodino, and even the horrors of the Beresina, proved the soldiership of the French, in 1812, as heretofore, to have been irresistible. The weak point, indeed, in Napoleon's generalship, the instability of his towering strategics,* had been revealed to the wise; but the masses know nothing of strategics; they judge of soldiership only by battles, and of plans of operation only by the result. In public opinion, therefore, the snow and the fire might justly bear the whole blame, and Napoleon still be deemed, and not without specious reason, the invincible. To confirm this public opinion, accordingly, was the first and paramount necessity with Napoleon. '*Coute qu'il coute*,' Richard must mount the war-steed again, and make peace only, after one, or perhaps two, bloody battles, which, though they were merely so much murder, unless followed by results, might, nevertheless, be sounded through Europe as 'glorious victories,' which brightened again the dulled sheen of the military '*prestige*,' and confirmed the wavering faith of all who had any misgivings as to the profoundness of the military philosophy of the Russian bulletin. And truly one cannot help admiring the imposing attitude which the baffled invader contrived to assume within three months of his terrible downfall.

Thirty thousand men was the utmost that Eugene could collect out of the half million that accompanied the modern Xerxes upon his march to destruction; yet, on the 1st of May, 1813, only a few days after the cossacks had passed the Elbe, the routed captain was again on the banks of the Saale, as eager as ever on the offensive, boasting that he would launch a '*coup de tonnerre*' on those hoards of uncircumcised Tartars and Jacobins, and scatter their thick-drifting hosts like hail before the wind. On the evening of the 1st of May, he found himself quartered in the village of Lützen, hard by that very Stone of the Swede, where Gustavus Adolphus, the Christian champion of a Christian cause, had fallen, in the year 1632. On this day he had had a sharp skirmish with the vanguard of the allied forces under Winzingerode, no less eager than himself to strike the first blow; but taking no warning from this circumstance, and continuing to believe that the enemy would retreat before him, make some false movement, and fall into an obvious trap, he, in perfect consistency with that blind rashness and vain confidence, which had always characterised him, dashed forward eagerly on the road to Leipzig, and was

* 'By strategics, we understand those operations in war which are performed beyond the reach of the enemy's vision.'—*Bade*.

within view of that city, when suddenly a sound of great guns was heard from behind, and eager messenger, on messenger, came spurring up with the news—We are attacked!—the enemy is on our flank, and threatens our rear!—we shall be cut in two! It was only too true; with his troops in a long line of march, between twenty and thirty miles from the rear to the van—in the known presence of the enemy—the greatest general of the age had been surprised, out-manceuvred, and out-generaled (as Wellington was *not* at Waterloo), ‘caught,’ as Norvins honestly says, ‘*in flagrante delicto*;*’ put, in short, in a position where he could be saved no longer by his own skill, but only by the obstinate valour of his soldiers, or the blundering execution of his opponent, or by accident, or by all the three. He had, in fact, only one course open; retreat, under such circumstances, would have been equally ruinous and disgraceful. He could only stand still where he was attacked; and resist to the very last with his centre, till time was given to his wings to march up, support the main body, and perhaps—for what is too sanguine for a Napoleon to conceive?—drive the centre of the enemy back, outflank its wings, and gain a ‘glorious victory!’ Not an instant was lost; Marshal Ney was sent back from the emperor’s side, to make a firm stand with the centre, and orders were despatched to the wings to gather gradually round the nucleus engaged, till a sufficient front should be developed to meet the onset of the enemy. But the game was plainly a difficult one; and every thing depended, not upon the genius of Napoleon, but upon that band of beardless conscripts whom Marshal Ney commanded, and who were now to be exposed to the whole weight of an enemy nearly double their own number, and furnished with a mighty host of splendid cavalry, in which formidable arm of war the French (the natural result of the Moscow business,) were yet extremely feeble.† Here surely was an opportunity to beat Napoleon, far more opportune than was offered to our firm and steady Arthur at Waterloo. What prevented it from succeeding? In the first place, the conscript striplings did their duty; they fought like devils, as Ney said. In the next place, there happened to be some 30,000 or 40,000 of them at breakfast, among a knot of villages on irregular ground, when they were

* Labaume has a theory of the battle of Leipzig, in which, so far as we know, he is quite singular—*‘afin de le mieux tromper, Napoleon voulant d’aller à Leipzig!’* After this we may believe, that the French did beat, and were not beaten at Waterloo.

† Even the few horses which they had were of comparatively little use; for ‘whoever is acquainted with cavalry service must know that there is an essential difference between a man who causes himself to be carried by his horse, and one who is acquainted with its management on the march.’—Baron Odeleben.

attacked; no position could have been more favourable for their green tactics; the cavalry could not touch them, and if they happened to be broken, they had point after point to rally round in succession. In the next place, Wittgenstein, the commander-in-chief of the allies, finding a strong nucleus of 40,000 men at a place where, according to his calculations, there should only have been a small detachment, seemed to have been a little disconcerted; and instead of modifying his plan, and instantly attacking the body opposed to him, with his whole concentrated force, he sent against Ney's corps only detachment after detachment, so that surprised as they were, with their troops singularly scattered, the French had a real superiority of numbers actually engaged at the point of attack! Here was a manifest blunder; a scheme ably conceived (it was the work of Scharnhorst), but marred for lack of enterprise in the execution; the projected breaking of the enemy's line, and the falling upon his rear, became a mere obstinate fight for posts, in which both parties lost 10,000 men, but neither party gained an inch of ground, nor forced the other to leave the field.* Before any impression could be made on the central nucleus attacked, Napoleon himself was present on the spot, and his wings were gradually gathering round the disputed ground, in the form of a crescent, when night put an end to the struggle. So far as the battle-field was concerned, neither party could claim the victory; for both slept upon it; but if we consider the object for which the parties fought, and the strategical and political results that followed, it clearly belonged to the party who was most nearly vanquished; that is, to Napoleon. For not only did the allies fail in their immediate object—to surprise the Frenchman on his march, and divide his army—but the French emperor, on the morning after the battle, gained his; the allies retreated in the most perfect order indeed, but still it was a retreat, from the banks of the Elster to the banks of the Elbe, and from the banks of the Elbe yet further to the banks of the Spree; and Napoleon marched to Leipzig first, and then to Dresden. The dubious, and, so far as preparatory generalship was concerned, to Napoleon inglorious, battle of Leipzig became thus, in its accessory results, one of the most important victories he ever gained. Saxony was secured; the confederation of the Rhine confirmed; Austria was startled; Europe looked pale; 'the world,' to use the foolish French slang, 'was astonished;' and Paris, which to a Frenchman is more than the world, was pleased.

* Strictly speaking the Germans gained ground; for they first took *four* villages from the French, and then lost *three* of them. Those who take a material view of these matters have not been slow to assert that, for this reason, the allies gained the battle!

'*Eh bien*, Narbonne,' said the conqueror to his Austrian courier, a few days after the battle, at Dresden, 'what do they say of Lützen at Vienna?' 'Some,' said the dexterous count, 'say you are a god, others say you are a devil; all agree that you are more than a man!' So, no doubt, also Napoleon thought himself, and had long thought that he was something more than a MAN; his heart was lifted up within him; he attributed to his own invincible genius, to his star, to his destiny, and so forth, events which were the results of causes altogether different; and this proud imagination, vainly and obstinately cherished to the very last, was the grand cause of his downfall. For pride verily, now, as in ancient times, goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

We have sketched the main features of the battle of Lützen with as much of circumstantial detail as our limits would permit, giving the gross result of a minute comparison of the several accounts of Vaudoncourt, Baron Fain, Labaume, Bade, and Richter, with the express view of enabling the reader to judge for himself, how little the trumpeters of the genius of Napoleon are to be trusted on certain occasions, even in matters of purely military concernment. Napoleon, himself, in his foolish vaunting style, had proclaimed to his soldiers: '*La bataille de Lützen sera mise au-dessus des batailles d'Austerlitz, d'Jena, de Friedland, et de la Moscowa!*' and the mass of the French authorities, as well as some German and English writers, seem to have taken him at his word. Labaume, who, as we have seen, is no Bonapartist, concludes his second book, entitled '*Lützen*,' in these words: '*Enfin, si l'on songe aux talens que deploya Napoléon, et aux inspirations que lui dicta son génie, pour faire echouer le plan des généraux alliés, on pourra mettre cette bataille au rang de ses plus belles combinaisons militaires, et la considérer comme une des plus brillantes de toutes celles dont les annales de la guerre conserveront le souvenir.*' And our own Tory historian, Mr. Alison, in the same strain, says: 'The battle of Lützen must always be considered as one of the most striking proofs of Napoleon's military abilities.'—'*It was the highest effort of the military art.*' Now, in the plain account which we have endeavoured to give of the matter, and in every word of which we are supported by the close military criticism of Herr Bade, what can the impartial reader point out of '*beautiful combinations*' and '*striking proofs of military abilities*?' So far as Napoleon is concerned, the battle of Lützen presents but two very simple things; *first*, a gross and dangerous blunder, ignorance, or rather disregard of the presence of the enemy, where, from the previous day's skirmish, there was every reason to suspect its presence; the most culpable rashness, and the most inexcusable

sable vain confidence ; *then*, a decided and successful attempt to remedy that blunder, by no extraordinary inspiration of genius, but by doing the one only thing which a soldier of common sense could do on the occasion. Marshal Blücher, or Barclay de Tolly, or any other soldier, without any extraordinary 'inspiration,' would, in the same circumstances, have done exactly the same thing; and with the same brave soldiers, and lucky blunders on the part of the adversary, would have achieved exactly the same success. Let us disabuse our minds, therefore, of this cheap jugglery of referring all Napoleon's successful battles to Napoleon's extraordinary genius; let us rather scrutinise them minutely, and weigh them scrupulously, and confess honestly, that his genius, which was unquestionable, did as much on some occasions to lose his battles as to gain them, and, on not a few other occasions, to render them, when gained, altogether useless and unprofitable. How strange would the good people in Paris have looked in 1813, and how different would many a dazzling page of history look now, if the bulletin of the battle of Leipzig, remaining substantially the same, with a slight change of phraseology, had appeared in the 'Moniteur,' something to this effect: '*On May 2, at mid-day, the emperor, having incautiously advanced on the road to Leipzig, was, in the middle of a long line of march, surprised and attacked by the allied forces. This blind precipitancy had well-nigh occasioned his ruin; but he was saved from the fatal consequences of his own rashness, partly by the steadiness of his soldiers, but principally by the want of vigour displayed by the enemy in the execution of a plan conceived with no less boldness than wisdom. A desperate struggle ensued, in which both parties suffered equal loss, and neither achieved any gain. Night ended the contest, and on the following morning the emperor continued his march unmolested to Leipzig, while the enemy retreated in the finest order to Dresden.*' This is one of Napoleon's 'glorious victories,' which 'astonished the world;' and there are not a few others which are not much better; but the world, as Napoleon well knew, was always willing to judge of events by their results, rather than by their causes, and to conclude that the man who in the great game of war threw sixes six times for his adversary's once, must, for that reason only, have been six times a better player than the other.

After the battle of Lützen the onward career of the remounted and apparently unhurt equestrian continued; more slowly, however, than his impatient nature could easily brook; for the enemy in their retreat inflicted more harm than they received, and it was necessary also to spend a few days in Dresden for obvious political purposes. Not, therefore, till the 21st of the month did the baffled

conqueror, for he was baffled in spite of his victories, come a second time in view of his retiring, but not yielding adversaries; on the heights of Bauzen, on the east side of the Spree, in Lusatia, they had intrenched themselves in a formidable-looking position, which, however, had one great fault—it was too wide and scattered for the troops they had to occupy it; and the consequence was, that Napoleon's practised eye, with the advantage of superior and well managed numbers, attacked them for two days with terrible slaughter to them, and *more* to himself in front; while at the same time Marshal Ney's corps, brought to bear upon their right and most exposed wing from the north, endeavoured to come round upon their rear, anticipating the operation which in two years afterwards Grouchy *should* have performed at Waterloo. The Russians and Prussians at Bauzen, however, on the 22nd of May, 1813, were too stiff fighters to allow such an operation to be performed in their presence; they coolly broke off the battle, and left the nominal victor a second time to content himself with a few acres of barren ground, and a—bulletin! How his volcanic heart must have raged at such a result! two great victories, and yet a nation not conquered, *not* even an army beat; if Jupiter could no more reign by thunder, what was Jupiter? Smolensko and Borodino, glorious victories also, had proved but deceitful death-lights to seduce the conqueror to the brink of a precipice: what if Lützen and Bauzen should prove the same? what if the Goths of Berlin understood as little of the arts of polite French war as the Scythians of Moscow? 'Another such victory, and I shall be ruined!' There is no help for it; 'tis a little humiliating certainly; but the proudest of proud conquerors finds himself constrained, even at the risk of the threatened *armed* mediation of Austria, not so much to dictate an armistice, as to have an armistice dictated to him. This armistice, in fact, is one of the grand turning points in the history of the fall of Napoleon, and deserves to be carefully considered. Some speak as if it was the real cause of his ruin, and look upon it as proceeding from a mysterious sort of infatuation. Should Napoleon have granted the armistice of Poischwitz, 4th of June, 1813, or should he, immediately after the battle of Bauzen, have pressed on the traces of the retiring enemy, and dictated terms of peace, only after a third battle, on the east bank of the Oder? This is the question.

Jomini, quoted and approved by Mr. Alison, has pronounced the armistice to be 'the greatest political blunder of Napoleon's life;' but, on the other hand, Vaudoncourt in his introductory observations (p. 10), not only sees no harm in the matter, but considers it to have been highly advantageous to France, in enabling it to recover from its great losses, and to prosecute the war afterwards

with greater vigour. We think it admits of plain proof that Vaudoncourt is right. The battles of Lützen and Bautzen were victories indeed, as we have stated them, but victories without results; victories which weakened the victors as much as the vanquished, and dispirited the French more than they did the Germans. Nor was this all; Napoleon was by no means sure, that if he prosecuted the war further, he might not provoke Austria to an immediate warlike interference; and such an interference, with a fresh, vigorous force thrown on his wearied flank and rear, might have been much more dangerous than six weeks afterwards, when he had prepared himself by every possible means to receive it. Besides, his rear was already menaced, and his line of communications cut through on several points by the flying corps of cossacks and others, whom the great wholesale dealer in artillery might, indeed, affect to despise, but who, it was impossible to conceal from his troops, were in a condition to inflict on him, and were, indeed, already inflicting, the most serious injuries. A gad-fly can sting an ox, and drive an elephant mad. To say that an armistice which, at all events, held out a hope of peace in the distance, and for the present moment insured rest and remission, was 'a great political blunder,' is to commit, we apprehend, the very common historical fallacy of judging the event by the result. In 1809, after the obstinate days of Aspern and Wagram, the French emperor had reaped from the armistice of Znaim, a peace as advantageous as any that his arms when most overpowering had achieved. What blunder was there, unless futurity could have been divined, in expecting a similar result from a similar state of things in 1813? An intermission from war, with a cautious power like Austria, always produces wavering; with a coalition of powers, actual or contemplated, it may haply produce division. We may say, therefore, with decision, in the face of Jomini and Mr. Alison, the armistice was no blunder. The blunder, and it was a gigantic one, lay in the over estimate which the haughty Frenchman, spoiled (as he himself admitted at St. Helena) by continued good fortune, made of his own powers and prospects; in the assumption on which he proceeded, that after an armistice, solicited as much by himself as by the allies, he was as much entitled to dictate terms, and to refuse concessions, as Wellington was after such a rout as Waterloo. Here, as on other occasions, his obstinate pride overmastered and swallowed up any little prudence (for this was none of his virtues) that he might possess: but not here, as on many occasions, could a brazen front, an overbearing carriage, an insolent tone, and a forward audacity, beat down the big waves of popular wrath, that were now gathered against him. The boundary of the Rhine was refused; and the

arbitration of the sword was the consequence. Austria declared war on the 12th of August, and active hostilities recommenced a few days after.

Let us state here shortly the position and relative strength of the parties at the recommencement of this memorable struggle. The Bober, a stream that descends from the Bohemian mountains, and flows northward between Breslau and Bauzen, through Silesia into the Oder, may be taken as a line dividing the two parties towards the east; on the further side of this, Marshal Blücher, like a wild mountain-cat ready to spring, watches eagerly for the onset, with 80,000 men, Prussians and Russians; on the nearer side, occupying the whole country westward to Dresden, stands a strong body of French troops, varying in number, sometimes superior, sometimes inferior to the Silesian army. Dresden itself, and the Elbe, with its long line of fortresses from Königstein (a few miles above Dresden) down to Hamburg, is the main line, from which, as from a strong base and starting-point, Napoleon's offensive operations towards Silesia and Prussia must proceed. Dresden is at once his grand dépôt, and the main pivot of his movements; the pivot, in short, which, without giving a complete swing to the whole campaign, and with a bold plunge facing in an entirely different direction, he cannot afford to lose.* Let the reader attend to this, and the whole plan of one of the most beautiful war-games ever played will soon be clearly before him. From this fixed point of Dresden, the great captain, looking round him in three directions, must prepare to receive an enemy that may at any moment, from a wide-sweeping range of hostility, make a rush upon his vitals. Looking directly east, he expects, as we have already stated, his most eager and adventurous enemy, Blücher; on his left hand, to the north, Berlin lies before him—a much coveted prize; protected, however, by a general who bears the famous military name of Bülow, and by one of his own captains, Bernadotte, an adversary, however, whose counsels are more dangerous than his sword; and in this direction, if Oudinot and Ney do not achieve something brilliant, we may say either that the French marshals are unskilful captains, or that the German people are determined not to be beaten. Lastly, on his right hand, directly southward, Napoleon beholds the strong, natural

* In this fixedness of the one point, Dresden, we see a notable and most important distinction between this campaign of 1813 and that of 1796. There Napoleon had no fixed point; he could spring about like a lizard; this greater freedom of motion was the result partly of his smaller army, partly of other circumstances; but with the immense machinery congregated on the line of the Elbe in 1813, the emperor could not afford, except in the very last necessity, to give up Dresden. See the very sensible criticism of *Vaudoncourt*, p. 162.

bastion of the Bohemian mountains, hanging almost over his head, and from which, by half-a-dozen ill-guarded glens, the whole Austrian army, with several Prussian and Russian divisions, may at any time emerge, and, with one bold stroke, at once seize upon Dresden, and cut off the emperor's communications with France. This is a great danger—the most imminent danger of the position—one, indeed, which makes it, notwithstanding the large river and the strong fortresses, truly a very weak, and essentially a bad position; for the Bohemian passes are not more than a day's march from Dresden; and they are upon the Saxon, not upon the Silesian side of the Elbe. But to compensate for this perilous weakness of the position, the enemy that threatens here is no enterprising Blücher, no vengeance-breathing Prussian, but only an Austrian; a slow, clumsy, cautious, undecided, unaccentuated, '*stupid*' Austrian—for Prince Schwarzenberg, the generalissimo, is nothing more—and the congregation of kings and kaisers that accompany him (a perambulatory aulic council!) is only likely to make matters worse. In this quarter, therefore, however unfavourable the ground, Napoleon and Berthier may with reason look for some 'false movement,' for some clumsy, undecided attack, that, when met by the quick eye and the steady hand of Napoleon, cannot but lead to a decided result.

We again request the reader to realise to himself the position of the parties. It is quite simple; and the strategical results that flow from it are alike interesting and instructive, and, at the same time, intelligible to the plainest understanding.

The relative strength of the parties was as follows: On the side of the allies were—

1. Numerical superiority; inconsiderable at first, but more decided towards the conclusion of the struggle.

2. The troops of the allies were physically of superior quality, and in a better condition.

3. They were superior also in cavalry, though Napoleon was not now so utterly destitute of that arm, as at the commencement of the campaign.

4. They possessed a most important advantage in their clouds of cossacks and other light troops, which not only harassed the enemy at all points, and dispirited his soldiers, but, what is often the decisive hinge of war—*put them uniformly in possession of his movements, while he was often utterly in the dark as to theirs.*

5. They fought in the midst of a friendly population, while, to Napoleon, a courtly Saxon peasant could only give the welcome—'Very glad to see you, sir, but would rather not see your soldiers.' The French, indeed, independently of their

position as foreigners and invaders, were universally hated in Germany, and deserved to be so.

6. The principle of union that held the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians together was much stronger than that which united the members of the Rhenish Confederation to Napoleon. A manly indignation, roused by years of experienced wrong, was on the one side; a vulgar fear to break the bonds of a gilded servitude, on the other.

7. The Prussians fought for their hearths and for their altars; the French for honour and glory. The one party to regain their liberty as men; the other party to maintain their character as soldiers. A great party among the French were, in fact, weary of the war, and saw no practical end to be attained by it; the Germans were weary of ignominy and insult.

To this must be added:—

8. The immense strategical advantages of the allied position in Bohemia, overhanging Dresden, and threatening the enemy's main line of communication between the Elbe and the Rhine.

On the other side, the French could depend:—

1. On the long line of fortresses on the Elbe.

2. On their great experience in the art of war.

3. On the 'prestige' of invincibility which Lützen and Bautzen had only tended to confirm.

4. On unity of plan and decision of execution, arising from the fact that their generalissimo and their emperor was the same person, and a person exercising despotic authority.

5. On their nimbleness and celerity of movement; by which mainly, if not altogether, Napoleon had gained his brilliant series of victories against four superior Austrian armies, in his first Italian campaign. This was a military virtue belonging as much to the French character, as to that which crowned their whole list of advantages, viz.—

6. The genius of Napoleon; and in this they might well hope to find a counterbalance to any merely numerical superiority of force that the allies could bring into the field against them. Not without reason might they appropriate the words of Wallenstein's captains in Schiller's play:

“The emperor has soldiers, but no general.

This Ferdinand of Hungary understands

Nothing of war—and Gallas, he's, unlucky,

More skilled to ruin armies, than to lead them;

And for this snake, Octavio—why he

Will sting you in the heel, but never stand

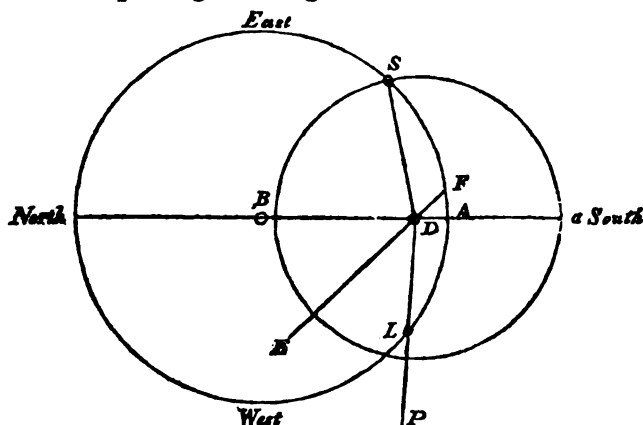
In open battle 'gainst the Duke of Friedland.”

The parties, therefore, in this Europe-shaking struggle, might

be said to be equally balanced. If Napoleon's genius was of that transcendental excellence which his admirers believed, and if that genius did not fail him then when it was most needed, in this case, France, bating the accidents of war, had no reason to complain that her chief had plunged her into any unequal, much less hopeless, contest. We shall see immediately (what, indeed, is the most instructive thing in this eventful history) that Napoleon's genius did not fail him, but that it led him astray, as genius in other cases is apt to do; and that, next to the roused patriotism of the Prussian people, no element contributed more decidedly to the important results of the campaign of 1813, than the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The military reader will observe, that we have not included among the advantages of the French in this campaign, the possession of a *central position, the operating*, as it is technically called, *on the interior line*; and the reason we do not include this in our enumeration is, because we have been satisfactorily convinced by Herr Bade's clear and cogent reasoning on the point, that the advantages of such a position, even in the most favourable case, have been greatly overstated; and that in certain cases, as in the present, it is, in fact, no advantage at all, but rather a decided disadvantage. In maintaining a defensive war round a point nearly central, which cannot be turned—as, for instance, the capital of a country when invaded, say Paris, in 1814—it is manifest that the central position has this clear advantage, that while the defender has, in the outset, nothing to fear for his rear, he may, if he be nimble and enterprising, make a series of adroit springs on a divided enemy advancing by various radii from an extended circumference, beat their forces in detail, and with very inferior forces keep a vast multitude at bay. Some very brilliant feats of this kind Napoleon executed in 1814; till, however, by an eccentric move, he foolishly compromised his rear, and then, of course, the central position being seized by his antagonists, the game was over. It is manifest, however, that even in such a case, several conditions, not always to be commanded, are absolutely necessary, in order that strategics of this kind may be successful. In the first place, the enemy must be divided; and not merely divided, but so divided as to be incapable of any communication; otherwise, that may take place, which took place in the campaign of 1815, when, also, Napoleon operated on the inner line; a Blücher may be defeated at Ligny, retire to Wavre, be pursued by a Grouchy, and yet unite and conquer with a Wellington at Waterloo! It is necessary, also, that the separate divisions of the enemy should have no concerted plan, but quietly allow themselves to be attacked and beaten, whenever the general occupying the central position chooses to fall upon

them with his whole mass: otherwise, if they agree to retreat and advance alternately, as occasion may call, to operate together on a combined scale of well-calculated offensive and defensive, they may so manœuvre as to perplex and wear out their antagonist; and, finally, may either work him out of his central position altogether, or, while he retires upon that, attack him with concentrated masses; and, perhaps, if their numbers are sufficient, surround and overwhelm him. If any person, for instance, will consider Napoleon's perilous position at Mantua, in 1796, while the Austrians were pouring in upon him in three different lines, and threatening to surround him, he will clearly perceive, that had not the Lago di Garda intervened between the two main bodies of his enemies, so as absolutely to prevent a junction, or had his elastic, springy strategics been met by a well-calculated Fabian policy on the side of the Austrians, he must have been utterly ruined. Or again, if he had fought, not with slow Austrians, but with an enemy as nimble as himself, could his central point of Mantua (which, by the way, he was forced to give up), or his interior line, have saved him from destruction? Instead of Mantua, let us now take Dresden, and see what advantages the central position and the inner line offer there. We shall use a simple diagram, for greater clearness.



If the reader will open any common map, and measure the distances and directions roughly with his eye, he will find, first of all, that Napoleon does not stand in or near the *real* centre of the position occupied by his enemies; but he stands at D, that is, Dresden; B being Berlin, Bernadotte, and Bulow; S, the Silesian army and Marshal Blücher; and A the Bohemian boundary, and the natural mountain bastion occupied by Austria. Now, in this diagram, if Napoleon, instead of standing at D, occupied the

true central position, B, while his enemies menaced him from several points of the larger circle; or if, on the other hand, occupying as he does the position D, and (Bulow and Blücher remaining where they are) Austria were removed from the position A, to the position *a*, on the circumference of the smaller circle—in such a position, the real advantages of a central position, whatever they may be, might fairly be said to belong to Napoleon. But as matters really stood at the re-opening of the campaign of 1813, observe at what a perilous disadvantage the position of Dresden places the French emperor. Operations are commenced, we shall say, by the eager and impetuous Blücher, from Silesia, at the point S; simultaneously with him, Bulow is engaged before Berlin, and with him Bernadotte; Napoleon, knowing who is his most active enemy, rushes from Dresden, to fall with as large a force as he can on Blücher, at the point S. Well, what happens? Blücher, instead of allowing himself to be beaten, as the Austrian generals did, in 1796, merely retires, fighting all the while, however, like a Parthian; in consequence of this, instead of gaining a great battle, and beating his enemies singly, Napoleon is only withdrawn further and further from his vital point, D; and before he has time to come back, the whole mass of the Austrian forces comes down by the short line of A D, and Dresden is in their hands! Will any man say, in this plain view of the case, that such a position as D is an advantage to Napoleon? Theoretical men, in books, may talk about the advantage of a central position, and of the inner line; but in this particular case, it is sleeping at the mouth of the lion's cave, not a whit more safe. But observe what further happens. Supposing (what actually was the case) that Napoleon arrives from Silesia in time to save Dresden; still the allies (if they retreat adroitly) stand at A, secure among the gorges of the Bohemian mountains; from this position they threaten the point D every moment, and keep the occupier of the central position in a state of constant anxiety as to their possible movements; they reduce him, in a great measure, to the disadvantage of a mere defensive (for the point D he cannot afford to lose); and not only that, but they may move round to his rear, and come out at Leipzig (L), on the road to Paris, while a single successful battle, in the direction of Berlin, will enable Bulow and Bernadotte to cross the line of the Elbe, E F, and to advance on the same point, Leipzig, from the north. This, of course, would be total perdition; for the line D L P is the road to Paris, and Napoleon's *only* line of retreat. It is manifest, therefore, that if the so-called central position be not given up in time, it will end in a very natural consequence of a central position—viz., in the holder of it being surrounded. Napoleon, consequently, must leave Dresden, and retreat to Leipzig, and fight

there, it may be, more for the honour of the French arms, than for salvation, or for victory.

In discussing this strategical point we have inadvertently betrayed to the reader the whole secret of the great military operations that ended in the terrible three days, 16th, 17th, and 18th of October, at Leipzig. We may now shortly notice the historical succession of events. One point, however, is very important to be determined first. If Dresden was such a dangerous position, why did Napoleon choose it? Herr Bade answers truly, from political motives, certainly, rather than from military ones. Nothing but the blindest confidence in his own genius, and his adversary's blunders, could, indeed, blind him as to the peril of his strategical position; and that he was so blinded to some extent is quite conformable with his general character; but as a politician and a conqueror, he could not afford to give up Dresden, which was to him, in fact, the political key-stone by which the tottering arch of the Confederation of the Rhine was then held together. This is infinitely more satisfactory than to assume, as some have done, that because Napoleon chose the position, and even enlarged upon its advantages to his generals (Fain, ii., 25), we are, therefore, bound to look upon it as a good position in a military point of view, and draw strategical conclusions from such an assumption.* If Napoleon really believed it to be a strong position, we

* The following extract is a remarkable example of this procedure, and the inevitable series of blunders to which it leads:—

"The configuration of a frontier may have important influence on the direction of lines of operation. Central positions forming salient angles towards the enemy, such as Bohemia forms towards Prussia, Switzerland towards Austria, or Saxony as it was circumstanced in 1813, are the most advantageous, because they are naturally interior, and lead to the flanks and rear of the opponent's defensive line (1). The sides of these salient angles are, therefore, so important that all the resources of art should be added to those of nature to render them impregnable. Switzerland and Bohemia are sufficiently proved to possess these natural advantages; but Saxony appears more doubtful, because Napoleon was at length defeated in Leipzig (2). Yet it was his conviction of these central advantages that made him neglect to change the line of his operations upon the pivot of Magdeburg (3); and if we examine the character of the operations, though the allies were numerically, and especially in excellent cavalry, superior, we discover that when his defensive measures were confined to a moderate distance from the Elbe and the ridge of the mountains of Bohemia, no impression could be made upon him (4); but his system was solely that of attack (5), and his impatience sought the Prussians deep in Silesia, the grand army beyond the defiles of Bohemia (6), and the northern army in the sands of Berlin; not successively, but all at the same moment (7). He was thus on all sides inferior, but not dislodged till, by his own indecision (8), he allowed the enemy to turn both his flanks simultaneously, and to bring him to action between two fires at Leipzig."—'Encyclop. Britannica,' Article WAR, Edinburgh, 1841.

OBSERVATIONS.

(1.) The reverse of all this was the case with Saxony in 1813. It was the exterior line of operation on that occasion, the point of Bohemia, that 'led to the flank and rear of the opponent's defensive line.'

(2.) Not for this reason, but because it has no analogy whatsoever to the two other situations.

must rather conclude that the general had been outwitted by the emperor, and military policy fooled by political pride.

The march of events, after the first decided beginning, was rapid and startling. From the 23rd to the 30th of August clap after clap of dark thunder came from the east, and from the north, and from the south, against the invincible captain, with only one bright glimpse of blue for the French arms, which, however, promised fair to be a permanent day of joy, and might, perhaps, have been so had Napoleon not been over confident of success. The first move, as we have hinted, was made by Blücher; he came forward from the Bober, and drove the French retreating before him (a prophetic commencement) back towards the Spree; but on the 21st the emperor himself was on the spot, and a vigorous offensive was, of course, the result. The marshal retreated, and Napoleon advanced eastward, 'driving the enemy before him,' as the bulletins would say, and exhibiting great hilarity at the idea of gaining ground on his adversary. Little did he, in his foolish way of undervaluing his adversary's talents, at that time understand, how all this retreat of the eager marshal was a matter of pure calculation with the allies; but he had little time to enjoy his fancied triumph, for messengers arrived calling him to Dresden; and in that direction, without being able to achieve any thing against Blücher, he returned the next day. No sooner, however, was the Prussian marshal aware that he was no longer opposed by Napoleon in person with superior forces, than he immediately resumed the offensive, attacked Marshal McDonald, as he was incautiously coming up to meet him, and the famous battle of the Katzbach (26th of August), was the consequence.

(3.) This assertion we believe to be altogether incapable of proof. Napoleon chose the central point of Dresden, from political rather than from military motives, and he remained there to the last possible moment, partly from obstinacy, but much more from necessity.

(4.) Should Napoleon have confined himself altogether to a stationary defensive?—With any soldiers this would have been discouraging, with French soldiers impossible. Moreover the fact that no impression was made on him at Dresden arose not from the strength of the military position (as here assumed), but from Schwarzenberg's inability to take advantage of its weakness.

(5.) Where did the writer learn this?—Napoleon's plan of operations was offensive only towards Berlin, defensive at Dresden, with occasional offensive towards Silesia, as opportunity might offer. This is *Bade's* formula of the campaign; and we think no other will explain the actual operations.

(6.) Napoleon never did so, except in pursuing their retreat. His future expeditions to Bohemia were merely for the purpose of reconnoitring. This also is *Bade's* view, and is sufficiently proved by the events themselves.

(7.) What if Napoleon was forced to do this by the enemy advancing upon him all at the same time?—They were (all except Bernadotte) as '*impatient*' as he was.

(8.) Say rather, till the natural disadvantages of his strategical position, joined to the admirable generalship, and vigorous soldiery of the allies, forced him to leave his original ground, and save himself by the only retreat that was left for him, under cover of a desperate defensive, at Leipzig.

“ On the Katzbach, on the Katzbach
There the strife was red and ruddy!
There we danced the fearful war-dance
With the Frenchmen base and bloody!”

as Follen, in one of the red-hot songs of that time, not more strongly than truly sings. The Katzbach, indeed, to say nothing of the French marshal's admitted strategical blunders—arising partly, we have no doubt, from the rashness and vain confidence with which his master's example inspired him—was a notable index to the manner in which this terrible war was to be fought by the Prussians. It was a day of fearful rain: flint and gunpowder could not be used; it came literally to a murderous grapple of man with man: and with the butt-end of their muskets, the infuriate Germans, like some Hercules prostrating wild beasts with a club, drove the French in confused rout down the steep bank into the red-flooded, wild-gushing stream of the Katzbach.

- “ Where the whirling waltz was hottest,
In the thickest sultry slaughter,
When both blood and brain were boiling,
He cooled you in the Katzbach's water.
- “ Hear the river roaring vengeance,
‘ Sleep no more on stranger pillows!
Ye have sucked the blood of Deutschland,
I will suck you in my billows!’
- “ Thus with sabre sharp, bold Blücher,
In death's dark book thou didst write them;
Through the surly smoke of battle,
Like a war-god thou didst smite them!
- “ Thus 'twas fought by German PEOPLE,
Not by bondmen, not by princes;
God to right the wrongs of ages,
Measures not revenge by inches.”

In the substance of this last verse, more than in any thing else, we see the true *cause* of the French disasters in the Leipzig campaign; other supposed causes were merely *occasions*; and if by help of them the Germans had not conquered Napoleon in 1813, they could have done so in a few years afterwards. So much for the Katzbach. Meanwhile, a stroke not so brilliant in its character, but equally decided and equally characteristic of Prussian mettle, had been delivered by General Bulow in front of Berlin. On the 23rd, Marshal Oudinot had advanced with an army of 80,000 men in three great divisions against that capital. This middle corps was attacked at six o'clock in the evening, by the corps of Bulow, and in two hours so completely discomfited, that a retreat of the whole army became necessary; whereat Napoleon

was so much disappointed, that (in his usual ungenerous fashion) he took the command from Oudinot and gave it to Marshal Ney. But to seek for the real cause of the defeat in the deficient generalship, and false strategics of Oudinot (as the Bonapartists naturally do), would be to throw a veil over a very plain and palpable fact, and then to say that you see nothing. The French could not advance to Berlin, because the Prussians were determined that they should do so only over their bodies; and the proportions of the two armies being as five to four at least in favour of the attacked, it is manifest that without some egregious strategical blunder, not to be looked for from Bernadotte, it was physically impossible that Oudinot could execute the plan which Napoleon cashiered him for not having executed. It was easy, indeed, to say in the sounding slang (for it deserves no better name) of the insolent French emperor—"You, Oudinot, with an army like yours, will drive the enemy quickly before you, take Berlin, disarm the inhabitants, and dissipate, to the four winds, the whole Landwehr, and this swarm of a tatterdemalion army!" but the effect of this inflated bombast with an enemy such as the Prussians were, and had proved themselves to be at Lützen and Bautzen, was rather to inspire his generals with a pernicious vain confidence, than to arm them with a salutary resolution. So much for the offensive measures of the French marshals. The French emperor himself (to whom, in fact, in order to conquer in such a position, and with such enemies, ubiquity was necessary) stood at the very same moment in the most perilous defensive at Dresden. The grand Austrian army, under Schwarzenberg, had, on the day of the battle of Grossbeeren (the 23rd), issued from the passes of Bohemia, and was gathering together immense masses to make an attack on Dresden, *while Napoleon was still in Silesia*. This, as the reader will have seen from our diagram, was the most natural and obvious move in the world. While his adversary is engaged at S with Marshal Blücher, Schwarzenberg comes down from the point A upon Dresden: and in proportion as the point from which he advances is nearer the central pivot of operations, than the point from which Napoleon has to return, in the same proportion are the chances in his favour great and overwhelming. It is plain, indeed, that the only thing necessary for the success of the Austrian movement is decision and rapidity; for Dresden is only slightly garrisoned, and cannot hold out above a day or two at the utmost. Schwarzenberg, however, is, as we have said—an Austrian; and in this one circumstance lies the salvation of the French from the most perilous risk: nay, and more than that, the ultimate conversion of the most imminent danger (as at Lützen) into a decided advantage. Austria, indeed, has the similitude of an eagle only upon its painted scutcheon:

actually it is an elephant, or a hippopotamus, or, if a bird at all, then a cassowary, or a dodo, or any other clumsy creature, having the presence of feathers, but not the power of wings. Not, therefore, with the sweeping pounce of an eagle did Schwarzenberg come down from his Bohemian bastion upon the Frenchman's heart: not with the fire of a Blücher, or the steady decision of a Wellington—but with a lumbering, irresolute, cautious crawl; so that instead of seizing on a prey to all human appearance doomed irretrievably, he only roused—like a silly barking terrier—an indignant lion to make a spring, and rang the bell in due preparation for an attack, not *by*, but *on* himself, and which was to end, *risum teneatis, amici?*—in his own limping and disgraceful retreat. Napoleon had great faith in his fortune and his star; and, truly, he seemed to have reason: for the same kind blundering chance, that in 1805 had opposed to him a Mack, in 1813 threw in his way a Schwarzenberg. It was the evening of the 26th, the day of the battle of Katzbach, before the slow Austrian could muster weight enough (for on *weight* only will an Austrian depend!) to attack Dresden; but by this time Napoleon with his whole army was seen hastening to the scene of action from the opposite side of the water; and unless the allies could contrive to send a cannon ball through him, as he passed (which was possible, as there was only the Elbe between them), their hopeful enterprize might well begin to look pale. But the man who had stood proof against so many balls passed on, this time also, in safety; the bridge was crossed, and instantly in Dresden his energetic and vivid presence displayed itself like the arrival of a new soul into a dying body; the enemy was bravely repulsed at all hands that day; and next day, the 27th, the indefatigable captain turned a difficult defence into a well-conceived attack; one of Schwarzenberg's widely extended corps, isolated clumsily from the rest, was taken gallantly, like Mack, in a trap; and before evening the whole mass of the Austrian army, above 100,000 men, was in disconcerted retreat back to their Bohemian fastnesses! A gallant affair this altogether, and the French may well boast of it. Never did example show more clearly, how necessary a thing it is for a great soldier to have legs as well as arms: but the preachers of Napoleon's military genius should bethink themselves coolly here, how admirably the enterprize and expedition which he displayed were relieved, and brought into a lucky prominence, by the incredible clumsiness and hereditary awkwardness of his adversary. They must learn to moderate their admiration also by considering how that genius, divorced as it so often was from discretion, became, immediately after the brilliant battle of Dresden, the cause of the calamitous affair of Culm, which immediately followed.

On the 28th, the emperor rode in the track of the retreating army a few miles up the Elbe to Pirna, where, instead of pursuing the enemy with the rigour which the occasion required, he made the speech—'Eh bien! je ne vois plus rien: faites retourner la vieille garde à Dresde! la jeune garde restera ici à bivouac;' and immediately returned to Dresden, 'very gaily,' as Odeleben says, 'and with the greatest tranquillity.' This careless indifference after a great victory was perhaps natural enough to poor humanity; but in a great commander at an important crisis altogether inexcusable. A fortunate moment was here, such as this threatening war had not hitherto presented, and might not again present; a 'false movement,' such as he had expected or something that was practically equivalent to it, had now actually occurred; to improve this occasion with all his concentrated genius was now his imperative duty as a soldier, perhaps his only chance for rule as an emperor. The great road to Töplitz lay open, pioneered indeed, at his own express wish, by Vandamme; it would have been easy by this *shorter* road to have anticipated the enemy as they were debouching into the Bohemian valleys, to have attacked them before they were formed, to throw them into utter confusion, and perhaps force Metternich to conclude a favourable peace. Why was this not done? why did he, who was wont to be so keen and eager in the pursuit, neither follow himself in the path where Vandamme led, nor send the young guard to help him? What is the meaning of that memorable sentence—'la jeune garde restera ici à bivouac?' for on this sentence, so far as the favourable chances of war might go, hinged the fate of Napoleon in the autumn of 1813. The partial and most unsatisfactory answer to this question given, by saying that some garlic or other matter had disagreed with the emperor's fastidious stomach, on the day after the battle, did not even satisfy Vaudoncourt, who so early as 1819 admitted, 'Ce fut sans doute une faute de l'Empereur Napoléon, de n'avoir pas poussé, dès le 29, le 14 corps jusqu'à Nollendorf (on the great road to Prague); il le pouvait, sans se compromettre, puisque sa garde occupait Pirna, et que le 6e corps avait dépassé Dippoldiswalda.' Mr. Alison, accordingly, and Herr Bade, have, with due prominence and decision, brought forward this important matter, each referring the French emperor's remissness on this critical occasion to its true source, in the peculiarities of his own mental character. Mr. Alison says: 'Napoleon judged of present events by the past. He conceived that the opposition of 30,000 men in their rear, immediately after a severe defeat in front, would paralyse and discomfit the allies as completely as it had done in the days of Rivoli and Ulm; and he was unwilling to engage the young guard in the

mountains, as it might ere long be required for his own projected march on Berlin.' This solution of the enigma is entirely satisfactory, and can be proved in detail, so far as the Berlin project is concerned, from the documents published by Baron Fain; and if we probe deeper still, and ask *why* did Napoleon set such a value on the taking of Berlin, Mr. Alison furnishes a satisfactory answer to this question also, when, a few pages further on, he talks of 'Napoleon's anxiety to *dazzle the world by the capture of the Prussian capital.*' That this anxiety was altogether out of proportion to the importance of the object, has been shown by Herr Bade most clearly on military principles; Frederick William, indeed, by the very act of leaving Berlin for Breslau, at the commencement of the war, and keeping himself, during the course of it, with the main body of the allies in their Bohemian headquarters, had shown that he did not look on the stone and lime of Berlin as a matter that could have any decisive effect on the strategics of the campaign. Napoleon, therefore, was deceived on this occasion by his French genius; as in the previous year at Moscow, so now his eager desire to dictate a bulletin at Berlin, and tickle the fancy of the Parisians, overruled the plain dictates of military common sense, and made him subordinate the prosecution of a real and immediate advantage offered by the blundering of the enemy, to the attempted realisation of a favourite idea, twinkling vain-gloriously in the distance. And verily he had his reward. The corps of Vandamme pushed forward into Bohemia, being unsupported, proved unequal to the achievement of the task imposed on it; and instead of cutting off the enemy's retreat, was surrounded among the defiles of the mountains at Culm (30th of August), and itself cut off utterly from existence. The French general's rashness on this occasion has been the frequent theme of declamation with French writers; but the fact is, (as the reader will find most ably developed both by Mr. Alison and Herr Bade), that if Vandamme, in advancing upon Töplitz, was the eager steed that rushed upon destruction, Napoleon was the foolish rider that spurred him; and on this, as on other occasions, the great French emperor showed to the intelligent his essential moral littleness, in imitating the conduct of a cowardly and ungenerous boy, who, being caught in a fault, throws the blame on his brother, perhaps on that very person who was but the instrument in performing the deed of which himself was the author.

The battle of Culm decided the fate of Napoleon. The victory at Dresden was thus altogether neutralised; the south was as threatening as ever; and on the east and the north, Blücher and Bulow were gradually advancing to weave a net of iron round the terrible lion of war; and the quality of their troops (not to speak of their quantity) had, by the two ominous days of Katzbach and

Grossbeeren, been already proved to be such, that they were beyond reach of injury from any of Napoleon's marshals; and as for the feared Invincible himself the experience of this campaign had triumphantly shown, that a wise system of strategics, conceived in the spirit of old Fabius,

“ Qui nobis cunctando restituit rem,”

might reasonably hope to prove victorious against the modern Napoleon, as it had against the ancient Hannibal. The whole month of September, accordingly, was spent by the fretted French captain, in vain endeavours to force the well-instructed Blücher to submit himself to some decisive blow from Napoleon; a sort of reconnoitring also was once and again made on the ridge of the Bohemian hills, above Töplitz; but on that side no blow was given by the emperor, nor, so far as appears, ever seriously intended. Meanwhile, Marshal Ney was sent out from Wittenberg, in the place of Oudinot, to make another grasp at the glittering prize of Berlin; but as might have been expected, this also proved a failure; on the 6th of September, Ney was totally defeated by Bulow and Tauenzien near Jüterbogk, and the battle of Dennewitz was only a repetition on a larger scale of Grossbeeren. Both battles were won, not by any refined or curious tactics, but mainly by hard fighting. The Prussians were *determined* not to be beaten, sworn, rather, so long assoul and body should hold together, to beat: this temper of mind, the result of their superior moral inspiration, insured them victory, unless in the event of gross blunder or accident. Salvation was now impossible for Napoleon; the army of the north advanced as rapidly as the slow Bernadotte would allow them to the Elbe; and at the same moment the Silesian army with its green laurels, advanced to meet them. Both parties crossed the Elbe; Blücher at Wartenberg, a little above Wittenberg (October 3rd), in a style in no whit inferior to the far-famed Lodi;* the Silesian army and the army of the north effected a union on the south side of the Elbe: Napoleon was strategically defeated. With one army of superior quantity and quality hanging over his right flank, and another hanging over his left, and both threatening to effect a junction between him and the Rhine, and pour in their overwhelming masses upon his rear—what could the greatest captain of the age in that ‘central position’ of Dresden now do? He could do nothing but retreat, happy if even that were possible when determined upon unwillingly at the eleventh hour; but before his haughty spirit could reconcile itself finally to this step, it gave birth, in the desperation of baffled energy, to one of

* Colonel Mitchell considers it in every respect far superior as a feat of gallant soldiery to Lodi, and adduces it as a remarkable instance how little the military value of any action can be estimated by its degree of military fame:

those bold schemes which genius alone can conceive, but genius alone is not sufficient to execute. In the small castle of Düben on the Molda, between Wittenberg and Leipzig, Napoleon spent four days of dismal doubt and bitter chagrin; at war terribly with his own generals, at war more terribly with himself; and there, as a last possible hope, he conceived the adventurous idea of shifting the seat of war by a violent leap from the banks of the Elbe—not to the banks of the Rhine, which seemed the more natural move in the circumstances—but to the banks of the Spree, the Oder and the Vistula! He would leave Dresden, giving up the whole line of the Elbe, and falling upon Berlin, now exposed by the forward march of the Prussians, make the capital of the enemy the pivot of his future operations, while he surrendered to him his own base, and the line of communications with Paris! A most original project, unquestionably—a ladder that might reach to heaven, if it had only an inch of ground to rest upon; a project which, perhaps, as Bade very justly remarks, *General Bonaparte* might have executed with success, had he been prepared, as an indispensable condition of its success, to reconstruct the kingdom of Poland, but which in the *Emperor Napoleon*, as he then stood and felt, would have been the mere exasperated plunge of a noble fish, after it has been firmly hooked. The project, accordingly, whether by the dictate of the emperor's own good sense, or by the clamorous protests of his generals, assisted by the defection of Bavaria, was given up: and a backward movement finally resolved on to Leipzig. The result of that was, as it could not otherwise be, a great battle of the concentrated forces of the parties; a battle, where, as at Dresden, with his enemies pressing round him from all quarters, Napoleon again occupied a central position, and was forced to repeat again, tactically and on a small scale, the great strategic operations of this memorable campaign. He posted himself in the middle of his enemies with his back to the walls of the city, and fought as a brave man will do who fights mainly to show that he can fight, and that he will not yield but on compulsion. Another thing, also, he showed by this obstinate stand of three days, that with whatever tremendous energy his genius could display itself in attack and advance, to anticipate and prepare for a RETREAT was beyond the compass of its power. From Leipzig, as from Moscow before, and from Waterloo afterwards, he was precipitated with a ruin that required not the pursuit of the foe to make it sure. So a building falls that is reared to topple proudly on an artificial foundation: so water, when made to mount violently beyond its natural level recoils: so force tumbles, that is without moderation and ambition that is not wise. The most instructive and the most evangelic sermon, that Providence has preached to men in these latter days, is to be read in the rise and fall of Napoleon Bonaparte.

ART. II.—*Virginie. Tragedie en Cinq Actes.* Par M. LATOUR
DE SAINT YBARS. Paris. 1845.

ON the 7th of May, 1842, a 'drame' was produced, and barely escaped damnation, at the Odéon; it was called 'Le Tribun du Peuple,' or something to that effect; and was written by a young creole, M. Latour, who in extravagance, ambition, and withal a knowledge of theatrical 'situations,' promised to be an assiduous disciple of the celebrated 'romantic' creole, Alexandre Dumas. The piece was not without marks of dramatic talent; but we 'assisted' at the performance with considerable yawns.

On the 5th of April, 1845, the same young author obtained a brilliant success at the Théâtre Français by a tragedy written in the classic style: wherein simplicity and passion supplied the place of rant and 'bustle;' the tragedy of 'Virginie,' which the exquisite Rachel rendered fascinating, but which for its own sake merits the applause it has received.

We bring these facts and dates together, not simply to illustrate the progress made by the young author, but to illustrate the decay and downfall in France of that noisy, tawdry, lifeless thing, called the Romantic School. M. Latour, like many other young men, had been seduced by the pompous promises of the Romanticists, and stunned perhaps by the noise they made. But he failed. A new era was dawning: in a few months the Classic and Romantic Drama were to meet in battle; and though the Classic had every disadvantage of position, its triumph could not be concealed. We then called attention to the struggle; and may venture here to borrow what we then said: The chief, the most celebrated, and unquestionably the most able of the Romanticists, after a long silence, brings out at the Théâtre Français his trilogy of 'Les Burgraves.' This drame, obviously the fruit of immense care, produced with all the splendour the Parisian stage could afford, heralded by preliminary puffs, protected by a name celebrated throughout Europe, and supported by bands of enthusiastic followers—this play could not keep possession of the stage for twenty nights. About the same time a young man from the provinces had presented a play to the Odéon: it was after the model of Racine: the dagger and poison-bowl were absent: the stage effects, the violent contrasts, the ranting passions, the unnatural characters of the drame were replaced by pure and elegant verses, an antique simplicity of conception and execution, and characters distinctly and faithfully delineated. Nobody went to see 'Les Burgraves;' all Paris flocked over the water to see 'Lucrèce,' by M. Ponsard. A bad theatre—indifferent acting—an unknown

author venturing to revive a decried and neglected school of writing—these obstacles did not prevent the triumphant success of 'Lucrèce.'

What, meanwhile, became of 'Les Burgraves?' No one read it, no one talked about it. Nevertheless, it is not a whit more absurd than 'Hernani,' 'Angelo,' 'Le Roi s'amuse,' or 'Ruy Blas;' and it is quite as effective in *coups de théâtre*, and much better written. Why then did it fail? and why did 'Lucrèce' succeed? Because, in truth, the public had recovered from its intoxication, had got tired of the novelty of the drame, and welcomed 'Lucrèce,' not as a novelty, but as a return to a healthy style—the national drama.

The success of 'Lucrèce' doubtless opened the eyes of M. Latour; and 'Virginie' is the result. In the history of the drama, however, 'Virginie' will look more like a definite conquest than 'Lucrèce.' It was produced at the Théâtre Français—the very ground of classical tradition; and was not a mere tentative of a new form of composition, but one appearing before a prepared and willing audience. M. Latour is the Napoleon of the revolution of which M. Ponsard was the Mirabeau. The reign of the Romanticists is now at an end.

There are two questions which present themselves on a consideration of the history of this Romantic School, about which so much has been written. It must have had some element of truth and strength in it, or it never would have lasted so long. It must also have had an element of weakness, or it would not have fallen. The questions then are: Wherein lay its strength? wherein its weakness?

Its strength consisted in the weakness of its enemy, if we may be allowed the phrase. The 'literature of the Empire' was in about the same decrepit state as our own literature when Hayley was the glory of England. The language, in particular, had become feeble and conventional. Nothing could be mentioned by its proper name, unless it were something dignified. Periphrasis, cold and academical periphrasis, accompanied by pompous conventionalisms, had become the language of the drama. The language of Racine and Voltaire became daily more impoverished; daily was it made to resemble less and less the language spoken. A rupture was at last inevitable: it came; and though the innovators damaged their own cause by violence and extravagance, yet the cause was too strong not to prevail. The change was sudden, and, because sudden, to many revolting. The public, after being sent to sleep with sonorous periphrases, were somewhat rudely wakened by having words, long banished, bawled in their ears. In the heat of reaction the poets were systematically trivial, in order that they might avoid academic conventionalism. It was the same with Wordsworth, whose horror of Darwin and Gray

threw him back upon such wondrous platitudes as made all England stare, and the Edinburgh critics facetious.

The influence of modern writers upon the French language has been decidedly and immensely beneficial. If there be no living poet to be compared to Racine, which there certainly is not, on the other hand the language of Racine is very poor and colourless compared to that of Lamartine and Victor Hugo; and all the beauties of the prose literature of the seventeenth century, put together, would not equal the prose of George Sand. As a recent critic has justly remarked, 'Never before has the French language had such richness; never such variety: capricious and energetic beneath the pen of Victor Hugo; clear and precise with Prosper Mérimée, ardent and elevated when M. Lamennais speaks it; ready to excite langour or to ravish the ear in the verses of Lamartine, what treasures we have inherited! And if it were necessary to descend to particulars, I would say that of all which has been written of the same kind by all the writers of other epochs, I see nothing that can for an instant be compared to certain descriptions—to whole volumes of George Sand.*

But inasmuch as the Romanticists were men of very perverse minds, and not gifted with the requisite taste which should guard them against gross errors of system, they have also damaged the current language by the excess of colouring and *materialism*. If the muse of Racine is sometimes a pale and languid beauty, the muse of Victor Hugo is also too often a highly rouged wanton; and as to the muse adored by the imitators of M. Hugo, she mistakes *devergondage* for grace, effrontery for confidence.

Some merit is also due to the Romanticists for having destroyed several classical conventionalities, for having enlarged the sphere of the drama, and, above all, for having made people aware that tragedy is not confined to kings and queens. They have brought forward the eminently *human* nature of the drama. They have made passion paramount. They have also enlarged the notions of stage-effect; and have taught dramatists the value of situations. Droning dulness had usurped the stage, and dulness in its worst form—the academical. We call it the worst, because it had a tendency to perpetuate itself beyond all other forms of dulness; robed as it is with all the dignity of conventionalism. To that, any thing was preferable. Any signs of vitality would assuredly have been welcome: and the galvanic signs of *le drame* were accepted for want of better. The *drame* with its coarse effects and moral paradoxes, with its new and improved language and its *couleur locale*—the *drame* with its rants, its tears, its daggers, and its *prefaces*, created a sensation; it did not create a lasting influence.

* 'Revue Nouvelle,' Mai, 1845, p. 130.

We said that they made passion paramount: so they did—in their prefaces. In their dramas passion was lost in paradox and exaggeration; or was buried under history. Take Victor Hugo, and we prefer him because the greatest. Look at the structure of his plays. Does he, we are told, wish to delineate parental love? He selects a Triboulet and a Lucrece Borgia, both stained with horrible crimes, and *réhabilité* by the poet, because of this parental love. Does he wish to paint man's love? He selects a monk, a monster, and a valet: a Claude Frollo, a Quasimodo, and a Ruy Blas. Woman's love? He has no fitter types than two notorious courtesans, a Marion de l'Orme and Tisbe. Does he wish to picture the sacred grandeur of old age, and the reverence we owe it? His old men are a bandit and a fratricide, whose ferocity and crimes are lost sight of in their courage and prowess. In the same spirit of paradox he makes his Burgrave vigorous and full of life in his hundredth year, while the only young girl in the play is dying of a slow disease.

Victor Hugo has been often reproached for his use and abuse of antithesis—and the above are examples of the abuse—but he, with a truly French bombast, declares, that 'Le bon Dieu' is a greater 'faiseur d'antithèses' than he is. Is not this delicious? It is a fit companion to De Balzac's answer to the numerous complaints of his alarming fecundity in the production of novels; 'comme si le monde qui se pose devant moi,' he says, with superb disdain, 'n'était pas plus fécond encore!'—Certainly none but Frenchmen could be insensible to the bathos of such things.

Passion was buried under history. All the world knows that one of the great points in Romanticism, is its attachment to *couleur locale*. Now if the theatre is to be a Collège de France, where history is to be expounded for the instruction of ingenious youth, well and good; if not—if the stage is to represent the drama—that is, human passion in action; then is this ambition of *couleur locale* immensely displaced, and somewhat dangerous. The drama may be *instructive*, but it dare not be *didactic*: it may teach, but it must teach through the emotions, not through the understanding. By picturing an epoch so forcibly that it stands before us with an objective truth, we may draw our own lessons from it; but the poet must not read us a lecture—least of all an historical lecture.

Is then *couleur locale* useless? *Couleur locale* is not useless; neither is it very useful: it is a critical excellence which the learned may taste, but which must be indifferent to the great mass of the audience, who know not whether it is correct or not. Remember this also, that it is one thing to be faithful to the epoch in which you place your scene—another thing to display

your own research, and to show the audience how *you* have studied that epoch. But even when at the best, *couleur locale* can only be partially true: it must be contradicted by the characters and actions of the *dramatis personæ*. A striking instance of this may be seen in the best historical play recently published—'Catherine Douglas'—wherein the mastery of historical delineation exhibited in King James, and in the subordinates, only serves to bring out into stronger relief the essentially modern and metaphysical nature of the lovers; or in Victor Hugo's 'Ruy Blas,' the hero of which is the aspiring, democratic, dreamy *prolétaire* of our day. If the ancients were to be represented *as* ancients, they would fail to interest our sympathies. The Greek hero could never be a modern hero. The Roman's patriotism could never be thoroughly sympathised with; his religion could never be believed in. Nor could, in general, the men of the middle ages be accepted as representatives of our present conception of humanity. We should all revolt at the Sforza or the Borgia, as unnatural; we could never be made to believe in the sincerity of such villains' religious convictions. And so of the other differences created by difference of race and difference of times. We come then to the conclusion that the drama can never attain historical truth: it can only approximate to that truth, and in the approximation runs great danger of being tedious.

Are then anachronisms to be permitted? That depends upon the anachronism. There are three kinds: anachronism of feeling and character; of manners and customs; and of geography and chronology. The first are often inevitable. It is such an anachronism to make Achilles, or any Greek, a *lover*. Where passion and character are concerned, the poet must be modern, for he has to touch modern hearts. The anachronisms of manners and customs are to be avoided, in as far as they offend the general knowledge of the audience; the audiences of the present day, understanding antiquity much better than those of the time of Shakspeare, would not tolerate any gross anachronism: but then it is not to be expected that the poet would make it. As to anachronisms of geography and chronology, such as Shakspeare's making Bohemia a sea-port; placing lions in the forest of Ardenne, and nuns at Athens; or making Hector quote Aristotle—they are amenable to the same laws as those of manners and customs.

But in saying that the poet should be on a level with the knowledge of his age, we are not advocating any ambition of succeeding in *couleur locale*. And, therefore, cannot applaud the tendency introduced by the Romanticists, of making history—or rather lectures on history—an element of a drama.

From this survey of the merits and demerits of the Romantic

School, we see that it is one which could only serve as a transition; it could not endure, after its revolutionary purpose was fulfilled. It rose against academic dulness, and wide spread prejudices. These it destroyed. It pointed out the errors of its predecessors; and exemplified the errors of its own system. This was preparing the way for the revival and improvement of the old classic drama; and this revival has been attempted with success.

The 'Lucrèce' of M. Ponsard, and the 'Virginie' of M. Latour, may be regarded as having founded this new school. Its elements are such as must endure. On the one hand, it is based upon the classic drama, which is the truly *national* form; on the other hand, it sees the necessity of adapting and modifying that form to the exigencies of the age. It is classic, with the advantages derived from the Romanticists. It is indeed to its age, what the drama of Racine was to his age. It is a real child of the epoch, and as such has vitality.

There may be some inclined to dispute our assertion, that the classic is the truly *national* drama of France. True, that it did not spring from the people; it was the product of the learned, fostered by a court. Nevertheless, two centuries of worship have consecrated it. If it did not immediately spring from the people, it has been found so admirably adapted to the people, and has formed such a part of national culture, as to be regarded, and justly, as the national drama. The Romantic School is fifteen years old, and it has been dying for the last six or seven years. Fifteen years of a noisy, disputable existence, never, even at its most vigorous period, accepted by a large portion of the leading intelligences of the day—this is what the Romantic School has to oppose against a dynasty of more than two centuries! In spite of the preface to 'Cromwell'—in spite of the grand discovery of the grotesque and deformed—in spite of the war waged against Racine, in the *Feuilleton* of 'La Presse,' by the incomparable coxcomb Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac—in spite of a band of critics and poets, Racine's fame has remained unshaken, Racine's pathos still draws tears, Racine's mastery in art is still unrivalled. The Romanticists have had their day.

It is time, however, to say a few words respecting 'Virginie.' It is a tragedy of remarkable merit; the story is well presented, the characters drawn with a firm, clear outline; the style level, and occasionally rising to eloquence. 'Virginie' is a creation almost worthy of Racine. She has the simplicity and affectionateness of a girl, joined to the courage and proud spirit of a Roman. Her courage, however, though rising with danger is not virile: it is essentially the courage of a woman. As long as her virtue is in peril she is calm, firm, and superbly scornful; when the

danger is for a moment over, she is without force, and yields to sadness. It is just the character for Rachel. Who that has seen her can fail to imagine the quiet dignity with which she rejects the offers of Claudius?

“ Virginie!.....Et ces dons et ces vœux empressés
Qu'on a du vous offrir.....

“ *Virginie*.—Je les ai repoussés.

“ *Claudius*.—Repousser les présents d'un homme qui vous aime!
Est ce mépris pour moi?

“ *Virginie*.—C'est respect pour moi-même.”

And then fancy her delivery of the tirade at the close of the second act! Those thrilling tones of hers—that piercing sarcasm—that crushing contempt, and that *crescendo* of passion which no one can manage like her—fancy these, reader, in this reply to Appius Claudius:

“ Quelle audace !

Vous osez me parler, me regarder en face !
Au lieu de fuir d'ici, confus, pâle, interdit,
Vous osez m'aborder après ce qu'elle a dit !
Vous, notre ennemie ; vous, à qui tout sert de proie ;
Vous, par qui j'ai perdu mon amour et ma joie !
Icilius est mort, frappé par des Romains,
Vous avez mis le fer dans leur cruelles mains,
Et vous venez ici, près d'une autre victime,
Solliciter le prix de votre premier crime ;
Et vous venez ici, m'offrir presque à genoux,
Vos présents teints de sang ! du sang de mon époux !
Sortez ! sortez !—Mais non ; écoutez ma réponse :
Je vous crois criminel quand Fausta vous dénonce.
Le sort d'Icilius ne me changera pas,
Et je hais votre amour autant que son trépas.
N'employez avec moi ni détour ni surprise,
La Romaine vous hait, l'amante vous méprise.”

This passage will convey a fair specimen of the author's style, which, though somewhat deficient in colour and elegance, is direct and without triviality or bombast. He is, perhaps, a little too much open to the charge of thrusting in commonplaces for the sake of a rhyme; he has not yet attained the art of concealing his art. And in one or two instances he has fallen into the system of periphrasis patronised by the Empire. Thus he speaks of gold, in these terms:—

“ Et ces ornements vils qu'il m'ose présenter
Sont faits de ce métal qui sert pour acheter.”

The character of Virginius, though relieved by some fine touches, is somewhat conventional; and we must object to his constant talk about shedding his blood for his country: as a soldier,

it was his duty to shed it: as a brave soldier, it was his duty to talk as little about it as possible. During the trial he has one reply to make which is quite up to the passion of the scene, and which forms a magnificent 'point' for an actor. He is led away by his vehemence, and Claudius interposes to remind him where he is:—

" *Claudius*.—Vois tu cette hache qui brille
Dans la main du licteur?

" *Virginus*.—Je ne vois que ma fille,
Dans mon cœur sont gravés mes droits et mes affronts.

" *Claudius*.—Crains, soldat insolent, d'irriter ma colère!
Car je suis Décemvir.

" *Virginus*.—Tremble, car je suis père!"

M. Latour has dispensed with the character of Icilius altogether, and he has done wisely. The temptation to introduce the lover was, doubtless, great; but we believe that lovers are always prejudicial, except in a love story. Shakspeare knew this well. In 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Othello'—his four greatest works—he has no lover. M. Latour has given Virginie all the advantage to accrue from her affections being another's, and at the same time preserved her from the presence of Icilius. The struggle—the dramatic 'collision' is clearly between Virginie and Claudius. The father is introduced as a necessary instrument, and as exemplifying the manly pathos of the situation. Icilius could only repeat the character of Virginus: he would be another man outraged, indignant, pathetic; he might be so in a different manner, but the true economy of art renders him superfluous. As the piece now stands, by the non-introduction of Icilius, Virginie has a grief the more, and a protector the less.

Fabius is altogether a mistake; and, curiously enough, it is a mistake referable to the Romanticists: the mistake of *couleur locale*. Some of the French critics have lauded the author for the happy manner in which he has, in the person of Fabius, contrived to picture the condition of patron and client in Rome. To us it seems neither a good picture, for it is not exact; nor a good intention, for it is historical, and not dramatic. Fabius *does* nothing in the piece. He talks, and talks superabundantly, but he is in no way wound up in the threads of the plot so that he could not be omitted without injury. Now this is precisely the fault we find with those poets who seek *couleur locale*, and think more of displaying their historical knowledge than their knowledge of art.

But we must have done with sermonising, and content ourselves with recommending to our dramatic readers this most recent product of the new school of dramatists, which, founded as it is on the truly national taste, must have a better chance of success than the clever but mistaken productions of the Romantic School.

- ART. III.—1. *Versuch einer getreuen Schilderung der Republik Mejico.* Von EDUARD MUEHLENPFORDT, &c. (Essay of a Faithful Description of the Republic of Mexico. By EDWARD MUEHLENPFORDT, formerly Director of the Works of the Mexican Company, and afterwards Road-Surveyor to the State of Oajaca.) 2 vols. Hanover. 1844.
2. *Mexico as it was and as it is.* By BRANTZ MAYER, Secretary of the United States' Legation to that Country, in 1841 and 1842. New York and London. 1844.
3. *Life in Mexico.* By Madame CALDERON DE LA BARCA. London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.
4. *Texas and the Gulf of Mexico.* By Mrs. HOUSTON. 2 vols. London. 1844.
5. *Mexico.* By H. G. WARD, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé-d'Affaires in that Country during the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. 2 vols. London. 1829.
6. *Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico in the Year 1826.* By Captain G. F. LYON, R. N., F. R. S.
7. *Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico.* By W. BULLOCK, F. L. S. London. 1824.
8. *Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution.* By WILLIAM DAVIS ROBINSON. Philadelphia. 1820.
9. *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition.* By GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL. London. 1844.

RECENT changes and revolutions are again attracting the attention of political observers to the shores of the Mexican Gulf. The late overthrow of Santa Anna, the decision of the question long pending between the Republic of Mexico and the United States of the north, as to the annexation of Texas, and the contingency of war or peace in regions which have so many claims on the attention of Europe, combine to revive no small portion of that keen interest which, twenty years ago, was felt when the fancied El Dorado was laid open to the enterprise of Europe, and seem to show that a new page of the many-leaved volume of the future is unfolding. The mighty current of human action sets in with increased volume and intensity towards the west and south of the American continent. At the present moment, therefore, we persuade ourselves that we shall render no unacceptable service to our readers, by throwing together such information as we have been able to collect, on the present state and prospects of a country which, in spite of modern tourists, still remains in many respects a *terra incognita* to the mass of readers. This we shall preface by a succinct view of the leading events of Mexican history, from the outbreak of the revolution,

interweaving such considerations of a more general kind as the subject may naturally suggest.

In thus restricting the range of our speculations, we are well aware of the sacrifice we make, in foregoing themes which have a perpetual and unfading charm for those who love to linger on the storied memories of the past. A more tempting task might be to recall our readers to the days of the pilgrim of Palos, who explored the awful mysteries of the ocean stream, till he found 'a temperate in a torrid zone.'

" The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees ;
And guiltless men, who danced away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime."

Nor less pleasing would it be to make our canvass gorgeous with the barbaric splendours of the Indian monarchy and hierarchy, to retrace the career of Cortes and his adventurous cavaliers, and to tell

" Of the glorious city won
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake;
Of seven kings in chains of gold."—

These are themes whose romantic interest awakens a never-failing response in the imagination at all times, and which with the youth of modern Europe rank second in fascination only to the fairy tales and national legends which are the time-consecrated food of juvenile fancy. But leaving such splendid scenes to Irving and Prescott, to whom they rightfully belong by the double tenure of indigenous association and prior occupancy, let us proceed to our own more sober, but, perhaps, more useful task of sketching the development of that society which, in the sixteenth century, was founded by the sword of Castile amidst the ruins of the Aztec Venice.

Mexico, from its advantages of situation, its endless diversity of soil and climate, and its capacity of sustaining an immense population, would seem to be a land destined by nature to play no humble part in the affairs of the world. In the hands of a stirring and warlike race, the country would in fact afford the military key to both divisions of the American continent; for, from her mountain-throne she overlooks the vast levels of Texas and the United States, while by way of Guatemala and across the Carribean Sea, the forces of a strong and compact state might dominate the feeble and divided communities of the South. She is seated on the great table-land formed by the Mexican Andes, which, springing from their southern roots in the Isthmus of Panama,

stretch their vast system of ridges and valleys over the whole breadth of the country as far as to the mouth of Rio Bravo, and then receding to the west and north, traverse the length of the continent to where the towering peaks of the St. Elias glitter in their gorgeous icy robe, beneath the rays of the Arctic sun. The belt of coast which intervenes on each side between the mountains and the sea, forms a sure bulwark against foreign aggression, interposing by its tropical climate, and the diseases thence generated, to which the European falls a helpless prey, insurmountable obstacles to the passage of an army. Defended by resolute spirits and energetic hands, such a country would be impregnable, and even with the listless and indolent race by whom it is held, would be found no easy conquest to an invader; for though the opinion which is sometimes hazarded may be well-founded, that a modern Cortes might repeat the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico, he would find that on arriving at the capital, he was but on the threshold of his undertaking, even if his army had not long before melted away in the pestilential levels of the sea-coast. The Alpine conformation of its tropical region presents in its numberless terraces and valleys, elevated plains, and deep-sunk slades, that wondrous variety of climate and scenery which it has tasked the pens of all geographers and travellers to describe, with every shape of wildness, grandeur, and luxuriant beauty that can fill the fancy or charm the eye. Amid the mountain heights, from which spring the fire-born cones, with their stainless cinctures of perennial snow, we find the forests of Scandinavia reproduced; further down on their slopes, the delicious climate of Southern Europe, yielding in abundance the grain that nourishes the life of man, and the rare and exquisite fruits that crown its enjoyments—the grape, the orange, the olive, and the lemon; whilst at the base of the giant hills, the rich soil teems with the coffee-plant and the sugar-cane, and glows with the dazzling colours of the tropical flora. The European race which occupied the empire of the Aztecs was in fact conducted by the dispensations of Providence into a country which exhibits in many respects the natural counterpart of their own. In the Spain of the New World, the same physical features which characterised their ancient dwelling-places, appear, though on a far wider and more magnificent scale. The lofty sierras and table-lands, once forest-clad though now treeless, of Castile, the net-work of ridges and stream-fed dales which interlaces the territory of Biscay, the fertile vegas and sterile wastes which bask under the suns of Andalusia and Granada, all find their likenesses in that region of America which the first discoverers, struck with the resemblance borne by its shores to those they had

left behind, greeted with the appellation of New Spain.* The parallel holds good, and will probably continue to do so, in the moral as well as the physical features of the picture presented by modern Mexico; for the populations of its various provinces show differences of character and manners no less striking than are remarked at the present day in those of Old Spain. These are partly called forth by climate and situation, but their most fertile source is no doubt the greater or lesser proportion in which the intermixture of Indian with European blood has ensued. There results from the diversities of character to which we allude, and still more from the difficulties of communication and the weakness of the general government, an interprovincial isolation of the same kind with that which prevails so remarkably in the mother-country, and exercises on its political changes and revolutions an influence still plainly appreciable.

It will assist our readers in forming a more accurate idea of the physical conformation of the Mexican territory, and its infinite variety of climate, if we subjoin to the general view we have ourselves attempted to present, some well-digested and able observations on the subject by Mühlenpfordt:—

“Although the mountain-chain of Mexico appears to be one and the same with that which, under the name of the Cordilleras of the Andes, intersects all South America, from south to north; yet its structure on the north and south of the equator is entirely different. On the southern hemisphere we see the Cordilleras everywhere furrowed, lengthwise and crosswise, by valleys, which seem as if they have been formed by a forcible severance of the mountains. Here we find tracts perfectly level at a great absolute elevation. The richly cultivated plain around the town of Santa Fé de Bogota lies 8700, the high level of Coxamarca, in Peru, 9000, the wide plains about the volcano of Antisana, 13,429 English feet above the sea. These elevated flats of Cundinamarca, Quito, and Peru, though quite level, have an extent of no more than forty-two square leagues; difficult of ascent, separated from each other by deep valleys, surrounded by lofty peaks, they have no connexion with each other, and offer but trifling facilities to internal communication in those countries. In Mexico, on the contrary, we find the main ridge of mountains itself forming the table-land. High-raised plains, of far greater extent, and equally uniform, lie near together, stretching from the 18th to the 40th parallel of latitude, in unbroken succession, overtopped only by individual cones and lines of greater alti-

* Describing the voyage of discovery made by Grijalva along the Mexican coast, De Solís tells us: “Some one of the soldiers then saying that this land was similar to that of Spain, the comparison pleased the hearers so much, and remained so impressed on the memories of all, that no other original is to be found of the name of New Spain being given to those regions. Words spoken casually are repeated but by chance; save when propriety and grace of meaning are perceived in them, to captivate the memory of men.” (*Conquista de Mexico*, l. i., c. 5.)

tude. The direction of the table-land determines, as it were, the whole course of the mountain-chains. The craters, of 16,000 to 18,000 feet high, are partly scattered on the table-land, partly arranged in lines, whose direction is not by any means always parallel with the general track of the Cordilleras. In Peru, Quito, Cundinamarca, as observed, the lofty platforms are divided by cross valleys, whose perpendicular depth amounts sometimes to 4500 feet, and whose steep precipices are only to be climbed by travellers on mules, on foot, or carried on the backs of Indians. In Mexico, on the other hand, the table-lands are so continuous, that from Tehuantepec to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, nay, even into the territory of the United States, wheel-carriages might roll."

Ascending from Tehuantepec, on the Pacific coast, which is but 118 feet above the level of the sea, the table-land stretches from Oajaca to Durango, at an elevation of 6000 to 8000 feet,* its surface intersected by ridges which run from 9000 to 11,000 feet in height, while above this only isolated mountains ascend. Beyond Durango, in the territory of New Mexico, towards Texas on the one side, and the head of the Californian Gulf on the other, the general level of the ground rapidly sinks, the Sierra Madre or mother-ridge, known further northward as the Rocky Mountains, stretching away in solitary grandeur.

"Conformably to the law of nature, which makes the climatic effect of an elevation of 3000 feet, equal to a difference in latitude of ten degrees, we find in Mexico all imaginable variations and shades of climate, piled above one another, as it were, in stories; and may in a few hours, often several times in the course of a day's journey, descend from the world of hyacinths, mosses, and lichens, from the region of ever-benumbing cold, of perpetual snow and ice, into that of ever-dissolving heat, where the inhabitant goes naked, his brown skin anointed with grease, to make it less sensitive to the sun's burning rays, and dwells in bird-cage-shaped huts, open to the air. . . . Situations more or less sheltered from the wind, especially the north-west wind, more or less exposed to the influence of the sun-beams; greater approximation to the west coast, where the air is perceptibly milder than on the east; want or abundance of wood and water; are all circumstances which modify the temperature in the most surprising manner, at the same height above the sea and in the same parallel."

The colonial system of Spain was one of the most curious engines of oppression ever devised by human avarice and rapacity; its only palliation, perhaps, is to be found in the ignorance and folly of the Spanish rulers, from the days of Philip II., who squandered the resources and ruined the prosperity of Spain herself. The nineteenth century found the same maxims and prin-

* To this general statement, of course, exceptions may be pointed out. Thus the valley of Toluca, near Mexico, reaches an average elevation of 8500 feet.

ciples in vigour, which had prevailed under the most cruel and imbecile of the successors of Charles V. Not only were the interests of the colonists sacrificed in every point, by a political exclusiveness, which practically interdicted to every American the exercise of any but the most inferior offices in the public service, —a spiritual tyranny, which threatened with the penalties of the Inquisition all freedom of thought or speculation—and a commercial monopoly enforced with such unrelenting rigour, that the punishment of death was denounced against all who were detected in trafficking with foreigners, whilst the vines and olives of Mexico were rooted out, that its inhabitants might be compelled to draw their supplies from Spain; and the wheat which the colonists of La Plata were forbidden to export, was applied to fill up marshes in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres. These things, and much more of the like sort, might have been borne, but the bitterest fruits of tyranny are not always political grievances. To be a native of American soil stamped the brand of social degradation, even on a man who traced his descent from the conquerors; the Creoles were regarded by the Europeans much as the free-coloured population of the United States now are by their white countrymen. Even ties of blood could not overcome this insensate prejudice, which led often to the disinheritation of a son by a father, in favour of some adventurer from Europe. For the Indians again were reserved the dregs of the cup of oppression! In the continental provinces they were too numerous to be extirpated, as in the Spanish West Indian Islands; there they continued to form the bulk of the population. In Mexico, it is calculated that four-sevenths are Indians, two-sevenths persons of mixed blood or mestizoes, and only one-seventh whites. They were reduced by the system of repartition among the landed proprietors to a bondage, of which the negro slavery of the present day exhibits no inexact parallel;* but they cherished the memory of the greatness of their race, and a vengeful sense of the sufferings they had so long endured. At this source, too, it was fated that the Erinnyes of retribution was to light her torch!

It was the crafty policy of the Spanish court to retain the Mexicans in a state of intellectual childhood, teaching them to look upon Spain as the sovereign power of Europe, and keeping them

* "All the property of the Indians, moveable and immoveable, was considered as belonging to the conquerors, and only a very limited allotment, of 600 yards in diameter, was conceded to them for a residence in the neighbourhood of the newly-built churches. At a time when it was gravely disputed whether the Indians were to be counted among reasonable beings, it was believed that a benefit was conferred upon them by placing them under the guardianship of the whites. During a succession of years the Indians, whose freedom the king had fruitlessly promised, were the slaves of the whites, who appropriated them indiscrimi-

studiously in ignorance of the very existence of other nations.* Yet they had long entertained the design of throwing off the Spanish yoke, and waited but the opportunity of effecting their design. We have the testimony of Humboldt in his 'Essay on New Spain' as to the existence of discontent among the higher classes, and the American General Pike, who travelled through the northern provinces in 1807, speaks still more strongly of its diffusion and intensity among the inferior clergy and the officers of the provincial army, who were debarred by the accident of birth from all chance of promotion to the higher grades. Insurrections and isolated revolts had not been wanting in the course of the two centuries and a half which had elapsed since the conquest. Such was the revolt of the Indians in the north-western provinces during the latter half of the last century; and the insurrections of Mexico in 1624, 1692, and in 1797, under the vice-royalty of Count Galvez, whose conduct in several particulars, notwithstanding his apparent zeal in its suppression, gave the greatest umbrage to the Spanish court, and is said to have resulted, after his recall, in his death by poison. In such a state of society as we have described, the materials of explosion were rife, and a concurrence of extraordinary events, which had their spring in the ambition of Napoleon, at length sounded the knell of Spanish domination in America. The renunciation of the crown of Spain by Charles IV., and his son Ferdinand VII., into the hands of the French emperor—that basest of treasons, unparalleled even in the annals of royal infamy—and the subsequent invasion of the Peninsula by his armies, were the signal of a general fermentation throughout all the transatlantic dominions of that country. Spain being now left without a regular government, propositions were made by the Creoles for the formation of executive juntas, and the assembly of provincial congresses, to act in the name of the absent sovereign, and to strengthen the hands of the mother-country in its struggle against foreign aggression, which were in some instances favourably listened to by the viceroys. The old Spaniards beheld with alarm the awakening sense of popular rights and the national spirit which

nately, and frequently quarreled about their right. To avert this, and, as it imagined, to give the Indians protectors, the court of Madrid introduced the *encomiendas*, by which the Indians, in divisions of several hundred families, were assigned to the soldiers of the conquest and their descendants, or to the jurists sent from court to administer the provinces, or counterpoise the encroaching powers of the viceroys, and other favourites. A great number of the best commanderies were given to the convents. This system did not improve the condition of the Indians; it fettered them to the soil, and their labour was the property of their master." (Mühlenpfordt, i. 233.)

* In 1823, Bullock found it difficult to persuade the natives that England, France, Germany, Holland, and Italy, were any thing else than so many paltry provinces, with governors set over them by the King of Spain. (Travels in Mexico, p. 53.)

these proceedings evinced; the Audiencias, or supreme courts, charged among their other functions to watch over the interests of the crown, became the organs of the Europeans, and strenuously resisted the efforts of the colonists to assert their right of sharing actively in the vindication of Spanish independence against French invasion. Had Spain at this time possessed public servants with heads and hearts competent to appreciate the justice and expediency of a conciliatory policy, the enthusiasm of the Creoles might have been diverted to her own service; and the latent desire of independence, to which, undoubtedly, the movement above mentioned was in part to be ascribed, might possibly have been extinguished by judicious concessions. But this was not to be looked for, save in a few isolated instances, among men hardened in the traditions of a depraved despotism, and practised in all the mysteries of fraud and corruption under the flagitious administration of Godoy. A striking observation of the Duke of Wellington's is on record, to the effect, that in all his extensive experience of Spanish official men, acquired during the Peninsular war, he met with hardly a single man, whose abilities rose above the meanest order of mind, or who possessed a respectable share of political knowledge. If such men there were, their influence was neutralised by the swarm of court-drones and noodles by whom they were surrounded. The prevalent feeling of the Spaniards towards their American dependencies may be gathered from the fact, that in the Cortes of 1812 there were many orators who denied the colonists to be superior in any respect to brutes, or entitled to any better treatment, and found not only patient hearing, but favour and applause in that assembly. Whatever administrative talent the Spaniards possessed, indeed, seems to have been employed in the colonies. Iturrigaray, Venegas, and Calleja, were men far abler than any of those who composed the government of the mother-country at the same time. Many of their measures were conceived with a skill, and executed with a vigour, unknown in the contemporary annals of Spain; and such state-papers of the colonial government as we have seen (for instance, 'Calleja's Report on the State of Mexico in 1814') are far superior to those which emanated from the Central Junta and the Regency.

Iturrigaray, the vice-king of Mexico, had gained great popularity among the natives by his conciliatory demeanour throughout the pending crisis; and was disposed, from whatever motives, to accede to the demand of the Creoles for the convocation of a Mexican Cortes. He is said to have suspected the fidelity of some of the Spanish officials around him, and looking to the shameful desertion of the national cause, of which so many examples had been witnessed in the Peninsula, and the intrigues of French emissaries

in America, it is probable he might have good reason for suspicion. His claim to be regarded as the sole depository of the royal power and authority gave deep offence to the Audiencia, and the European faction pretended that he favoured the natives from a desire to make himself an independent sovereign.* However this may have been, the Audiencia determined to have him arrested and deposed; and, on the night of the 15th of September, 1808, accordingly, a band of Europeans, chiefly merchants, entered his palace, and seized his person as he lay in bed. After a short confinement in a neighbouring convent he was removed to Spain, and the Audiencia invested with the vice-regal functions Lizana, Archbishop of Mexico, whose vacillating and feeble policy tended only to exasperate the eagerness of the Mexicans for the contest which it was now evident had become inevitable.

Two years elapsed from the date of Iturrigaray's arrest, during which the absence of any concessions on the part of the government, and the insolence of the Europeans, aggravated the irritation produced by that event among the natives.† An extensive conspiracy against the Spanish domination was organised, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics and lawyers, with some military men. Dr. Hidalgo, curate of the small town of Dolores, was the leader of the conspiracy in the province of Guanajuato, which, with that of Mechoacan or Valladolid, continued throughout to be the main support of the insurgent cause. Hidalgo was an intelligent, and, for his country and profession, well-informed man; enterprising, and of an austere turn of mind; of engaging conversation and manners, some of his chroniclers tell us, yet showing himself both cruel and vindictive in the sequel. He had private as well as public injuries to avenge, for having, among other projects for encouraging the industry of his parishioners, formed large plantations of vines, he had the mortification of seeing them rooted out by order of the government. The viceroy obtained information of the plot, and issued orders for the arrest of Hidalgo, with his associates Allende and other Creole officers in garrison at Guanajuato. Hereupon, the daring priest resolved instantly to raise the standard of revolt. On the 16th of September, 1810, he commenced the struggle by the seizure of seven Euro-

* It was at least not from any natural aversion to arbitrary measures, for in his former post, of Administrador des Obras Pias, or steward of pious donations in Mexico, the severity of his exactions gave rise to loud complaints.

† Iturrigaray was released by the Central Junta, afterwards arrested by the Regency, and again set at liberty by a decree of the Cortes. This did not save him, however, from being condemned by the council of the Indies, in a residencia, to a ruinous fine of 284,241 dollars, which absorbed all his capital. His wife, who was afflicted with palsy, and family, were reduced to absolute destitution in the town of Jaen, where they resided.

peans resident in the town of Dolores, whose inhabitants, mostly of Indian descent, immediately joined his banner. The news of the outbreak spread like wildfire, and was hailed by the Indians of the neighbouring territory as the dawning of their deliverance from their ancient oppressors. For them, it seemed, the day of retribution was come, and they obeyed with eagerness the call which their leader addressed to them for a sanguinary vengeance. In less than a fortnight 20,000 joined him—a proof of the intolerable nature of the sufferings under which they had so long groaned, and of the tenacious memory of wrong which distinguishes their race, impassive and resigned in outward seeming. To the incitement of patriotism and the prospect of revenge were added the figments of superstition; and the Virgin of Guadalupe, under whose standard they marched, was invoked as the patroness of their cause, and the guide of their arms. Hidalgo was soon joined by two Creole regiments, and found himself strong enough to march upon Guanajuato. This city, the second of the kingdom of Mexico, and the depository of immense treasures, the produce of the neighbouring mines, fell an easy prey into his hands; the Europeans, with not a few of the Creoles, who made common cause with them, were put to the sword, and their property given up to plunder. So eager were the Indians in the work of destruction that, in less than twenty-four hours, not one stone of their houses was left standing. An enormous booty, to the amount of five millions of dollars, rewarded the zeal of the insurgents, who committed many excesses which their leader made no attempt to restrain. Like the Jacquerie of France, the Indians were infuriated by the thirst of vengeance, and Hidalgo was but too well inclined to give loose to their passions.

Various reasons have been assigned for the conduct of the rebel leader in encouraging the outrages which an ignorant and undisciplined rabble, such as that which followed his banner, is always prone to commit. Resentment for his personal grievances may have had its share; a powerful motive was supplied in the first instance by the wish to commit his followers irrevocably in the struggle with the Europeans. To these we may add the sanguinary instinct which the Spaniard has always betrayed in civil dissensions; more remarkable with that nation since the times of Ferdinand and Isabella than in days more ancient, and, perhaps, derived from the Arabs, so long the denizens of their soil.*

* The Audiencia of Mexico, in their memorial to the Cortes (paragraphs 40 and 41), attributed 'the ferocious spirit that characterised Hidalgo's rebellion, exemplified in the massacres of Guanajuato, Valladolid, &c., to the motive of getting into his hands the resources of the Europeans; as if he could not have obtained them but by wholesale shedding of blood. 'Without the riches of Eu-

Hidalgo's war-cry was 'Death to the Gachupins,'* and he scrupled not to act up to its fearful import. One of the darkest tragedies of the revolution, was the massacre shortly afterwards perpetrated by his orders at Guadalajara; here the Europeans, to the number of 800, were shut up in convents, and conducted at the dead of night, in parties of twenty and thirty, to lonely places amidst the hills lying round, where they were despatched by the steel or the club, the use of fire-arms being forbidden for the sake of secrecy. But cruelty is always as impolitic as it is inhuman, and Hidalgo soon found that he had committed a fatal and irremediable error. The Creoles of wealth and influence, connected, many of them, by ties of affinity with the old Spaniards, were alarmed and disgusted by proceedings which outraged humanity, and seemed to menace with ruin all the possessors of property; the old Spaniards were reduced to despair, and seeing war to the knife proclaimed against them, were not slow in resorting to retaliatory measures, which equalled or surpassed those of the insurgents in atrocity.

In Félix Maria Calleja, the military commandant of San Luis Potosi, to whom the new viceroy, Venegas, committed the charge of suppressing the rebellion, they found a hand ready to execute whatever their direst malevolence could prompt. He was a soldier of fortune, who had passed his life in the military service of the crown in America, where, by the vigour of his operations, and the relentless spirit in which he crushed disaffection, he approved himself a worthy disciple of the school of Cortes and Pizarro. He knew and cared little for any other rule of government than the sword; the 'extermination of the disaffected,' and the reduction of the country to order by the establishment of martial law, was the 'heroic remedy' which he unceasingly urged on the adoption of the Spanish government. Hidalgo, with an army of more than 50,000 men, Indians, with the exception of the Creole regiments already mentioned, armed principally with bows, clubs, slings, and such other weapons as are used at times when '*furor arma ministrat*,' had advanced upon the capital, but shrank from attack, defended as it was by 7000 regular troops and numerous batteries. On a disorderly and ill-conducted retreat, he fell in with Calleja's force, composed almost entirely of Creoles. The

Europeans, he could not pay his own debts, much less undertake an expensive war; without these same riches as a bait, he could not gratify that thirst for plunder which possessed the immense legions by which he was followed.' But the Spaniards have generally shown themselves incompetent to conceive the attainment of a political object, without the most violent and extreme means. So far they have not even yet shaken off barbarism.

* Gachupin, a nickname for a European Spaniard, from the Aztec word, gatzopin, a being, half man, half horse, applied by the Indians to their conquerors.

fidelity of these to the royalist standards, in a contest with their countrymen, was doubtful; and, but for the imprudence and mismanagement of the insurgents in precipitating hostilities, the result of the ensuing battle, fought on the 7th of November, in the plains of Aculco, might have been very different. The royalist troops are said to have wavered in coming into action, and would probably have refused to open their fire on the opposite ranks. But the unwieldy array of the rebels, struck with terror at the spectacle of a regular army, arranged in five columns, performing its evolutions with silent and orderly celerity, fell into confusion on their approach, and fired upon them at random. This insult provoked the Creole troops to take a bloody revenge, and from the day of this battle their line of action was decided against the rebels throughout the whole of the first period of the revolution. The latter fought with desperation, the Indians rushing with their clubs upon the bayonets of the regulars, and, so ignorant were they of the nature of artillery, trying to stop the mouths of the guns with their straw hats. They fell in heaps; in the battle and pursuit, not less than 10,000 perished. Calleja re-entered Guanajuato after an ineffectual resistance from a part of the rebel army under Allende. His stay there was signalled by a tragedy equaling in horror any that can be found even in the blood-stained annals of Spanish warfare. The populace of the town, furious at their desertion by Hidalgo's troops, had wreaked their rage on a body of 239 Europeans, the survivors of the first assault and capture of the place, who were put to death to a man. Calleja exacted a terrible retribution by the decimation of the inhabitants of this unfortunate town. Without believing the incredible tale of Robinson, that 14,000 of the inhabitants had their throats cut in the great square, while its fountains ran with blood,—though Mayer and other recent writers have been incautious enough to repeat the statement,—we may conclude that the amount of carnage was sufficiently great to glut even the wolfish appetite of the Spaniard, and almost to rival the atrocities of Cortes at Cholula.

Hidalgo, after his defeat, had occupied Guadalajara in the western country, in defence of which he resolved to make another stand against Calleja. With this view he fortified the bridge of Calderon, about fourteen leagues north-east of the city, on the road by which the royalist general was approaching from Guanajuato. It is thrown across a branch of the Rio Lerma, a swiftly-flowing stream, with precipitous banks and hills rising upon the side of Guadalajara. Here Calleja attacked the insurgents on the 16th of January, 1811. They fought gallantly and repulsed several assaults, but, being thrown into confusion by the explosion of an ammunition waggon in their ranks, and having their flanks

turned by the royalist cavalry, were in the end completely routed. Their army broke up. Hidalgo, Allende, and the other leaders, endeavoured to gain the frontiers of the United States, but being betrayed by one of their adherents, were taken and shot at Chihuahua.

Morelos, also a Creole ecclesiastic, was the next leader of the revolutionary troops, whose movements he conducted with greater forecast, skill, and success, than his predecessor. He disciplined his troops, and showed more of forbearance and humanity than belonged to Hidalgo. Fortune smiled for a considerable time on the patriot cause. Collecting a considerable force in the south-west territory, he advanced to Cuautla, within thirty miles of Mexico. It is an open town, but by availing himself of the advantages of the ground, and constructing trenches, and barricades, he rendered it defensible against attack, and was enabled for more than two months to resist all the efforts of Calleja to dislodge him. After a resistance signalised by many brilliant acts of heroism, want of provisions forced him to evacuate the place. In Puebla, Oaxaca, and the south and west, however, he retained the ascendancy for some time, defeating several Spanish divisions, and reducing Acapulco after a six months' siege. A congress of representatives of the Mexican people met at Chilpanzingo, in September, 1813, under his protection, and issued the declaration of Mexican independence. With 7000 men and 100 pieces of artillery he arrived before Valladolid, intending to besiege it. His lieutenant, Matamoros, imprudently ordered a review of the troops within half a mile of the town. The gallantry of Iturbide, then a colonel in the royalist army, improved the opportunity by a sally which threw the insurgents into confusion. A party of confederates arrived at the moment to the assistance of Morelos, whom his troops unfortunately mistook for enemies. Iturbide immediately charged them in flank, and put them to the rout with great slaughter. Another defeat by the same officer completed their disorganisation. Matamoros was taken prisoner and shot, and after a year of ineffectual struggles against the tide of adverse fortune, which everywhere overwhelmed the arms of the patriots, Morelos shared the same fate. A Mexican historian relates a curious anecdote of Calleja, who had now replaced Venegas in the vice-royalty. He visited Morelos in disguise, while a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition, and being entreated by the vice-queen to save his life, is said to have replied that he would do so, were he not afraid of being dealt with in the same fashion as Iturrigaray.

Morelos was the main stay of the patriot cause, and had he been duly supported by the Creoles, would, no doubt, have

achieved the independence of Mexico. After his death, in December, 1815, the insurrection lingered on for two years more, reduced to a partisan war, conducted in different provinces under Guerrero, Victoria, Bravo, and Teran, all able and active chiefs of the guerilla school. But there was no unity or concert in their operations, and the isolated successes which they obtained led to no general result of importance. The congress was hunted from town to town, and finally from one hiding-place to another, by the Spanish troops, till it was dissolved by General Teran, who found it impossible to satisfy the pecuniary demands of its members. Calleja's unsparing hand had all but crushed the rebellion, which was now in a great measure confined to the Baxio, or central plains of the middle provinces. In 1819 occurred the expedition of the younger Mina, who had borne a gallant part in rescuing Spain from foreign domination. But he arrived at the most unfavourable moment, when the cause of those he wished to aid was at its lowest ebb; and he failed to rouse the sympathies of the Mexicans, for he came to proclaim the constitution, not independence. Disembarking at Soto la Marina with 400 men, chiefly English and Americans, he was joined by a few Mexicans, and effected a remarkable march of nearly 700 miles in thirty days over a most difficult country, fighting three actions on the way. Arrived at the Baxio, he found the various parties of insurgents scattered over that wide district, acknowledging the authority of Padre Torres; the elder chiefs of the insurrection having disappeared, except one or two who continued a precarious resistance in the desert fastnesses of the eastern and western coast. This man, who exercised absolute sway over the husbandmen of the Baxio, was one of the selfish and greedy tribe of public robbers, in whom all revolutions are more or less fertile. His sole aim was to enrich himself by rapine and extortion, and such was his disregard of the interests of those whom he professed to protect, that under pretence of cutting off the enemy's supplies, he laid in ruins, one after another, the towns and villages of the district over which he tyrannised. With such co-operators as these, the fate of Mina's expedition may be guessed. An overwhelming force was sent against the insurgents; their strongholds were reduced by siege, and Mina, falling into the enemy's hands, met the same fate which had overtaken Morelos and Hidalgo.

Apodaca, who had succeeded Calleja in the vice-royalty, was disposed to milder measures, and the work of pacification appeared to be completed by the indulgence or amnesty granted to the insurgents, on condition of their return to obedience. In the autumn of 1819, he wrote to the home government that he would answer

for the safety of Mexico without a single additional soldier being sent out, as the kingdom was perfectly tranquil and submissive to royal authority. But though active revolt was thus at an end, the spirit of independence, far from being extinguished, had gained strength from its enforced restraint; as the subterranean fire gathers force and volume from the pressure of the superincumbent mass. The establishment of the constitutional system in 1812 allowed a short interval of free discussion, during which a tide of liberal opinion had rushed in, whose influence soon pervaded all classes of society. The insurgents who had laid down their arms under the guarantee of the indulgence, laboured in secret to make proselytes; the Creole troops were gradually gained over, and the patriots, with an immense accession of strength, prepared to seize the first favourable conjuncture for a new rising. They had not to wait long. In the autumn of 1819, an army of 18,000 men was assembled at Cadiz, destined to rivet the chains of the Americans. It was placed under the command of Calleja, who since his recall had been created Count of Calderon. But the soldiers beheld with dread and discontent the prospect of embarking for the scene of that fatal warfare, from which so few who took part in it ever returned, and disaffection soon became general in their ranks. Riego seized the opportunity to proclaim the constitution on the 1st of January, 1820, marched at night to Arcos de la Frontera, Calleja's head-quarters, and made him prisoner with the chiefs of his staff.

The re-establishment of the constitution in Spain led to its second promulgation in Mexico. Apodaca, however, openly showed his hostility to the new system, and a plot was speedily formed under his auspices and those of the heads of the Mexican church, for the restoration of absolutism. Iturbide, the same officer who had defeated Morelos, and been mainly instrumental in upholding the Spanish sway, received a commission to put himself at the head of a small body of troops on the western coast, and proclaim a return to the old state of things. This is one of the first examples of that proceeding to which the Spaniards and Mexicans give the name of *pronunciamento*, a term familiar to us from numberless subsequent instances. Iturbide was one of those restless and aspiring soldiers, of whom the last half century, an age propitious by its civil discords, revolutions, and wars, to military ambition, has produced so many. But he showed few of the more generous or elevated features of the military character; he was the slave of fierce instincts and violent passions; his career proves sufficiently that as in similar instances selfishness rather than principle was the main spring of his conduct. His ambition had neither consistency nor grandeur; he was without the virtue to

decline a crown, or the firmness and tact to preserve it when he had obtained it. Disposed by his birth (of a respectable family in the province of Mechoacan) and connexions to the independent cause, he made overtures to its leaders in 1810, when a young subaltern in the provincial army; but he would be content with nothing short of an independent command, and found them not inclined to place so high a price on his services. Throughout the revolution he was conspicuous for his hatred and persecution of its adherents, equalling or exceeding in cruelty any of the Spanish commandants. The present position of affairs offered the most favourable opening he could have wished for his ambition. The patriots wanted only a leader; the Creole regiments, twenty-four out of thirty-five forming the military force of the country, were ripe for revolt, and would obey his call to arms in preference to that of any other chief; whilst in the existing state of Spain nothing was to be feared from that quarter. Iturbide determined, therefore, to employ his influence, and the forces placed under his command, for a very different purpose from that expected by the viceroy. On the 24th of February, 1821, he proclaimed in the small town of Iguala, not far from Acapulco, his famous 'plan,' by which he proposed to secure three objects: national independence; the exclusive maintenance of the Roman Catholic religion; and the union of all classes of the population of Mexico, by preserving to the old Spaniards the rights and privileges of native Mexicans, and the possession of all public employments held by them at the time of their joining his party. These were the three guarantees which he offered to his adherents. His force did not amount in the first instance to 1000 men, and had the government taken a prompt and vigorous part, the movement might have been crushed in the bud. But Apodaca remained inactive; and the Europeans, incensed at his delays, suddenly deposed him as they had done Iturrigaray, placing an officer of artillery, named Novella, at the head of affairs. Iturbide effected a junction with Guerrero, who was still in arms on the west coast, and moved towards the Baxio, reinforced at every point of his march by the veterans of the first insurrection and bodies of Creole troops. The clergy and the people declared unanimously in his favour, while Novella shut himself up with the European troops in the capital, which was threatened with investment. Meantime a new viceroy despatched by the constitutionalists, Don Juan O'Donoju, had landed at Vera Cruz. Iturbide immediately sought an interview with him, and proposed to him the acceptance of the plan of Iguala, as the only means of averting a civil war, and the possible dangers to the lives and property of his countrymen.

O'Donoju, seeing the hopelessness of attempting a renewal of the conflict on behalf of Spain, acceded to these terms, and by the treaty of Cordova recognised in the name of Ferdinand the independence of Mexico, giving up the capital to the army of the three guarantees.

Iturbide was for the moment unquestioned master of Mexico. By one of the articles of the plan of Iguala, it was provided, that its government should be a constitutional monarchy; by another, that a prince of the Spanish royal family should be called to the throne. The Cortes of Madrid having declared the treaty of Cordova, homologating the plan, to be illegal and void, the design of inviting one of the Infantes to the crown was soon abandoned, and in the congress which met in February, 1822, the number of Iturbide's partisans, who wished to offer the crown to himself, was considerable. Stormy discussions ensued on various subjects, and the reduction of the army from 60,000 to 20,000 was voted, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of its chief. His influence was every day growing less, and his friends resolved to anticipate its decline, and to place him on the throne. On the night of the 18th of May, the non-commissioned officers of the garrison of Mexico, who were devoted to his person, assembled before his windows, attended by the rabble of leperos who swarmed in the streets of the city, and proclaimed him emperor; next day, the congress passed a decree confirmatory of this mob-election. Iturbide was hardly on the throne, when he began to indulge his arbitrary predilections; claiming a veto upon the articles of the constitution which the congress were discussing, the right of appointing and removing judges at will, and the establishment of a military tribunal with formidable prerogatives in the capital. The congress resisted; and the consequence was, first, the arrest of fourteen of the obnoxious members, and next, the dissolution of the assembly, and the installation of a legislative junta appointed by the emperor. Insurrectionary movements broke out in various provinces; Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, declared in favour of the congress, and his example was followed by Victoria, Guerrero, and every military chief of importance, in rapid succession. Iturbide, deserted by the army, abandoned the throne without a struggle. Convoing the members of the congress resident in Mexico, he tendered them his abdication; they refused to accept it, because they wished not to appear to admit his right to the crown, but offered no obstacle to his departure from the kingdom. Next year, he attempted to re-enter Mexico, but set foot on its soil only to be outlawed, arrested, and shot.

The story of the revolution has some breadth and dignity; for it is always interesting to watch the efforts and trace the progress

of a people struggling for independence. But it would be a bootless and ungrateful task to enter minutely into the history of the civil wars by which, since her separation from the mother-country, Mexico has been continually torn; and this because they are for the most part destitute of any wide political significance, being rather contests of persons than conflicts of principle. What Milton said of the wars of the Anglo-Saxons may be applied with equal truth to those of the factions of Spanish America. 'Such bickerings to recount, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air?' In Mexico as in Spain, the political weather-glass is ever variable; the changes of position undergone by parties and individuals are as singular and sudden as tricks in a pantomime. Their revolutions have many features in common; both countries seem equally given over to be the prey of state-quacks and adventurers, since all who possess a sufficient share of audacity may aspire to supreme power. Yet the curse of barrenness lies on the Spanish race, for among the many who have had their brief day of ascendancy, not one has been acknowledged by the voice of Europe as a man of eminent skill in the science of government, or has achieved the civic laurel-wreath which, even in moderately-enlightened communities, sagacity in counsel, integrity of purpose, and administrative vigour, never fail to earn for their possessor. Grovelling selfishness, corruption, favouritism, the most flagrant dereliction of principle, and shameless tergiversation, are the general characteristics of their public men. In an impure state of the moral atmosphere, these qualities are no bar to popularity. The late regent of Spain is almost the sole exception that can be pointed out to this description, and we know what his reward has been.

Before we proceed with our sketch of Mexican politics, the reader may not be sorry to turn aside, for a moment, to glance at some of the books whose titles we have prefixed to this article. Mr. Ward's work is entitled to be placed beside Humboldt's as the foundation of our knowledge on the subject of modern Mexico. Though not free from official formality and dryness, this trifling defect is more than compensated by his accuracy, candour, and liberal feeling, and the authenticity of the sources from which his materials are drawn. He was the first to lay open to European readers the riches of this unexplored world, to which all eyes were then eagerly turned, as a store-house of wonders and romance. His sketch of the revolution, and the subsequent series of civil dissensions up to 1829, is a valuable contribution to history. Bullock and Lyon are amusing travellers, the former with much homely humour, the latter with a clear, easy, and

lively narrative style, and much relish for natural beauties. Recent seasons have been unusually prolific of works on Mexico and the neighbouring countries, and among all these records of travel, we do not know that one can be pointed out which is fairly chargeable with the crime of dulness. It must be admitted that they have been fortunate in their subject; for a country as rich in striking contrasts, and startling novelties of character and manners, as in picturesque natural scenery, furnishes ample matter for description. Of the wide popularity attained by 'Madame Calderon's Life in Mexico,' we need not speak; it is an accession to our literature, and in our opinion the best book of travels by a lady which has appeared since 'Montague's Letters.' Nothing can exceed the grace and humour of her sketches of society, the rich colouring of her descriptions of nature,—so truthful and vivid, that, as we read, the fruits and flowers of the tropics seem to breathe their odours and array their lustrous hues around us,—or the unflagging spirit of enjoyment with which the fair authoress wings her way from one scene of gaiety to another, showing us Mexican life in all its *funcions*,* and in every phase; in the palace and the hacienda, the convent, the theatre, the bull-ring, the gambling-room, rural festivities, religious ceremonies, civic celebrations, or revolutions. Yet we might wish her less predilection for pomp and power, and more real sympathy with humanity and its rights, less sentimentality and more earnestness. The American diplomatist, Mr. Brantz Mayer, is always entertaining when he describes what he has himself seen, and his views on the political relations of Mexico are sound and well-judged; but his book is hasty and ill-digested, compiled in great part from well-known works, and containing some crude speculation on Indian antiquity, which would have been better omitted. Mühlenpfordt's work is the most complete account of modern Mexico extant. He has been much indebted to Humboldt, as well as to Ward and the English writers, but he gives us a mass of recent information as to the politics and commerce of Mexico; and on the topography of the country, to which the whole of the second volume is devoted, no other author has approached him in fulness and minuteness. There is not a single district or town of any importance as to which he does not put us in possession of the whole stock of available information.

No other writer on Mexico has so well treated the extremely

* It may be as well to explain, that we do not use this term, as might be supposed by the unwary, in its scientific sense of functions, but in the Spanish meaning, which makes it the exact equivalent of our homely vernacular *row*, evidently the same with the Swedish *oro*, unquiet, disorder or *dust*—a venerable old Gothic word, by no means to be confounded with the other dust, but meaning noise, or tumult.

interesting and almost untouched subject of the condition of the Indian race, on which his long residence in the country, and ample opportunities of examination, make his testimony the more valuable.

"It is hardly possible," he says, "to judge of the true character and intellectual capacities of the Indian, at a time when he has but just partially recovered his rights as man, and has had little opportunity of giving independent culture to his mental faculties. Though the civic oppression under which the Spaniards and Creoles held the copper-coloured race, and the coloured people generally, before the revolution, for the most part disappeared, yet their emancipation has, as yet, only nominally taken place. Hierarchical oppression has yet hardly decreased, and the clergy, both the inferior secular priests and the monks, who have the greatest influence over the Indians, find their account in declining to promote, if they do not positively retard, their intellectual development. Time only can inform us what advantages will accrue to the Indians from the new order of things. Up to this time, the introduction of the boasted civilisation of Europe, as well as of the Catholic religion, has been of but trifling benefit to them, and only a trace here and there of progress to an amelioration of their condition is to be remarked."

In the following passage we have a striking portrait:—

"The Mexican Indian of the present day, is generally grave and taciturn, and almost sullen, when not excited by music and intoxicating drinks to joviality and loquacity. This serious character may be remarked even in the children, who appear more knowing at the age of five or six, than those of northern Europeans at that of nine or ten. But this appearance of steadiness is by no means consequent on a quicker development of mind, and the looks of these young people, dejected and void of all the cheerfulness and confidence of children, have nothing that gladdens. Gruffness and reserve appear to be essential features of the Indian character, and it cannot, I think, be assumed that these qualities were implanted in them exclusively by the long oppression which weighed down the Mexican race, first under their native rulers, and afterwards under the Spaniards; since they recur among the aborigines almost universally throughout America, even where these have never suffered any curtailment of their political liberty. To that cause may rather be attributed the stubbornness and selfishness which constitute a striking trait in the character of the present Indians. It is almost impossible to move an Indian to any thing which he has once resolved not to do. Vehemence, threats, even corporal punishment, are of as little avail as the offer of gold or reward; persuasion, entreaties, and coaxing help as little. The Mexican Indian loves to give an appearance of mystery and importance to his most indifferent actions. If stirred up by weighty interests, he breaks his customary silence, and speaks with energy, but never with fire. Jokes are as rare with him as raillery and laughter; I never heard an Indian laugh

heartily, even when excited by spirituous liquors. His uncommon hardness of character allows him long to conceal the passions of indignation and vengeance. No sign betrays externally the fire that rages within, until it suddenly breaks out with terrible and uncontrollable violence. In this condition the Indian is inclined to practise the greatest cruelties, the most fearful crimes. The Mexican aborigines bear always with great patience the taunts which the whites were formerly, and still are, apt to indulge in against them. They oppose to these a cunning, which they dexterously hide under a highly deceitful semblance of indifference and stupidity. Despite their long slavery, despite the means which have been employed to rob the Indians of every historical recollection, they have by no means forgotten their former greatness. They know right well that they were once sole lords of the land, and that those Creoles who are so fond of calling themselves Americans, are but the sons and heirs of their oppressors. I have myself frequently heard Indians, when their ordinary reserve has been overcome by spirituous liquors, declare that they were the true masters of the country, and all others mere foreign intruders; and that if the Creoles could expel the Spaniards, they had themselves a far better right to expel the Creoles. May the latter be taught by their own acuteness to grant the Indians, while it is yet time, the practical exercise of these equal civic rights theoretically conceded to them, for a revolt of the copper-coloured natives would be a fearful spectacle! Once broken out on one point, it would quickly spread over the whole country, and undoubtedly end in the utter extermination of the whites."

Connected with this subject, and as a specimen of the kind of information Mühlensfordt has amassed in the topographical portion of his work, much of which is scarcely elsewhere to be found, we will quote an interesting passage from his account of Tlascala, the territory which was the seat of the old Indian republic, whose inhabitants became so famous in the history of the conquest.

"Tlascala was one of the first Mexican States which joined the foreign invaders for the overthrow of Tenochtitlan, and it is well-known what important services the Tlascaltecs, ever the faithful allies of Cortes, rendered to him in his undertaking. After the conquest, these powerful confederates were the objects of especial vigilance on the part of their conquerors, and the Machiavelian maxim of 'divide et impera' was applied towards them in a certain sense. Strong and numerous divisions of Tlascaltecs were transplanted to San Luis Potosi, and other quarters of the north country, to settle there, and by persuasion and example to civilise and reduce under Spanish dominion the still unsubdued savage inhabitants. Meanwhile, the Spaniards were compelled from political motives to show some friendliness and gratitude to the Tlascaltecs, zealous for freedom, and inclined to civil divisions. Hence their state was allowed to subsist in its entirety, preserving its republican constitution, but under Spanish superiority, and subject to the payment of a yearly tribute, in the first instance small. The country was governed by its

own cacique, an Indian, with four *alcaldes* as assistants, the representatives of the former chiefs of the four quarters of the town, which are still named as they were before the conquest.* The cacique was immediately subordinate to the *audiencia* and vice-king of Mexico, and had the rank and privilege of a royal lieutenant (*Alferez Real*). According to a royal decree of April 16, 1585, no white man could be admitted into the municipality of Tlascala. By the revolution the former privileges of this province lost their importance, having partly become the general rights of all portions of the republic, and partly ceased to be compatible with these; but the Tlascaltecs held themselves entitled to claim compensation for their loss, and demanded as such their political independence. The population being too small to form a separate state, the province was obliged to be content with being placed as a so-called territory, preserving the most important of its ancient institutions, under the immediate superiority of the general congress."

Tlascala, whose Indians are said to be distinguished by their lofty and regular figures, animation, and energy, has not been visited, so far as we recollect, by any modern traveller, though enough might probably be found to repay the researches of an enthusiastic antiquarian. We cannot help pointing out, as among the *desiderata* of historical literature, a good history of the settlement of Mexico, subsequent to the conquest, and of the administration of the viceroys up to the revolution. Upon the former subject we had expected some light from the recent work of Mr. Prescott; but he seems to suppose that the conquest ended with the reduction of the capital, where he has, most unwarrantably we think, and to the injury of his own reputation as a historian, stopped short. Madame Calderon mentions that Señor Cuevas, keeper of the archives of Mexico, had composed a long and elaborate history of the viceroys, which was stolen or destroyed in one of the late revolutions. Very much also remains to be done for the exploration of the Mexican territory, and in particular that portion of it lying between California and New Mexico, which is only nominally subject to her authority, and remains in undisturbed possession of the Indians. Large tracts of this immense region have, perhaps, never been traversed by a man of European race, and the uncertain rumours which wandering missionaries and hunters have furnished as to the portions they have visited, whet our curiosity as to its internal condition. It is the only portion of the earth which the darkness still hanging over it, and the traditional greatness of its indigenous race of inhabitants, combine to invest with an aspect of mystery and romance. Here it is possible the remains of the Aztecs, left behind in their migration to the south, may yet be traced. On the banks of the mighty stream of the Zaguánas,

* Its population is stated to have then been 100,000; it has now sunk to 4000.

ruins of ancient cities or palaces, and inhabited towns resembling in structure and arrangement the remains of Aztec architecture in Mexico, are said to have been found by the missionaries. The Indians possessing this country are still unconverted and unsubdued; their religion and customs are unknown, and by an examination of these much light would very probably be thrown upon the mythology and character of the Aztecs. Even in the long-settled territory of the republic there are Indian villages in various quarters, as Acapantzingo, near Cuernavaca, not 100 miles from the capital, whose inhabitants preserve their own blood, laws, and customs free from foreign admixture, are governed by caciques of their own, and avoid as much as possible intercourse with the Spaniards. Mr. Stephens heard of an Indian city among the mountains of the south, unvisited by white men; similar reports may be heard among the natives of Peru. It would be idle to speculate as to the truth of these rumours; it is sufficient that they may possibly be true—and this, we think, cannot be denied—to induce an eager desire that the obscurity in which so great a part of the American continent is still wrapped may speedily be dispelled. As some earnest of what an industrious search may be expected to produce, let our readers take, on the authority of Mühlenpfordt, the following wild scene of Indian necrology:—

“In the state of Durango, especially in the yet entirely unknown tract called the Bolson de Mapimi, many considerable relics of antiquity, important for the old history of the country, are probably hidden. It was here that in the summer of 1838, an extremely remarkable old Indian place of sepulture was discovered. Among the few establishments which enterprising settlers have founded in that territory, overrun by savage Indians, one of the most important is the estate of San Juan de Casta on its western border, eighty-six leagues north of the town of Durango. Don Juan Flores, the proprietor of this estate, was taking a ramble one day with several companions in the Bolson, far towards the east, when he remarked an entrance into a cave on the side of a mountain. He went in and saw, as he supposed, a great number of wild Indians sitting round in silence on the ground of the cave. Flores rushed in affright from the cave to communicate his discovery to his companions. These took the whole for imagination, nowhere observing any footpath or trace to show that any one had visited the spot. They entered the cave with lighted pine-splints. The sight that met their eyes was more than a thousand corpses in an entire state, the hands folded under the knees, sitting on the ground. They were clad in a kind of mantle excellently woven, and wrought of the fibres of a bastard aloe, indigenous in these regions, named lechuguilla, with bands and scarfs of different variegated stuffs. Their ornaments were strings of small fruit-stones, with balls formed of bone, ear-rings, and thin cylindrical bones polished and gilt. Their sandals were woven of a kind of liana.”

Mexico emerged from the struggles of the revolution, with little or no change in the institutions that have the most important influence in regulating national life, and forming national character. A federal commonwealth, she retained much of her old monarchical organisation, and under the guise of republican simplicity hides the trappings of regal and oligarchical pomp. Her church is richly endowed, though not, perhaps, beyond the religious wants of the population; but the monstrous inequality with which its revenues are distributed has no parallel in any other ecclesiastical establishment in the world, not even in that of England. Her army is out of all proportion to the public necessities, and the proprietary aristocracy is of the most powerful and opulent in the world. The causes of this state of things are obvious. The Mexican revolution was lighted up and carried on under priestly influence and sanction, and brought to a conclusion by the army; nor has there yet sprung up any enlightened public opinion sufficient to counterbalance the power thus thrown into the hands of these bodies. Both the army and the church, however, are now recruited from the democracy, whilst under the old system they were aristocratic preserves. The great incubus on the national resources, and the origin of those financial embarrassments into which Mexico is plunged, is the enormous expense of the military force. In 1840, it consisted of 35,000 men, and absorbed 8,000,000 of dollars out of a revenue not amounting to 13,000,000; whilst under Santa Anna's administration, the outlay on account of this branch of the public service was considerably increased. To reduce the army, to curtail the superfluous riches of the church, to adopt the wholesome and necessary measure of subdividing landed property, which would call forth the energies and elevate the moral character of her population, would have been a legislative scheme befitting a wise and patriotic statesman, if Mexico had ever really possessed one; and would speedily raise her from her present stationary and inert condition, into one of healthful activity and progress. Of the effects of the latter measure, when tried upon a small scale, Mühlenpfordt gives a remarkable instance, which convincingly demonstrates the potency of the remedy. In the department of Orizaba, the increase of population has led to the division of extensive estates formerly belonging to the municipalities among a number of small proprietors, though we are not informed by what process or upon what conditions, except that the partition was made in a strictly legal form, and that each participant became the possessor in fee simple.

"New divisions," he continues, "at the convenience, and by the free consent of those interested, followed the first; small properties

were enlarged and larger diminished; the spirit of private speculation fastened on estates withdrawn from the mortmain tenure of the corporations; a new class of landed proprietors arose, new establishments and enterprises of every kind were undertaken, and the beneficial results appeared after the lapse of a few years. The condition of the lower orders of people was speedily improved; the necessities of life became cheaper; the dwellings were enlarged and beautified, new water-works constructed, mulberry and olive plantations formed. Those of sugar and tobacco have considerably increased, while the maize-crops exceed the wants of the locality."

With such privileged classes holding in their hands the wealth of the country, no middle class which could counterbalance their weight, and a population ignorant to the last degree, impulsive, and totally unaccustomed to self-government, it is not surprising that the public liberties should have been surrendered to be the sport of unscrupulous adventurers, whose selfish and unprincipled ambition availed itself of the support of the anti-popular elements we have pointed out. The weight of the sword in Mexico was demonstrated, fatally for its peace and prosperity, by the closing scenes of the revolution, and afterwards by the events of November and December, 1828; when Pedraza, head of the aristocratic party or *Escoceses*, having been constitutionally elected president, the *Yorkinos*,* or pseudo-democrats, took up arms to annul his election, and the installation of their candidate, General Guerrero, was celebrated amidst the orgies of a *pronunciamiento*, in which the city of Mexico, abandoned for the better part of a day to the tender mercies of its mob of *leperos*, was given over to the horrors of sack and pillage. The events of this year, too plainly revealing the anarchical passions by which the country was torn, encouraged the Spanish government to make an attempt for the recovery of its forfeited ascendancy; and an invading army under General Barradas disembarked from the Havannah, July 27th, 1829, on the coast near Tampico. Guerrero, who was a *Zambo*, or man of mixed Indian and African blood, and popular from that circumstance with the coloured races, showed but little of his old revolutionary energy; and though armed by congress with extraordinary powers for the assembly of troops and the deportation of the old Spaniards, remained inactive in the face of the enemy. The danger was averted by the activity of Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, who collected a force of several thousand men, routed the enemy, and obliged them to capitulate, before the government troops had rendezvoused at

* The names of these factions were derived from two politico-masonic clubs, or lodges, one of which was supposed, on what account does not appear, to be of Scottish origin; the other was affiliated to an association in New York, and influenced by Mr. Poinsett, formerly American minister in Mexico.

Kalapa. The legislatures of the states of Yucatan and Tabasco, provoked by the imbecility of the administration, declared in favour of a central constitutional government, and requested Santa Anna to place himself at the head of the movement. The proposal, however, failed of obtaining any general support, and the commanders of the government troops, assembled at Kalapa, who were in the Escocedo interest, entered into an agreement pledging themselves to restore the constitution and laws of the republic to their original purity. The result was, the annulment of the illegal election of Guerrero, and the committal of the executive powers to the Vice-President Bustamante; but the interests of Pedraza, who was clearly entitled to the presidency, in this view of affairs, were for the time forgotten. All the states, with the exception of Yucatan, which adhered to its former sentiments, and continued at variance with the general government, intimated their acceptance of the Plan of Kalapa, as this convention was termed. In the course of the year 1830, several risings of the military occurred and were suppressed; at the head of one of these was the deposed President Guerrero, who was betrayed into the hands of the government, tried by court-martial at Oajaca, and shot. The new administration had not a more easy tenure than its predecessors. In January, 1832, the garrison of Vera Cruz, influenced by the intrigues of Santa Anna, pronounced against the government, on pretence that they had unduly favoured the old Spaniards, expelled by a decree of congress under Guerrero's presidency, and intrigued against the independence of Mexico; they demanded, likewise, the recall of General Pedraza, who had retired to the United States, and his reinstatement in the chief magistracy until the expiration of his term of office. Santa Anna put himself at their head, and declared that he would not lay down his arms until a new congress should meet, and investigate the conduct of the government since its accession to power by the plan of Kalapa. A bloody civil war ensued, which was terminated at the beginning of 1833 by the reconciliation of Bustamante and Santa Anna, and their agreement to recall Pedraza, who accordingly returned from exile, and filled the presidency during the brief remainder of his term. Santa Anna was elected to succeed him, but scarcely had he entered office when a centralist insurrection broke out, the pretence of which was an act passed by congress for the regulation of the right of ecclesiastical patronage. This was suppressed for the moment, and the executive power was committed to the hands of Gomez Farias, a man of strong and sincere democratic opinions, during a temporary retirement of Santa Anna to his estate of Mango de Clava near Kalapa, the motive assigned for which was a wish to arrange

his private affairs. This was a step to which he resorted at critical moments in the fluctuation of politics in order to gain time to watch events, and re-appear on the stage to throw his weight into the scale, which seemed likely to preponderate. Congress now proceeded to discuss a measure for the appropriation of part of the monastic estates to the payment of the national debt. This was the signal for a new centralist outbreak, instigated by the priesthood, under General Bravo.

Santa Anna had hitherto been regarded as the leader of the federalists, with whom he generally acted, though his conduct in the latter part of 1829 had sufficiently shown that he was only to be counted upon so long as he could make them subserve the purposes of his ambition. Now that the tide seemed setting in the opposite direction, he suddenly abandoned that party, and declared his adhesion to the centralists, dissolving the congress by an unconstitutional assumption of power. A new congress met in July, 1835, and passed an act for the establishment of the central form of government, with a president eligible for eight years, and re-eligible for life; a senate consisting of six generals and six bishops, named by the president; abolition of the state legislatures, and their conversion into military prefectures. The result was the separation of Texas, Yucatan still refusing to acknowledge the authority of the general government, and a general insurrection of the northern provinces, not quieted without much bloodshed in Zacatecas and Durango. Santa Anna lost his army and his liberty at the battle of San Jacinto, April 22, 1836, and when released by the humanity of the Texian president, Houston, found that he had irretrievably forfeited his popularity with his countrymen. He had been suspended from the exercise of his functions during his captivity, by a decree of congress, and did not recover them on his liberation; the friends of Bustamante having availed themselves of the opportune disgrace of his rival, to elect him to the presidency. Under the new administration occurred the federalist pronunciamento of 1840, in Mexico, under General Urrea and Gomez Farias, of which we have so graphic a description in the letters of Madame Calderon. In 1841 occurred that of Guadalajara under Paredes, which, after some bloodless military promenades, terminated in the abdication of Bustamante, Santa Anna being invested with dictatorial power for the re-modelling of the constitution. It was evident, however, that to this arrangement the people were no parties; it had been brought about by private contract between the rival chiefs, while the public had remained idle spectators of the issue. The acute and intelligent observer to whom we have just referred, witnessed the entry of Santa Anna into the capital after the conclusion of the plan of

Tacubaya, and saw his public appearance at the theatre, and on other occasions. Not a single viva greeted his triumph; indifference or aversion were the only feelings common to the mass of the public. A convention elected by the municipal bodies was returned, to agree on a new constitutional scheme; but as it did not show the due measure of subserviency, it was dissolved, and a junta of notables, composed of his own creatures, was convened in December, 1842. The result was the promulgation of the scheme known as the 'Bases of political organisation of the Mexican republic,' a compromise between the federalist and centralist, or unitarian principle, more equitable than might have been expected under the circumstances, and which seemed to give promise of a moderate and constitutional administration. The events of the last winter, which attended the overthrow of his power, and the return of the moderate party to office, are still fresh in the recollection of our readers, and it would be very unprofitable to enter on a minute discussion of them. Revolution was again begun by Paredes, the Commandant of Guadalupe, who is well known to have been discontented with the results of the pronunciamiento of 1841, from which he derived no accession of power or consequence, though it was supposed at the time that most men would have rather seen him president than either Bustamante or Santa Anna. He is a man of liberal views, in favour of religious toleration, and granting permission to foreigners to hold property,—a favourite scheme with the northern departments, who are conscious that their interests have been sacrificed to those of the south, and their immense resources left undeveloped by the exclusive and anti-social policy followed by the centralists, who have ever cherished a truly Spanish hatred of foreigners. If we are to believe the charges advanced in the November manifesto of Paredes, and subsequently enforced against him, Santa Anna is to be ranked among the most corrupt and tyrannical rulers of ancient and modern times; embezzlement and peculation of the public funds have been carried on under his auspices to an enormous extent. For the other charges of jobbing military patronage, financial embarrassment, and disorder in the public offices, Santa Anna is no more responsible than any of his predecessors of the government. But his obstinate persistence in the Texian war, the extorted contribution of four millions levied for its support, and enforced with the utmost rigour of exaction, the waste of the public resources in the creditable hostilities with Yucatan, and the odium justly incurred by Santa Anna, as the main violator of the public peace, and disturber of the country, during the last twelve years, are causes sufficient to account for the outburst of public indignation which

has hurled him from power. As to infractions of the constitution, it would be hard to point out any public man in Mexico, who is not chargeable with them. We do not regard Santa Anna as much more guilty than his rivals, but we do not lament his fall, and we rejoice that he has been replaced by a government formed of men of principle and integrity; who, though some of them are untried or of limited experience, are not personally obnoxious to any great body of their countrymen by the parts they have hitherto played in the political arena. It remains to be seen whether they will exhibit greater administrative vigour and capacity than their fallen opponent.

Santa Anna has twice held the destinies of Mexico in his hands, in 1835 and 1841, and on each occasion shown himself unequal to the trial. Never had ruler a nobler field for the gratification of an exalted philanthropy, or the exercise of legislative skill, in healing the wounds of civil war, and giving peace and prosperity to his country under the protecting ægis of a strong government. Among such a population, accustomed to command, supine and ignorant, heedless of the restraints of moral discipline and self-control, it admits of doubt, whether the central form of republicanism would not be best adapted to their wants and character, as well as to their comprehension. The federal system of the United States requires for its operation, defective as that has been proved to be, an energetic, intelligent, and informed community; but in Mexico, a government justly administered, in the hands of a chief at once competent and well-intentioned, would have been blessed in the insurement of present repose, and the preparation of a happier future. But never was there a more signal exhibition of incapacity for any of the nobler purposes of statesmanship than has been witnessed in Santa Anna. Boasting himself the Napoleon of the New World,* he was foiled shamefully at San Jacinto by a force not amounting to one-fourth of his own, and was reduced to beg abjectly for life from men whose dearest relatives he had butchered, and whom he had threatened with a like fate if they fell into his power. His administration satisfied not one of the national requirements, and only aggravated the embarrassments into which Mexico has been thrown by a long course of civil dissension and misrule. His fall has been complete and irretrievable,—*Zeus γὰρ μεγάλῃς γλασσῆς κομπῶς ὑπερ-εχθαιρεῖ.*

It is to be hoped that the government which has succeeded him will see the necessity of staying, by firm and vigorous

* When taken prisoner by the Texans, and introduced to their president, Houston, his vain-glorious exclamation was: 'You may esteem yourself fortunate, in having conquered the Napoleon of the New World.'

measures of reform, the progress of internal disorganisation, and the advancing wave of foreign aggression, which threatens to overwhelm them. Mexico has hitherto seemed unable either to govern or defend itself, and, if it escape domestic tyranny, is in peril of foreign dismemberment. Texas and Yucatan have for ever separated from the confederacy, and the northern provinces have more than once within the last ten years attempted to follow their example. Armijo set up, as Kendal informs us, a separate tyranny in New Mexico, scarce yet suppressed. The incursions of the Indians in the states of Chihuahua, Durango, and Cohahuila, are becoming every year more formidable; the inhabitants are left without protection against their attacks, and the latter state has in consequence recently given notice of refusal to pay its quota of taxation to the general government. The latest accounts further inform us, that the Yankee squatters and sympathisers of California have driven out the Mexican governor and his guard, and intend to deal with that magnificent province, remote from and almost unknown to the Mexican government, as they did with Texas. Disaffection to the general government pervades all the northern and western states, and there seems an increased probability of their separation, especially if the federal system be again adopted by the congress. But if the present cabinet of Mexico be composed of men, who will boldly look the difficulties of the country in the face, and set themselves to apply effectual remedies, abandoning the chimerical hope of recovering Texas, devoting themselves to the task of restoring order, purifying their vicious administration of justice, and elevating the moral condition of the people, there is yet a chance that the dismemberment of Mexico may be averted, and that the American vulture, which waits to swoop upon its lifeless carcase, may be disappointed of its prey.

In this good work, we trust they will have the aid of the British government. It remains to be seen whether we will acquiesce in the occupation of California by the Americans, as we have in that of Texas. The views of the United States have long been directed to that beautiful and fertile territory, with its immense line of sea-coast, and noble harbours, unrivalled on the whole western coast of the continent. An active minister, who had a forecast of the future, might secure it as an appendage to Oregon, our unquestionable right to which is too clear to be surrendered. The Mexicans would not be sorry to part with it to us upon fair terms. But this is a degree of energy that may be vainly expected from the nerveless hands to which the direction of our foreign relations is at present confided.

ART. IV.—*La Revue Nouvelle*. Nos. II., III., and IV. 1845.
Paris. (London, Jeffs.)

THE 'Revue Nouvelle' declares itself to be an attempt to imitate the English Quarterlies; or rather to carry out the principles which distinguish the Review from the Newspaper. It is not always fair to judge of books according to their titles, nor of periodicals according to their prospectuses; we may, therefore, abstain from inquiring how far the numbers of '*La Revue Nouvelle*,' already published, bear out the promises which were offered in its prospectus. A slight survey of the state of literary journals in France will enable us to judge of the claims of the new comer, by enabling us to answer the question always meeting a new periodical: Is it wanted?

The '*Revue Française*' and the '*Revue Encyclopédique*' having been for some years discontinued, the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' and the '*Revue de Paris*' were the sole literary journals; and as the '*Revue de Paris*' was much more like our magazines, and altogether of a slighiter character than the '*Deux Mondes*,' the latter may for a long time be said to have monopolised the field of serious periodical literature. Those were the glorious days of the '*Revue*.' Not only the first men in philosophy, history, criticism, and political economy, were seen writing in it: the most popular novelists, and the most admired poets, were also amongst its contributors. By the side of Cousin, Remusat, Jouffroy, Nisard, Saint-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Augustin Thierry, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Duvergier de Hauranne, Michel Chevalier, Lermnier, Marmier, Rossi, and others—men who knew how to invest serious lucubrations with the graces of style—were to be found George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, C. de Bernard, A. Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, A. Briseux, Ch. Nodier, Méry, &c. The '*Revue*' then was a valuable work. It had the learning and careful writing of the best articles in English Reviews, together with novels, tales, and poems, such as rarely, if ever, appeared in English Magazines. Its fortnightly appearance was just frequent enough to keep it *au courant*; at the same time the interval between each two successive numbers was sufficiently long to prevent the precipitation inevitable in newspaper writing, and to enable the writers to bestow the requisite attention on their style. We confess this seems to us to have been the happiest union of qualities and circumstances in the history of periodicals. But it was doomed to suffer a severe shock.

M. Buloz, the proprietor, could not keep on good terms with his most popular contributors. One by one they fell off. He

entertained the very ridiculous, but very common notion, that the authors were more indebted to him, than he to them: in a word, he fancied they could not do without him. He was mistaken. First, Balzac, then George Sand, then Dumas, left him; others quickly followed. The result was that the 'Revue' was left to its literature and philosophy, while the newspapers eagerly caught up the novelist, and turned feuilletons into imitations of the most attractive portions of the 'Revue.' This was a sad blow to the circulation of the latter; another swiftly followed. The 'Revue Indépendante' was established, with George Sand as the leading contributor; Pierre Leroux as the *philosophe*; and Louis Viardot (the admirable translator of 'Don Quixote,' and the husband of Pauline Garcia) as critic on art. George Sand's novels of 'Horace,' and 'Consuelo' would have been enough to insure the success of any review. But the success of the 'Indépendante' was in a great degree hampered by the humanitarian doctrines of Pierre Leroux. Fortunately, the philosopher resigned in time. The 'Revue' now numbers some important names amongst its contributors.

M. Buloz, seeing the mistake he had committed, endeavoured to rectify it. He turned the 'Revue de Paris' (which was also his) into a newspaper appearing three times a week; but the speculation was a bad one, and the 'Revue de Paris' is now no more. M. Buloz has the credit of being considerably illiterate, though proprietor of two revues, 'dont il est l'ame,' said M. Harel, with exquisite felicity, 'avec l'attention habile de n'en être jamais l'esprit.' But, illiterate or not, he is a man of considerable tact and readiness, as his success in life plainly shows: for though originally only a printer's foreman, he has founded one of the first periodicals in Europe by his own exertions, and conducted it for fifteen years. It is in vain that his detractors endeavour to explain this, by saying that he sold himself to the ministry. This may be true, yet not affect his cleverness. How many thousands are there equally willing to sell themselves, but who find no buyers! If M. Buloz was bought, it is to be supposed that he was worth paying for. The cause of his success must lie elsewhere than in a mere easiness of conscience. Besides, the fact of sale is not proved; so far from being proved is it, that the rumour in many quarters is that he has recently sold his 'Revue' entirely, and sold it to the government. This rumour has a colour of probability given to it by the return of certain writers, whose names have not figured in its pages for years, and who are all ministerial. The whole question is, however, of no importance to us.

The 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' having lost one great element of popularity, had only to endeavour to strengthen its other

resources. This it has done. It is now not so widely circulated. It is more exclusively serious. It addresses itself to another audience; but if it continues to keep its present aim steadily in view, we have no doubt of its securing a sufficient audience. In the last year or two it has been occasionally heavy, seldom *amusing*, in the confined sense of the word, but very instructive, and often enriched with really valuable contributions in the shape of biography, travels, history, and political economy. In its subjects it has approached our Reviews; in its treatment it has often surpassed us. In literature, as in every thing else, it is something to know your position, and to accept it: to see clearly what can be done, and to do it. The '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' has this advantage.

The '*Revue Nouvelle*' seems to us to want this advantage. It has no definite aim. It attempts nothing new, and does not frankly accept what is old. The articles which it publishes might just as well have appeared elsewhere; some of them had better have appeared nowhere. The writers are principally writers in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*'—or were so; and there is no new element introduced, which is to separate this review from its more ancient rival. The only novelty is a novelty of publication: it appears at intervals of six weeks, and a single number may be bought, without the purchaser being forced to a three months' subscription. It is like our own Reviews in appearance; only not so bulky, and issued twice in the quarter. Its intention is to be less a review than a periodical publication of books, the books made up of essays. As we wish the Review well, we cannot forbear entreating the editor to reconsider his plan. The notion of periodical essays looks well in prospectuses; it will not do in execution. We have seen an example at home. A Review, having all the advantages of money and talent, was forced at length to give up after a long struggle in vain. Why was this struggle vain? principally because the Review was less a Review than a periodical publication of essays. Neither money nor courage—neither learning nor talent could save it. Against a similar fate we would warn the '*Revue Nouvelle*.' There is an essential difference between the book and the review, which it is fatal to overlook.

Looking at the '*Revue Nouvelle*' with a view to the question, Is it wanted? we are forced to admit that at present it shows no signs of filling any want in French literature. But it may succeed; it may establish itself beside the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' and by important articles become important. Let it, however, clearly settle its aims. If it aspires to be popular, it must be more popular; if it aspires to be grave and useful, it must be more frankly so.

We will make our meaning clear by a reference to No. IV. The articles on Abélard, Henri Fonfrède, and on M. Quinet's 'Cours,' are admirable specimens of Review articles; whereas the other three articles should not have found admission; though we would except that on Mr. Disraeli's 'Sybil,' had not that novel been already copiously reviewed in France. M. Gobineau's paper is altogether unfit; and the Prince de Broglie's is a pamphlet, not an article. Thus half the volume is, we believe, a mistake.

In the article on 'Sybil' we were much amused with the gravity of the exordium, wherein France is called upon to study England more closely than she has hitherto done: a feeling to which we cordially respond. France could not have studied us less. But she is beginning to see the folly of this, and *perfidie Albion* is to be *approfondie*. To return to the exordium, M. Robin tells his countrymen that they must not suppose England is to be accurately known by a perusal of parliamentary debates and newspapers. Very true; there are other purer sources of information; and where does M. Robin advise France to seek them? In our novels, and particularly in the novels of Mr. Disraeli! It may be as well to add that the 'Revue Nouvelle' is conservative in its politics; defends Guizot; and professes a friendly feeling towards England. This latter point is important. The anti-English feeling is so strong in France, so mad, so unreflecting, so certain, if not checked, to involve the two countries in a war, that any serious periodical raising its voice against such folly cannot but be of service. We English are so little occupied about France—we are so little desirous of war—that we cannot, without an effort, bring ourselves to believe that the war-cry in France is any thing more than the agitation of a small faction. This is a serious error. The feeling against England is deeply rooted—widely spread; it is, moreover, a *national* feeling. The middle classes—above all, the manufacturers—are of course strongly averse to war; but the mass of the nation hungers for it. 'The feeling exists,' says one of the most eminent men in France, in a private letter now before us, 'it increases, and will increase daily. I think I see the Channel grow wider and wider. France is repressed by two millions of shopkeepers and manufacturers—for how long? No one can predict. And we have a military and agricultural population of thirty millions, and more.' The struggle for peace must needs be a difficult and precarious one. Any ally on the side of peace is therefore welcome; such an ally as the 'Revue Nouvelle' may be very important.

- ART. V.—1. *Revelations of Spain in 1845*. By an English Resident. London. Colburn. 1845.
2. *Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from 1835 to 1840*. By POCO MAS. London. Bentley. 1845.
3. *L'Espagne en 1843 et 1844. Lettres sur les Mœurs, Politiques, et sur la dernière Revolution de ce Pays*. Par J. TANSKI, Ancien Capitaine de la Légion Etrangère au service de France et d'Espagne. Paris. 1844.
4. *Spain, Tangier, &c. Visited in 1840 and 1841*. By X. Y. Z. London. 1845.
5. *A Hand-book for Travellers in Spain*. By RICHARD FORD. London. Murray. 1845.

SPAIN has long been a paradox to the rest of Europe. Enthusiastic writers have regarded it as the dwelling-place of pure romance; men of austere and censorious habits have described it as a country whose inhabitants are incurably corrupt. Truth has little to do with either of these decisions. To acquire a just notion of Spain and the Spanish people, we must refuse to take counsel of our imaginations, and listen to that common sense which in reality is so rare and uncommon a possession. Now, one of the first suggestions of this principle is not to regard the problem of national character as one easy to be solved. It is no doubt a topic upon which a witty and eloquent writer may be very brilliant, may pile up glittering common-places, adduce striking illustrations, and occasionally, perhaps, put forward original remarks. Still, the true key to the subject may remain untouched.

It is far from being our intention to insinuate that we are about to succeed where every one else has failed. We do not even design to make the trial. It will for the present be enough for us to glance at some few of those considerations which impart a peculiar interest to the actual state of Spain, and may help us to form some conjecture respecting its future destiny.

Among the most obvious theories which may be made use of to account for the idiosyncrasies of the Spanish character, is that which attributes their unlikeness to the other nations of Europe to the intermixture of Arab with Gothic blood in their veins. It is certainly true that the populations of the north and the south have met in the Peninsula, that they have in part blended, but in part, also, refused to blend there; and that, after desperate struggles and extraordinary alternations of fortune, the iron race of the north has prevailed, and rolled back the tide of conquest upon Africa. All this, we say, is true. And yet even these remarkable circumstances scarcely, in our opinion, suffice to explain the

type of character now found in Spain. In morals, as in physics, the commingling of two ingredients appears to produce a third totally different from both. The new substance does not unite the qualities which distinguished its constituent elements while they remained apart, but acquires qualities which were found in neither. This fact may suggest the propriety of speculating with modesty on national character. But there is another important observation to be made, and it is this—that before we undertake to determine what effects the Arab immigration produced upon the Spanish character, we should study carefully the manners and mental peculiarities of the Arabs themselves, as well as of the Christian population of Spain before their arrival. In this way some approach might possibly be made towards a correct estimate of the changes which were effected in the Spanish character by the Mohammedan conquest.

No writer, however, has gone through these investigations; and therefore the Spaniard still remains an enigma, about which it may be amusing to speculate, though without a chance of arriving at satisfactory conclusions. Another obstacle is found in the tempers and intellects of our travellers in Spain. These, for the most part, seem far more intent on displaying their own cleverness than on elucidating their subject. Instead of meditating before they begin to write, it is clear that they take up their pens, and suffer the impulse of the moment to produce their theories as they go along. There is, consequently, no consistency in what they teach. The end of their commonwealth forgets the beginning. Not reflecting on the danger of generalising on insufficient grounds, they huddle a few circumstances together, and fancy that they have got at the root of the matter, and that they are entitled to impose their opinions upon us as maxims in political philosophy.

Thus Mr. Hughes, author of the '*Revelations of Spain*,' perpetually contradicts himself in his estimate of the Spanish character. There is no analogy between his facts and his conclusions. If we accept his statements we must reject his inferences. In his summing up he describes the Spaniards as noble, generous, full of chivalrous sentiments, and consequently averse from sordid villainy. He illustrates this position by affirming that there is more vice and baseness revealed in one English police-sheet than could in a long period be found in the Peninsula. It is impossible to mistake the motive in which this palpable misstatement originated. The writer fancied it would prove him to be free from national prejudice, and from the irresistible partiality that springs from education, from family ties, from the influence of early associations, from all those habits of thought and feeling which constitute nationality, and impress a local character upon the minds of

all the individuals composing, by aggregation, what is called a people. But he is mistaken; it only proves him to be unphilosophical. There is no consistency or coherence in his work. His testimony overthrows his reasonings. According to what he relates, we must believe the Spaniard to be ignorant, lazy, and prone to purchase self-indulgence at the expense of other men's exertions; that is, dishonest to the core. But Mr. Hughes does not draw this inference. On the contrary, when he comes, as we have said, to recapitulate, he appears to lose sight of his own facts, and to arrive at conclusions wholly independent of them.

In saying this, however, we would not be understood to set no value on Mr. Hughes's labours: we think him a diligent observer, and a very lively writer. He tells an anecdote well, describes city life vigorously, is familiar with the history of Spain, and is a man of liberal tendencies. His work, consequently, is highly entertaining. It abounds with illustrations of manners, and information of every kind, smartly conveyed, and arranged skilfully. Occasionally, too, there are touches of the picturesque, not in painting external nature, for which Mr. Hughes has no aptitude, but in hitting off revolutionary groups, the interiors of turbulent *cafés*, of disturbed council halls, of courts filled with plotters and intriguers. Frequently, his pages are deformed by affectation. He begins a period in earnest, but while he is proceeding with it some ludicrous idea presents itself, and he suffers it to explode in a jest, sometimes effective and sometimes not. He is guilty, too, of unmerciful reiteration; not that precisely the same forms are repeated, but that one idea is suffered to run into various moulds, and thus to pass muster for two or three dozen. And it is to this defect that we are to trace the lengthiness of his work, which is too voluminous by far; yet the '*Revelations of Spain*' deserve to be read with attention; for, if the author's opinions be often incorrect, he himself supplies the antidote to them in the shape of facts.

It is said that the Spaniard, to whom we must now return, is proud, and unreflecting persons are apt to associate in their minds the idea of pride with greatness of soul. There cannot be a greater fallacy. The pride of the Spaniard springs from a stupid misapprehension of his own worth. Incapable of instituting a just comparison between himself and his neighbours, he derives from this very inability sustenance for his overweening self-conceit.

But what is there in the circumstances of Spain that should make a Spaniard proud? Is he to be proud of standing in the rear of all other Christian nations in policy and refinement? Is he to be proud that he has no settled government, no living literature, no art, no commerce, no industry? Is he to be proud that his

very religion has melted away from about him, and left him nothing wherewith to cover the nakedness of his mind but the flaunting theatrical ceremonies of a material church, fallen into its decrepitude, and dreaming, in that state of dotage, of recovering the splendours of universal dominion? If these be circumstances suggestive of pride, then may the Spaniard be proud indeed. In our opinion, it would better become him to be humble, for in humility there would be hope. If there is ever to be a day of regeneration for Spain, it must dawn from the thorough conviction that nations reap what they sow, and that ignorance, and laziness, and pride, can beget nothing but social misery and political degradation.

It is full time that Spain should be invited to look at her own rags, and consider whether it be not possible to substitute something more seemly in their place. The poor Andalusian gentleman, who hides beneath his threadbare cloak the absence of coat, and vest, and linen, and, while dining off garbage, thinks his blue blood a sufficient warrant of personal dignity, is the real type of his unhappy country. Both seem to think that there is nothing discreditable in starving, and that true greatness consists in idleness. On this field we think the revolutionary spirit might display itself to advantage. Here is an old idol, with which the rage for innovation should be invited to deal. Generally we are not the advocates of new creeds, or new modifications of old ones; but if the Spaniard could be taught to put faith in the power of industry, and to believe that there is more merit in making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and in multiplying the materials of breeches and petticoats, than in going with a hungry belly and nether extremities very badly covered, we should think that he had made some progress towards true refinement and national greatness.

At present the Don is obviously carrying his nose in the wrong direction. He thinks it a fine thing to be a Don, and fancies that some marvellous virtue resides in his thread-bare *capa* and battered *sombrero*. But that he is in an abnormal state appears clearly from this, that along with the political consequences of his country, its population is daily becoming scantier and more deteriorated. This is the most alarming circumstance in the condition of Spain. We would guard, however, against mistake. It is not our opinion, that the strength of a country consists exclusively in its populousness; but we do believe that so long as a nation continues in its healthy state its numbers will increase. If then the mothers of Spain bear and rear fewer children than formerly; if the altar and baptismal font are less frequented, there

must be some powerful cause at work to account for this extraordinary phenomenon.

And what is that cause? what is it that suffices to render men regardless of the best affections of the heart, that makes them indifferent to the happiness of being beloved by wives and children? Is it not the increasing passion of selfishness? In all states that have passed their meridian, marriage is at a discount, and men encumber themselves as little as possible with families. When the Roman Republic had been merged in the empire, as a briskly flowing river is lost in a morass, numerous laws were passed encouraging, nay, even compelling men to marry, lest the greatness and glory of Rome should lack heirs; but those laws were inoperative. The state of progress had been exchanged for a state of stagnation, and the torpidity of the government communicated itself to the hearts of the people. Men, seeing the rapidly multiplying uncertainties of life, refused, by contracting marriage, to give additional hostages to fortune. They found the task of providing for the happiness of one more than sufficient, and, therefore, concentrated all their cares upon themselves. Other causes, also, concurred to promote selfishness and celibacy, which need not here be dwelt upon. There is, however, a remarkable analogy between the laws which regulate the development of a family, and those which promote the progress of a commonwealth. The citizen, having a voice in the government of a state, thinks for that reason that it will be well governed. He boldly, therefore, rears offspring, feeling that he has something to transmit to them, besides the beggarly rudiments of material property. He is conscious of carrying about with him all a man's dignity, and knows that the sons who follow him will succeed to no slave's inheritance. In despotisms men are ashamed to look their children in the face, because they must behold there the reflection of their own baseness, and, therefore, care little to become fathers. This accounts in part, at least, for the listless inactivity of servile races; this explains why Turkey, and Persia, and Egypt are thinly peopled; and if in China we find an apparent exception, it is more apparent than real, for the waste tracts of that country and its dependencies far exceed the cultivated.

One of the leading features of the Spanish mind is, we are told, a dislike of foreigners, and their productions. We can understand this dislike. It is the natural reluctance which most people feel to compare themselves with persons more advantageously situated, or to place the fruits of their own industry in juxtaposition with those of an industry far more enlightened and ingenious. This gives us some hope of Spain; for if it be ashamed

of its own inferiority, it may some day, perhaps, be excited to enter upon a course of generous rivalry with other countries. At the same time, however uncomfortable may be the feeling that accompanies them, foreign manufactures necessarily find their way into Spain, because she herself may almost be said to produce none. But how do they find their way? In the natural, straightforward manner, through the ports and custom-houses provided for that purpose, enriching at the same time the legitimate merchant and the revenue? Oh no! That would not be a Spanish mode of doing business. That would be imitating the plain, dull, and humdrum fashion of other countries. Spain has a commercial system of its own. It does not patronise revenue officers, and hates, with a persevering hatred, both excise and custom-dues. Its warmest preferences are always bestowed on a bit of contraband, for the fact of its being smuggled deprives even a foreign article of its odiousness.

From these causes it has come to pass, that there is no scene in Spanish life without a smuggler mixed up in it. The peasant smuggles through necessity, the rich man through avarice, or the pleasure of cheating the revenue. Even the queen, we are told, robs her own exchequer by wearing contraband finery; and if the priest does not flourish a smuggled breviary, it is because Spanish breviaries are produced nowhere but in Spain. Many of the peculiarities that distinguish the Peninsula may fairly enough, therefore, be traced to the practice of smuggling. The whole southern coast, from Barcelona to Cadiz, is perpetually transformed at night into one long strand for the landing of contraband goods. An army of smugglers, four hundred thousand strong, is said to hover about the Sierras, for the purpose of keeping alive the only element of romance in the country, by descending under cover of darkness to the sea-coast, holding communion there with proscribed foreigners, and receiving from them the materials of rendering millions of people comfortable, free of duty.

It is impossible not to admire the sagacious policy in which this state of things originates. The government wants money, and therefore levies upon foreign goods, not a reasonable duty, which the people might perhaps be inclined to pay, but a monstrous duty, which the least glimmering of common sense would show to be uncollectable. To this is added the closing of the ports, together with every other regulation which can possibly obstruct commercial intercourse with other states. Upon these wise proceedings the managing gentlemen at Madrid hugely pride themselves, and sit down chuckling proleptically at the golden harvest they suppose themselves about to reap; they have moreover done, they hope, the business of England, and put a spoke in the wheel of France.

But how does the drama terminate? Does the exchequer, replenished by a thousand channels, overflow with gold doubloons? Are the half million *empleados*, or government officials, rendered wealthy by their employment? Receives the army its arrears, together with that extravagant pay which made the soldier of the old monarchy look down upon every other service in Europe?

On the contrary, most lame and impotent is the conclusion of all this law-making, of all this bottomless policy, of all this Iberian statesmanship! Nothing comes of them but an empty treasury, the annihilation of trade, the paralysis of industry—the ruin, in one word, of the whole nation. It is quite true that we also, here in these islands, are guilty of many foolish things on the subject of commerce. But of that some other time. Our business just now is not self-examination, but the catechising of a neighbour, a far more agreeable task!

Some writers have imagined they could discover a glimpse of hope for the Spanish people in its attachment to the old forms of its institutions; others have derived a good augury from the rage for overthrowing every thing. We agree with neither. The old Spanish monarchy is as dead as Charles the V., and you might as wisely, therefore, attempt to resuscitate the one as the other. At the same time there is no necessity, even in the Peninsula, for razing society to its very foundations in order to renovate it, and therefore we derive small satisfaction from the wholesale projects of the destructives.

Is there no third party? Truly we are told there is—the party of “Young Spain!” What a transmigration of folly! Young France was a silly thing enough, and Young Germany, Young Italy, and Young England, each, in their turn, descended a step lower on the ladder of imbecility. What then must we think of this fifth remove from original stupidity, this dull imitation of the last of a series of dull copies? Young Spain! We have, as the schoolmasters say, a great affection for the juveniles, quite as much, at any rate, as for the seniles. But then we like things to keep their places. It would not at all heighten our respect for the discipline of an establishment were we to behold the minuter urchins flourishing the birch, and the hoary-headed teacher undergoing flagellation. ‘*Pædagogus Patiens*’ might be a good comedy, but we hold that legislative comedies, though infinitely humorous, bode little good to the country in which they are enacted. An old philosopher, it is true, once inquired, what have we children for, if it be not that they may instruct us in our duties, caution us when we are in difficulties, and correct us when we do amiss? He saw around him, no doubt, tokens of a mania similar to that which we witness, and heard the declamations of young

professors, indignant at the infirmities of their elders. But even in those pagan ages there was nothing, we will dare affirm, droller than Young Spain. As well might one talk of the recent antediluvians, of the yesterday preadamites! There is and can be nothing young about Spain. It is a downright 'solemn ancient;' it smells of the Middle Ages; it tastes like a dose of mummy powder; there is a ghostliness in its very antics.

Let us hear no more, therefore, of Young Spain. It is a contradiction in terms. A man may travel back three centuries, and become contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, by crossing the Pyrenees. Falstaff and Nym, and Poynes and Pistol are to be met with in bodily presence at Toledo. Every road in Andalusia is a Gad's Hill, on which fat choughs, who would be grand jurors, may get their purses lightened any hour of the night or day. Mrs. Ratcliffe's romances speak of a far more modern state of society. Egypt is civilised; the Turks read 'Vattel;' the very Druses study Bentham's 'Panopticon.' Spain will have nothing to do with these new-fangled gewgaws, but will stick to her bull-fights, her smugglers, and her banditti, who cry, 'Stand and deliver,' even in the open streets. Nay, the refinement of Spain has advanced a pitch even beyond this. Elsewhere, if nations have hit upon the invention of magistrates, these solemn functionaries operate as a sort of terror to robbers. But in the Peninsula, the whole economy of this matter is reversed. There, it is the robbers who are a terror to the magistrates, who come and seek them in their offices, and attempt to take them prisoners in the midst of their *carabineros*.

Will our spruce travellers by railway believe themselves to be contemporary with such transactions? Will they not rather fancy we have been foraging among the remains of some musty chronicler, or some comic hidalgo claiming kindred with the author of 'Don Quixote?' We have commonly here in England, when we have not swum in a gondola, a notion that Spaniards are all as grave as sextons, and that, in the depth of their fanaticism, a priest may lead them by their peaked velvet hats whithersoever he pleases. How different is the fact. Though Spain be antiquated, real comedy thrives nowhere so well as in the Peninsula. The Don is never serious. Even while rifling a church, or burning a friar, or cutting his neighbour's throat, he cracks his jokes as usual.

"Spaniards mock and scoff at every thing. It is difficult to know when they are sincere. They laugh at death; they make a joke of the most solemn functions of life; they laugh in church, and are often graver outside than within it. The female population is generally, at least, half sincere in its devotion, yet one whom I knew to be rather

pious, in drinking a glass of wine said, 'It must be good, for it is the blood of Christ!'"—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 358.

What else could we expect? Thousands of comic gentlemen, who have studied drollery at Salamanca, are scattered through all the glens and sierras of Spain, for the purpose of teaching its population how to make a jest of their gravest duties. These professors of jocularity—the priests, we mean—strive to make the church attractive by converting its services into a comedy. Old Rowland Hill used frequently, we have been told, to amuse his congregation with laughable anecdotes, odd turns of thought, grotesque images, and flashes of wit. He had, perhaps, studied rhetoric in Spain, for what here seemed peculiar to him, is quite an ordinary accomplishment in that country. People there go to church to shake their sides and get fat. They have discovered the secret, no where else known, we believe, of rendering theology entertaining, and illuminating sermons with jokes. A stranger passing through a Spanish village on Sunday, might very well mistake the church for a *posada*, and put up his mule in the vestry-room, mistaking it for a stable. For the inn would probably be the abode of silence, while the very rafters of the other edifice were shaking with merriment.

Nevertheless, politics and revolutions have done something towards restoring reverence to religion. The comic opera of the pulpit has now glided away from towns and cities, to take refuge among the peasantry. Preaching has begun to affect morality, and a phraseology has got into vogue, more analogous to serious subjects.

"The rich burlesque extravagance of Fray Gerundio, has been exploded in these modern times, by the comparative advance of enlightenment, but when you get into the mountain parts and ruder districts, where every man wears leather leggings, and every woman a woollen gown, the parrocos and their assistants are frequently of the same primitive stock, and their addresses to their flocks, of aboriginal simplicity, and often of comical effect.

"The rich but coarse proverbial language of Spain, strews every part of these discourses, and the pastor, in bringing himself to the level of the comprehension of his auditory, cannot fail to take the hue of their familiar thoughts and phraseology, and occasionally to verge upon the ludicrous.

"A Granadine, lecturing his flock on their irreverent bearing in church, told them not to be like the soldier who, when he entered the sacred edifice, nodded to the images of the Saviour and the Virgin, with a 'Dios te guarde, Don Christo! Dios te guarde, Donna Maria!' and turning to the images of the saints, exclaimed, sanctily, 'Vosotros no, sois simples caballeros como yo!' 'No need for you, you're but plain gentlemen like myself!' A Cuenacan having declared from

the pulpit that all the Creator's works were perfect, a jorobado stepped forth from the congregation, and laying his hand on his hump, asked him whether that was perfection. 'En rason de giba,' said the padre, 'no es posible ser mas perfecto!' 'As a hump, it could not be more perfect!'—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 358.

Some peripatetic philosopher in his perambulations through the United Provinces, observed formerly among the Dutch a strange way of showing respect for the ordinances of religion. Though by no means a volatile people, the mynheers still found their fancies inclined to stray from the preacher's theme, and, therefore, carried their meerschaums along with them to church, by which means they were enabled to fix their attention upon what they heard; the material division of the microcosm being sufficiently engaged in smoking, to enable the spiritual part to exercise its functions unimpeded. Preacher and congregation were involved in thick clouds of this Dutch incense. There was nothing to tempt the eye to wander. The beauty of the vrows concealed itself behind a screen of Virginian vapour, through which the solid maxims and massive theology of the pulpit descended towards the listeners by their own gravity. Physically, therefore, as well as figuratively, the doctrines of these worthy Teutons were involved in smoke. They saw the truths that were set before them, through a mist, darkly, and their descendants and neighbours have ever since been partial to obscurity.

In the course of time, the haughty hidalgos of the Peninsula consented to imitate their revolted subjects, though, by way of rendering the enjoyment sweeter, it is tasted semi-clandestinely.

"The practice of smoking has at last crept into the church, encouraged, perhaps, by the example of the deposed Bishop of Leon, who used to smoke between the courses at Don Carlos's table. Inveterate smokers bring their cigars into the churches, during the long and somewhat theatrical *funcions*, and take an occasional whiff under shelter of their cloaks, the puffs being so distributed as to be barely discernible by those in their immediate neighbourhood."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. ii., p. 20.

War reconciles people to strange irregularities, and its vicissitudes palliate, if they do not justify them. For smoking at church there is no excuse, but most persons, perhaps, would take the liberty, were they cold and hungry and destitute of shelter, to make themselves comfortable if they could, even in a church. The act of desecration, therefore, which, in the language of a recent traveller, we are about to describe, must be imputed to necessity, rather than to irreverence. Nevertheless, we are not the less startled at seeing a soldier's mess spread upon the communion table, and officers making a bed of their church's altars.

"The only remedy was to flee to the sanctuary—the church. It was extensive and handsome, though in a very neglected state. The sacristy, or vestry, had been appropriated to the use of the duke, as a matter of course, that being the only habitable chamber; his grace's bed, consisting merely of a paliasse spread upon a large *arca* in a corner of the sacristy, in which there were a couple of chairs, and, I believe, but I am not quite sure, a table.

"Walking up to the nave of the lofty church, with a gallant and highly-esteemed English friend, in search of a night's lodging, we reached the steps of the high altar, which we ascended; the altar-table was unoccupied, on each side of it stood a capacious arm-chair, with leathern seat and back, and the chancel was sufficiently extensive to admit of moving about as in a little room.

"Here we will take up our quarters!" we both exclaimed; "and make ourselves comfortable!"

"The servants were summoned, and our little personal effects brought to us; we found, too, that the domestics had discovered a suitable place for cooking and for lodging themselves; and as for the horses, there was plenty of accommodation for them in the sheds attached to the hermitage—so all was right.

"We strolled about the bivouac, and on our return at dusk, found the cloth spread:—where, think you, oh! most respected reader? Verily, upon the grand altar-table.

"Before we had time to make any reflections upon this unusual appropriation, the servants were mounting the steps carrying the smoking *puchéro*, the tempting *estofado*, or *à-la-mode* beef, and the crisp fried potatoes—the rear being brought up by my broad-as-long servant, Hilario, with the *bota* under his right arm, like the pouch of a bagpipe, in readiness to give us an enlivening strain in due season.

"What was to be done? To dine, or not to dine—that was the question. Whether 'twere better to fast or eat our dinner off such a board, must, and did make us pause; but our appetite overcame our scruples, and approaching the table that had been spread for us, we ate our meal standing, and afterwards complacently reposed in the ample leathern chairs on either side of the altar.

"Let me state, in palliation of what may be considered an irreverent act, that the church had long been applied, like other parts of the *Ermita*, to garrison purposes alone, that nothing remained but the bare wood of the altar, and that we had no other feelings in making a temporary use of it for a dining-table than those of respect for the sacred purpose to which it was originally destined, and to which it is to be hoped, it has long since been restored.

"Having rested in the large arm-chair for a brief space of time, I sallied forth again to chat with some friends in the bivouac.

"It was a very romantic scene: the cavalry horses were picketed in rows, with their bridles slung round their necks, eating the provender in their nose-bags; the officers and soldiers were congregated in groups, some taking their meals, others in friendly conversation; whilst the

wooded heights on the left were illumined by the fires of the advanced posts, and of the troops bivouacked in that direction. At the foot of the slope, running by the side of the fortification, flowed the little river Uргуиоla, and the hum of the camp mingled with the bubbling sounds of its rapid waters.

"After making the round of the bivouac, and enjoying that frank converse which is so natural and so pleasant between men who are passing year after year together amid the vicissitude, and excitements, and the friendly intercourse of military life, I returned to the church.

"Strange and solemn was the aspect it exhibited. There were four dismantled lateral altars, and, suspended from the columns adjoining two of them, but on opposite sides of the church, were two small roughly-fashioned iron lamps; the red smoky flames arising from them shed a mournful light upon the objects in their immediate vicinity, and exhibited the nave in dim perspective; whilst the upper end of the church was rendered barely visible by our own light burning on the altar-table.

"Perfect silence reigned in the church. On the pavement, here and there, the *asistentes* of some of the officers were sleeping, rolled up in blankets, or merely wrapped in their great coats. On each side of the four lateral altars reposed a Spanish officer, enveloped in his cloak, and having the appearance of a sculptured effigy on a tomb. Recognising the countenance of each, I contemplated them with deep interest; their features were fine and noble; their moustaches stood out in bold relief, and the cloaks in which they were enveloped up to the chin, lay in graceful drapery over their motionless frames.

"As I was turning away from the side of one of them, he said, without stirring, in a low and almost sepulchral tone:

"*'Buénas noches, amigo, Don Juan.'*

"*'Buénas noches—may you sleep in peace,'* I replied; and under the impression of a variety of indescribable feelings, I slowly paced the remainder of the nave, and passing close to the door of the sacristy, where our beloved general was, I trusted, reposing tranquilly, though on a bed of straw, I ascended the steps leading to my own resting-place adjoining the altar. For some little time, I stood looking down the church from that elevation. By the almost expiring light from the lamps I descried the outlines of my friends' figures slumbering on their tomb-like couches. All was still, save ever and anon the sharp cry of—*'Sentenéla alerta!'* repeated from sentry to sentry in the bivouac.

"*'May the Almighty watch over and guard you from every danger!'*—these were my aspirations. *'May your distracted country soon find repose; and when your mortal career shall be run, and you are sinking in the sleep of death, may you have the comfort of knowing that the efforts and sacrifices you are now making have produced the desired fruits of national harmony, prosperity, and strength.'*

"Never did I sleep more comfortably than by the side of the high-altar of San Antonio de Uргуиоla.

"At daybreak a general *Diana* in the camp aroused me, and soon

the morning sun pierced the windows of the church, casting fans of light across the pavement, which by degrees became animated by the brisk movements of the *asistentes*. The figures rose slowly from the altars, and for an instant felt doubtful as to their actual state of being. But this uncertainty did not last long; one or two of the gallant officers sat up, and, after making a paper cigar, struck a light, and then in a semi-recumbent position, and leaning upon one arm, inhaled the grateful vapour, thus beguiling the few minutes which elapsed before the *asistentes* brought the needful apparatus for their ablutions and toilet."—*Poco Mas*.

The history of religion in Spain illustrates one of the greatest defects in the Spanish character. When there was a strong faith there was likewise a sanguinary jealousy that it should be preserved unadulterated. No tolerance was extended to investigation, because to investigate implied a previous doubt, and doubt was heresy, and heresy was a capital crime. These facts were all traceable, of course, to the national pride; it was an unpardonable offence to call in question the judgment of Spain, represented in theology by the Church, as it was in politics by the king. Much of the horror inspired by a disposition to inquiry arose from the absence of energy in the popular mind; for it is laborious to reply to arguments, to fence with objections, to elude the darts of controversy, to face the rude onsets of logic. It is much easier to say there shall be no dispute. The laziest man in the world can muster up vigour enough to profess his unwillingness to have his convictions meddled with, and when irritated by opposition, to silence those who disturbed his ease, by stripes, or imprisonment, or death. This accounts for the whole theory of the Inquisition. It was a short method to burn an adversary. The flames of an *auto da fe* would consume the doubt with the doubter, and purify the public mind from all inclination to question authority; at least, so it was hoped, though the event has not quite answered the expectations of those rack and dungeon sages, who continued, until very recently, to enlighten the Peninsula.

It may, at first sight, appear difficult to reconcile this interpretation with occurrences known to have taken place. For instance, the Spanish Jesuits distinguished themselves in the seventeenth century above all their brethren by the subtlety of the casuistry, and the profound controversies they carried on respecting the obligations of morality, the nature of faith, the theory of honour, the laws and constitutions of states. A single observation, however, will suffice to show that their polemics cost them very little effort. They only enacted a sort of drama, in which they played the parts of all the interlocutors. They put the questions and gave the answers, urged objections and demolished them all in the cool retirement of their own cloisters. No fierce field preacher

could stand up there to inveigh against the excesses of inquisitors or princes, no appeal could be made to the Scriptures, no reference to the eternal principles of right and wrong. The Bible was a prohibited book, and reason ranked with the seven deadly sins. Polemics, therefore, were a sort of innocent fencing, in which the good fathers fought with their own shadows by way of keeping themselves in spiritual health, arguments were handled like dumb-bells, not to floor error, or break the jaws of the father of it, but for pleasant pastime, because the disciples of Loyola had nothing else to do. The defence of theft, of lying, of adultery, and homicide, was only a sort of merry interlude between the acts of their great piece, such as roasting heretics, and stabbing kings.

When these grim theatricals lost their charms for the Spaniards, the case of religion seemed hopeless. Inquisitors, priests, and friars soon came to be regarded as good for nothing supernumeraries, whose haunts were a nuisance and an eyesore to be got rid of as speedily as possible, together with the spiritual article they were accustomed to vend. Hence the suppression of convents, the sale of ecclesiastical property, the desecration of churches, and the dreadful state of destitution to which the monks were reduced by the *Progresistas*. The clergy had forbidden their flocks the use of reason, and were now taught by experience how terrible a thing it is to depend for subsistence or penury, for life or death, on an unreasoning multitude. They had inculcated no respect for principles, and could not now, therefore, appeal to them in their own behalf. In one of the dreadful accessions of popular fury, occasioned by disease, mental and bodily, the rabble of Madrid pushed to the utmost extreme their suspicions of the former objects of their reverence, and massacred numbers of friars at the very altar. Scenes like these could not possibly have happened had the rights of conscience been recognised in Spain. Instead of murdering or famishing their monks, they would have invited them to share the labours of the community, would have exposed their errors, would have ridiculed, perhaps, their false notions of sanctity, would have convinced them how much better it is to earn one's livelihood by honest labour, than to subsist idly like drones on the labour of others.

At present the piety of Spain is of a very equivocal description. Formerly, people could prove their devotion by displaying abundant zeal against heresy and heretics, and they found a great deal more facility in persecuting their neighbours, who, in matters of opinion, did not agree with them, than in subduing their own evil passions, and practising in truth and sincerity the rules of holiness. There is at present very little persecution carrying on. Few persons in the Peninsula have energy or uprightness enough

to differ from the mother church, we mean openly and in the spirit of martyrs. It is thought better to lapse into indifference, to let the priests have their way ostensibly, and to laugh at them in private. And the clergy themselves it is to be feared, too generally act so as rather to stimulate than to extinguish this inclination. Their lives are far from exemplary. Jolly, cheerful, good-humoured sinners, they are far from shaming the age into seriousness by their self-denial, or into mortification by their penance. Too much, it is true, ought not to be expected of them, seeing that they are members of a church which has outlived its own efficacy, whose institutions are no longer in harmony with the times, and which demands of its ministers the sacrifices of a fanatical period in the midst of general enlightenment.

A priesthood which professes celibacy provides by that very act for its own degradation. Shut out from the society of well-educated and well-principled women, such as respectable clergymen would be likely to marry, the sacerdotal caste in Spain, as in all other Catholic countries, associates habitually with females of inferior principles, placed too low to be reached by public opinion, and sufficiently enveloped in the net of superstition to be satisfied with substituting devotion for virtue. In this circumstance we may discover one of the most powerful causes of the superiority of Protestant communities. A sort of rude comfort gladdens, no doubt, the priest's house in Spain, while the smattering of learning he acquires, and his innate leaning towards hospitality, procure him occasionally the pleasure of superior society. It is unnecessary to criticise severely the aberrations of men so situated, but they bring their punishment along with them, though in many cases, perhaps, the priest is exactly suited to his station. Our readers will, doubtless, be of opinion that this was the case with the *cura* who figures in the following scene:—

"At eight in the evening we reached a village of small extent. It was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents. The only venta in the place was crammed, as the ventero gruffly declared as he leaned out of a narrow window. 'There was stabling for the mules belonging to the galeras,' he said, 'but that was all.'

"What was to be done? Don Ignacio thrust his head out of the galéra, and cried—

"'Amigo Don Juan, estamos muy mal—muy mal. My friend Don Juan, we are very, very badly off.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'we are, Don Ignacio; and I particularly, for I am wet to the skin.'

"All at once I bethought me of the *cura*."

They inquire the way to his reverence's abode, and reach it after much splashing and floundering.

"We at length arrived at a door, within which we heard sounds of mirth and jollity. We struck it with the palms of our hands, and presently a female voice cried, 'Quien?'—who's there?

"'Gente de paz'—peaceable people—we replied.

"'Quo quieren ustedes?'—what do you want?

"'To speak to the señor cura; be pleased to open the door, señora.'

"After a delay of not more than two minutes the door was opened. In the passage was the cura himself, and by his side his *ama*, or house-keeper, a handsome young woman, holding a lamp in her hand.

"We saluted his reverence, told him our story, and asked if he could put us in the way of getting housed for the night.

"'Certainly,' said the cura, who could not have been more than eight-and-twenty or thirty years old, 'certainly, señores, here in my poor house I shall be most happy to receive you. I can accommodate you better than any other person in the village. Come in, señores.' Seeing my servant holding my horse, he added, 'There is a good stable at the back of the house, Tomas; take a lantern, and show the way. Come, señores, come up stairs; there is to be a ball here to-night. You could not have arrived at a better moment.'

"So saying, he conducted us to an apartment on the first floor, consisting of a sitting-room of moderate dimensions, adjoining which was an airy bed-room with two beds in it. Holding the door of the chamber open, the worthy cura told us it was for us. Our delight may be imagined at the prospect of so comfortable a resting-place after the toils of the day, and after the dreary prospect we had on entering the village.

"'But, señor cura,' said I, 'we shall be depriving you or some of your household of their bed-room, I fear.'

"'By no means; my room is on the other side of the house, and this is the visitor's chamber.'

"Don Ignacio had prudently brought his carpet-bag in his hand from the galéra, but my man had not thought of such a precaution. I was about to send for him, but as the horse required attention, I was prevailed upon by Don Ignacio and the cura not to do so; they therefore jointly undertook to supply me with a change whilst my own clothes should be dried before the kitchen-fire. Being in such kind and considerate hands, I readily consented, and prepared to dress for the cura's ball.

"Don Ignacio handed me from his carpet-bag a pair of new black trousers made of prunello; the cura brought me a shirt as white as snow, a gray bob-tail jacket with a narrow upright collar, and a pair of shoes. Having first put my whole frame in a glow by rubbing myself with a rough towel which I found in the bed-room, I dressed myself in a few minutes, and entered the ball-room.

"A very original costume was this my ball-room dress. Don Ignacio was considerably taller than I, so that his trousers were more than half a foot too long for me. I turned them up. I had no stockings, and the cura's shoes were such as parsons' shoes are apt to be all over the world, that is, stout, square-toed, and ample; moreover, they were beautified by a pair of massive silver buckles. The bob-tail jacket, though

no doubt it fitted the cura's portly frame, hung loosely upon my slender frame; and the sleeves being, like Don Ignacio's trousers, too long for me, I turned them up, and displayed my pure white wristbands, my shirt-collar being adjusted in the most approved Byronical style. The pumps, however, were the most attractive part of my toilet, and showed off my ankles to great advantage, as I perceived by the flattering circumstance of the eyes of all, male and female, being complacently, that is, quizzically, directed towards them.

"Although my servant had not thought of bringing my portmanteau, he had found time to go for the *alforja* and the wine-skin, knowing that his own comforts depended on this section of the baggage. Speedily a tolerable supper was prepared, and brought smoking hot to the table, the kind-hearted cura joining us frankly, at our invitation, and adding to the meal various fruits and sweetmeats. We were waited upon by a very good-looking servant girl, whilst the handsome ama stood by the cura, attentively waiting upon him, and pointing out, with tender interest, any tit-bit she thought he would like, or took his fork gently from his hand, and conveyed the said delicate morsel to his plate herself. Nor was she less kind to us—his guests. Sweetmeats, olives, almonds, and figs were handed to us in profusion by her hospitable hands; whilst ever and anon she would fill our glasses with wine, not forgetting the cura, however, in this particular. I pressed my wine on his reverence, as being, what it really was, good. He admitted this, and cheerfully partook of it; but when the repast was over, excepting the *pasties*, or dessert, he whispered to the ama, who, smiling significantly, went to a closet, and taking down a key from a hook, disappeared, returning presently with a large narrow-necked pitcher fit for a crase to drink out of, which she placed on the table.

"'Now, señores,' said the cura, 'now you shall taste *my* wine,' and pouring out a glass for Don Ignacio, myself, and himself, he pledged us by touching our glasses gently with his own. We quaffed the ruby contents. Ye Gods! what luscious wine! its nectarous stream found its way rapidly to the heart, and filled it with the most enlivening sensations.

"'Now for the ball,' said the cura.

"The table was removed to a corner of the room, and presently an old man entered with a slow step, and bowing to the cura, began playing on an ebony pipe, ornamented with ivory, which he accompanied by a little drum or tabor. He was followed by the ama and three or four peasant girls, one of whom was particularly good-looking, and two men; the ladies had an absolute majority at the cura's ball. The piper struck up a lively air, and the cura, selecting for his partner the prettiest girl, began to dance. As they became more and more animated, the cura applauded and encouraged them.

"The dance being over, the panting ladies were complimented on their performance, and presented with sweetmeats. The piper was a Biscayan, and seventy summers had passed over his venerable head. Having quaffed a large tumbler of wine, he commenced playing one of

his native airs on the *silba*, or pipe, using only one hand, whilst with the other he sounded the accompaniment on the little drum called *tun-tun* (pronounced toon-toon). From these simple instruments he produced truly harmonious sounds; and as he warmed with the recollection of his native Biscayan mountains, his aged eyes glistened with delight.

"A sort of boléro was now danced by a young man and one of the peasant girls. The cura pointed out to me the different movements made by the dancers, clapping his hands in cadence with the *silba* and *tun-tun*. Whether it was the effect of his own libations, or of mine, I will not pretend to say, but somehow the remarks of the gay and hospitable cura, became to my ear more and more indistinct every minute. Suddenly he leaped up from his chair, and cried, 'Bien! bien! buena cosa! Well done! well done! my pretty lass!' and whisked into his seat again.

"The ama now made a sign to a man who was leaning against the sill of the door, saying at the same time,

"'Vaya! Bartoloméo—let us have your dance!'

"The person thus addressed, advanced in a slouching manner. His complexion was nearer to black than brown; whether he was young or old, I know not to this hour. He was bent, but did not seem infirm; his eyes were black and piercing, though sunken in their sockets; his upper lip overshot the under one, and at each corner of his indescribable mouth, projected a long tooth, or tusk. His dress consisted of a loose jacket and trousers of shaggy brown cloth; they seemed to me to be all one piece, and looked like a bear-skin.

"He advanced into the middle of the room, and began by putting himself into a succession of quaint attitudes. By degrees he worked himself up into a highly excited state, and finally rushing to the front of the table, at the ends of which we were sitting, began to grin in the most ghastly manner, the two tusks looking like the teeth of a decayed portcullis. He then began to produce the most unearthly sounds, by striking his under lip with his knuckles, croaking, grinning, and gesticulating, with the accompaniment of the old Biscayan's *tun-tun* at intervals. Bartoloméo's performance reminded one of the grotesque dances of the African negroes.

"We begged permission of the gay and hospitable cura to retire, as we wished to continue our journey early in the morning. Making my bow, then, as well as the capacious shoes would permit, I vanished as folks do from ball-rooms, and hastened to the adjoining chamber. The *silba* and the *tun-tun* again struck up, but in a few minutes my ears were deaf to all sounds. I slept till daylight"—*Poco Mas*.

Among the works recently published on Spain, the one from which we extract the above is the most instructive. Not that it pretends to give a complete picture either of the country or people, but without effort or ostentation, it enables the reader to form a correct idea of both. It is to be regretted that the author should

have adopted a *nom de guerre*. He would have added to the authority of his work by openly taking upon himself the responsibility of it; and he must be fastidious indeed, if he be of opinion that the authorship of two such volumes could be discreditable to any man.

If the clergy of Spain have done little towards enlightening and humanising the population, the court and government have done still less. Nowhere, perhaps, in Europe, has the palace been more prolific of wickedness. From the earliest periods of Spanish history, favourites have ruled the land in the king's name, and these favourites have generally been worthless women, or still more worthless men. The word *camarilla*, used in the Madrid vocabulary to signify the small coterie that commonly flourishes in the sovereign's private chamber, has passed into the language of Europe, to designate the worst species of court intriguers. The thing signified by this too-famous word, still constitutes the bane of the Peninsula, where its influence is perpetually fatal to worth of every kind. No minister can long stand his ground who is not backed by the *camarilla*, no governor of a province can be secure of his place, unless he purchases the good-will of the dwellers in that foul den. An illustration of this fact has just been supplied by the fate of General Concha, late Captain-General of Catalonia, who has been dismissed from his office because he accidentally obstructed the designs of the *camarilla*, which Chico, its sanguinary agent, was carrying into execution at Barcelona.

According to some travellers, not without talent for observation, the democratic spirit is rapidly gaining strength in Spain, aided much more by the disreputable proceedings of the court and government, than by the spread of common sense. The queen is a puppet, sometimes engaged in devouring sweetmeats, and sometimes in uttering falsehoods for the purpose of effecting the ruin of a popular minister. More blame attaches, of course, to those who prompted the wickedness, than to the pale, capricious little girl who was made to perpetrate it. The mischief lies in the system, in the monstrous absurdity of employing, as an important agent in the machinery of a state, a minor, incapable of taking care of herself. This, however, forms part of the great comedy of politics now enacting at Madrid, where men, the most reckless, the most unprincipled, direct the progress of the nation, if progress the sort of activity exhibited here, can be called.

Let us first look inside of the palace, and then outside; notice what little Isabel is doing, and then bestow a moment's attention on the turbulent rabble at the Puerta del Sol. We shall find the

same feeling in both places, but modified a little by favourable circumstances among the ruffians and ruffianesses of the *pavé*. Most persons remember the affection of Ferdinand the Seventh for petticoats, not those sported by *condesas*, or queens, but those which conceal the worm-eaten images of Spanish superstition from the public gaze. Isabel, being petticoated herself, entertains no reverence for that article, but transfers her veneration to *bon-bons* and friars, spoiling her complexion by means of the one, and her conscience by the other. Of the museum of sweetmeats at Madrid, we have the following picture :

"This pastrycook museum, which extends over every apartment of the palace, contains some most interesting specimens—the *tortas*, or tarts of Moron, the most celebrated in Spain—the *panes pintados*, or painted buns of Salamanca—the paschal *oñales*, or carnival and Easter dainties—the hard *turrões* of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut kernels, filberts, and roasted chesnuts, intermixed with honey and sugar—*dulces*, of cocoa-nut, frosted with sugar—roasted almonds—avellanas, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder—cinnamon, pine-apple kernels, jelly, blanc-manger, and custard—gingerbread in its several varieties, and sugared rice in its sundry convolutions, marmalade, jam, and *blando de huevos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs ; *capuchinas guindas* (cherry-brandy), barley-sugar, imitation walnuts, and sugar-stick ; *alfajor*, or spiced bread, and the delicious cheese ; *jijona*, pomegranate jelly ; *melocotones*, Madroño strawberries, and other curious specimens. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the youthful majesty of Spain is her relish, and constant use of these *bon-bons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 107.

Sweetmeats enter also into the other picture, in which the royal child plays so humiliating a part. Christina was spoiled, we suppose, by Muñoz—if the supposition does not do him too much honour—and by way of proving her proficiency, she, at a very early age, seems to have spoiled her daughter. Certainly, at least, they form between them a trio, which it might not be easy to match out of Spain. Christina has every reason in the world to be proud of her hopeful daughter. She herself could not have displayed a greater ability in lying, a more imperturbable power of face, a more truly Castilian contempt of human life, than did the charming little Isabella in her attempt to destroy Olózaga. We introduce our readers to the scene, as it is altogether characteristic :—

"On the night of the 28th of the month last past, Olózaga presented himself before me, and proposed to me that I should sign the decree of dissolution of the *Córtes*. I answered that I did not like to

sign it, having this, amongst other reasons, that these Córtes had declared me of age. Olózaga insisted ; I again refused to sign the said decree. I rose, directing myself towards the door, which is to the left of my table for despatch of business. Olózaga placed himself before me, and fastened the bolt in that door ; I directed myself towards the door in front, and Olózaga again placed himself before me, and fastened the bolt of that door. He caught hold of my dress, and obliged me to sit down. He seized my hand and forced me to sign. After this he left, and I retired to my apartment.'

"The declaration, as attested by Bravo, proceeded thus :—'The foregoing manifestation having been read over by me, the undersigned, Her Majesty deigned to add the following :—'Before Olózaga took his departure, he asked me if I would give him my word not to tell any person what had happened ; and I answered that I would not promise.' Her Majesty then invited all present to enter the room in which she despatches business, and examine the place in which what she had just told them happened ; and so they did in effect, all entering the royal cabinet. Afterwards I placed the declaration in Her Majesty's royal hands, who, attesting that that was her true and free will, affirmed and signed it in the presence of the above-mentioned witnesses, after I had asked those present if they had possessed themselves of its contents, when they all answered that they had so possessed themselves, whereupon the said act was announced to be terminated. Her Majesty commanding that all present should withdraw, and that this her royal Declaration should be deposited in the office of my department, where it is now archived. And in order that it may be known hereafter, and produce the effects for which it took place, I give these presents in Madrid, this first day of December, 1843.

'LUIS GONZALEZ BRAVO.'

"Such was the Royal declaration and solemnly attested act, which bore upon the face of it the stamp of impossibility, and, ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, was universally discredited. Its disproof, as will be seen in the sequel, was of the most convincing description ; and never, indeed, was calumny confuted by a stronger array of human evidence. The Moderados imagined that none would presume to question the royal word, but, happily, they were hugely mistaken.

"A remarkable feature in this transaction is, that amongst the great officers of state, and of the legislature who repaired to the palace, to receive queen Isabel's declaration, was her confessor, the Patriarch of the Indies. Her statement, therefore, was made in the presence of the only person in the world who could ask her, in the name of her God, for an account. Perhaps the eye of the right reverend father, when it met hers rather troubled her ; and perhaps this, in some degree, accounts for the excitement with which she ran to and fro, and said :—'Here it was Olózaga caught my arm.' 'Here he held my hand,' *et cætera* ; with sundry '*palabras de houra* !' Probably the Patriarch has told her, that a sullied throne is a throne undermined."

There is here nothing unworthy of the sweet pledge of the loves

of Ferdinand and Christina. Even the slight token of faltering at the look of the confessor, is strikingly in keeping with the rest. It matters little that Olózaga was the Proteus of Spanish politics, for though a man may shift and cut capers on the floor of the Spanish Cortes, he may not like or deserve to figure on a scaffold, which was what the pale, delicate, imperial liar intended.

By way of contrast, carry we now our eye down yonder long street, and observe as well as we can for the smoke of the *cigarrillos*, the wild groups assembled there for the discussion of politics. Uncourtly, of course, are the tones and gestures, abrupt the language, fierce and fiery the looks which accompany it. But in proportion as the disputants have less to gain or lose, by the fluctuations of public affairs, is the enthusiastic earnestness with which they interest themselves.

"Here there are no palatial *convenances*, nor social conventionalisms, to mislead or to suppress; no parliamentary forms of phraseology and discussion to hamper and cramp the utterance of undisguised opinion. Truth flourishes in the open air—a hardy plant—shoots up in the dew and ripens in the sun, without pruning, training, or covering with glass-houses. The debaters here are frank and plain-spoken, and the audience mingles unrebuked in the discussions. With every *cigarrillo* a character is puffed away, and with each fresh demand for *fuego** new light is thrown upon the world of politics.

"Here is a fellow in rags, who wears his tattered cloak with the dignity of a grandee, for every Castilian deems himself noble; there is a more youthful *picaro*, with a hat more highly peaked than ordinary, and an inordinate supply of tags adorning its velvet round—that is the energetic youth of the assembly—the Gonzalez Bravo of the *pavé*—the Young Spain of lanes and alleys; there, with a loose *faja*, or red sash swathed round his waist, with leggings thrown wide open and displaying those muscular calves, with a short and tight-fitting jacket, exhibiting to full advantage his amazing breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, is the Mars and Massaniello of the party. Prepared to take the lead of a popular army: and around and in the midst of every circle is the due proportion of Madrid Manolas, the viragos of metropolitan low life, discussing more eagerly, and far more fluently than the rest, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, and each with a formidable knife stuck between her right leg and stocking, beneath the garter; some, too, smoking their paper cigars with as much *nonchalance* as the men. In this centre of intelligence and focus of popular disturbance, you will hear more in one hour of the scandalous secrets of Madrid, and learn more of its patriotic or treasonable designs, than in the choicest *réunions* of its most exalted diplomacy."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 220.

"The Puerta del Sol, so often alluded to in the accounts of the last revolutions of which Madrid has been the scene, is the general rendezvous

* "Fire;" a light transmitted from one paper cigar to another.

of all political aspirants, of the idle, of street speakers, in short, of all the discontented and turbulent. At this central place, at this famous square, three of the principal streets of the city meet and cross each other. Situated between the most populous and the most fashionable quarters of Madrid, it is, in fact, as though the Faubourgs of St. Honoré and Chaussée d'Antin were placed beside those of St. Denis and St. Martin, at Paris. It is the forum wherein the affairs of the state are discussed. There the first royal decree of Ferdinand, after the insurrection of Madrid, was torn in atoms. There, also, the priest, Vinuesa, accused in 1822 of conspiracy against the constitution of Cadix, was publicly tried, and there he was subsequently condemned and put to death. This is the reason why M. de Martignac called the Puerta del Sol the '*unofficial seat of government*.' More than one minister has changed his whole system, more than one orator has delivered his speeches with the view of securing the good opinion of the Puerta del Sol. It is a certain fact that when, contrary to his general plan of campaigning, Cordova gave battle to the Carlists at Arlaban, his only object was to please the brawlers of the Puerta del Sol, who had reproached him with his pretended inaction. It is known, also, that General Seoane came hither in person, on the day following the revolution of La Granja, to announce his nomination as Captain-General of Madrid, in the room of the unfortunate Quesada, assassinated by the national guards.

"The Casa del Correos, situated in this square, serves also as an additional attraction to the crowd; on account of its lofty flight of steps, and commanding position, it has frequently been employed as a citadel by the revolutionists. Its possession, in fact, has on more than one occasion decided the issue of the contests between the government and the national guard of Madrid. Such speakers as are desirous of haranguing the multitude, generally take their stand upon the raised pavement which surrounds this building—one of the finest in the city. The people who, at Madrid, are passive spectators of all insurrections, generally occupy the middle of the square; the high functionaries, and the wealthier inhabitants, who come hither between the hours of one and three, group themselves about the opening of the street Montera, which commands a view of the whole place. On the opposite side, near the hôtel of Victory, assemble the soldiers, the *empleados*, and the partizans of the existing government. Last in the list, about three o'clock, the bankers and the stock-brokers come to discuss their affairs beneath the shade of the Casa del Correos.

"The Puerta del Sol extends its influence throughout all the surrounding neighbourhood, where clubs, the furnace of political fanaticism, were once formed. In the *cafés*, situated in the streets Alcalá, de Montera, and de Carrera San Geronimo, are by turns assembled the *Chevaliers Communeros*, the Isabelists, the Federalists, the *Carbonaros*, the members of Young Italy, of Young Spain, and many others. There was even once at Madrid and Barcelona a secret society established, composed of the Avengers of Alibaud. Now, the Café Nuevo is the

rendezvous of the *Espartacists*, of the *Exaltados*, and of the united Republicans, but the Café de los Amigos is the place where the Moderados and the Constitutionalists, *the friends of peaceful progress* (!) assemble to confer. Even the very shops, situated in the neighbourhood of the Puerta del Sol, resemble political clubs. To each a number of newsmongers resort, and pass sometimes the whole day in discussions and disputes on the affairs of the country. And this causes such injury to trade, that several of the more prudent shopkeepers, particularly a hatter of the street Montera, have hung up in their shops the announcement, 'Conversation not allowed here.'

"A foreigner with a taste for political gossip, and an easy recklessness of consequences, soon becomes initiated into the mysteries of the Puerta del Sol. Journals, extraordinary bulletins, flying sheets, are cried and sold by blind men and children, and are eagerly passed from hand to hand. Private letters relating to the affairs of the day are communicated even to foreigners; in fact, to any one desirous of beholding them.

"The Castilian pride, so intolerant of foreigners, is exchanged for the most perfect familiarity, in these sort of communications, and in all political conversations. On entering a *café* or a public square, whatever seat you occupy, at whatever table you place yourself, you are sure to hear state-affairs discussed, and no change in the conversation is discernible, no train of thought appears to be disturbed by your presence; you are at full liberty either to listen or join in it, of whatever opinions you may be, or whatever side you may choose to take."—*Tanski, L'Espagne*, p. 10.

With such a court and such a people, with such a clergy, and such manners, where lie the hopes of Spain? Is it susceptible of regeneration? Can order possibly succeed to the existing confusion? Can honesty be substituted for selfishness in its councils? Can its slumbering humanity be awakened? Can it again have commerce, and industry, and military power, and naval greatness, and, along with these, the freedom which it never possessed?

Our hopes are not sanguine, though there be doubtless circumstances in the character and condition of the Spanish people which may justify us in refusing to despair. The civilisation of modern times is rough and ready, and may be brought to the state of maturity of which it is susceptible, through the instrumentality, in a great measure, of material agencies. If Spain had railways run into the heart of her Sierras, her industry might, perhaps, be awakened, and instead of cutting each other's throats, her children might take to making embankments, and building bridges, and mining, and smelting the ores that so richly abound in her mountainous districts. From this step she might go on to reconstruct her foreign trade, by placing on a rational footing her relations with other states. But who is to commence this process? There is little enterprise among her *hidalgos*, still less among that

locust swarm of *empleados*, that subsists upon the vitals of the country. Most persons who have given the subject any consideration, look exclusively to the peasantry, whom opposite authorities agree in admitting to be a hardy and robust race, lazy from habit and accident, but capable of great exertion, and not so averse from entertaining new projects, as persons acquainted only with the upper classes of Spaniards might be naturally enough inclined to believe.

It is somewhat humiliating to science and philosophy, that the juices which have renovated antiquated communities, have often entered at the very roots of society, and circulated upwards. The Christian religion itself began with the peasantry, and was the religion of the barn, the stable, and the fishing hut, before it became the religion of palaces. Again, the reformation of this religion originated with a humble ecclesiastic, born in the north of England, and for many years an obscure student at Oxford. It was taken up and carried on with more brilliant success in Germany by another son of a peasant, who smote with his rude hand the pontifical tiara, and shattered it past repair. The peasants of Spain will probably subvert the Spanish monarchy, and direct for themselves in its stead institutions more favourable to industry, more prolific of popular happiness, better adapted to promote the growth of national strength, and externally more respectable. Something like this we must believe, or cease to have any faith in the destiny of the Peninsula.

There are many writers, we say, and the author of the "Revelations of Spain" is among the number, who discover the germs of political regeneration in the Spanish lower classes. It would be contradiction in terms to denominate them industrious, though they certainly do whatever work is done in the country. Slight is the superstructure of hope which can be raised on such a foundation. But as it seems to be the only one, there can be no harm in making the most of it.

One sign of a capacity for progress exhibited by the Spanish Labradorés is the willingness with which they begin to listen to the suggestions of respectable foreigners. In imitation of our merchants, they have, on several points of the southern coast, erected themselves comfortable dwellings, reformed their slovenly habits, and attained to a considerable degree of neatness, even in their agricultural processes. This change is more especially visible in the pleasant town of Xeres de la Frontera, where the cleanliness of the streets, and the brilliant colours of the fronts of the houses, are proofs of the prevalence of English taste. They feel, moreover, the want of internal trade, and would apparently be willing to make some sacrifices in order to give it an impulse. In man-

ners rough and uncouth, they are still affectionate in their domestic relations, and lead upon the whole a very simple life. Instances of generous self-devotion might no doubt be found among all rude people when subjected suddenly to the influence of widespread calamities calculated to put men's feelings to the proof. But it would be difficult to discover in the annals of any nation an action more truly heroic than that of the father related by the author of the 'Revelations of Spain.'

"I was informed of the case of an aged and infirm father, who drowned himself in the province of Granada, to exempt his only son from the fatal chance of the conscription. They repaired together to the periodical *Quinta*, the son drew his own name from the urn; and in crossing the river Frangirola in a small boat on their return home, the father suddenly flung himself overboard, and was irrecoverably lost to sight. He had filled his pockets with stones to make death certain, and his body was not found until next day. This inflexible *gefe de familia* had discharged his promise; his boy was exempt from service, being now a widow's son!"—Vol. i. p. 334.

Self-devotion and energy of character necessarily develop themselves in various ways. Here we find a man sacrificing his life for his son; anon we observe a humble rustic functionary exhibiting a remarkable act of daring in order to purchase security for himself and his neighbours. In England, of course, any policeman would pursue a thief to his den and fearlessly grapple with him there. But he would be conscious of carrying along with him that which the Spanish *alcaldé* cannot rely on, the majesty of the law. In pursuer and thief we observe the same spirit of daring, the same recklessness of life, the same ferocity. The writer to whom we are indebted for the details, describes the mayors of towns in the wilder parts of Spain as being themselves often implicated in offences against society. It may be very well so. Princes and nobles here among us formerly played at the same game, and fearlessly took purses on the highway. The Spanish *alcaldé*, therefore, who breaks the eighth commandment may plead the force of respectable examples. Our authority's account of the matter is as follows:—

"The environs of Olvera were long haunted by a very determined robber, a *ladron afamado*, who levied contributions from all comers indiscriminately, from the period of Espartero's and Concha's hurried visit to Andalucia, and, when purses were scarce upon the highway, resorted to the adventitious aid of smuggling. The *alcaldé* of the town, a determined fellow, at last resolved to abate the nuisance, and having received private information of the robber's whereabouts, placed himself at the head of the Ronda municipal, and proceeded to take him

prisoner. He found the robber in bed with his enamorada, but nevertheless prepared.

"He was asleep upon the woman's arm when the *alcaldé* in person seized him. In the wild districts hereabouts the *alcaldés* are often rude men, contrabandists, and perhaps with a touch of the robber in their composition—strange qualifications for a mayor! The *alcaldé* had a huge horse-pistol in his hand, but the robber did not mind this. Rapid as thought, he drew two pistols from beneath his pillow, and discharged them both, at the *alcaldé*, in quick succession. The magistrate, strange to say, was not hit by either, but, discharging his own pistol, wounded (without intending it) the prostrate and defenceless woman. The exchange of shots was sufficient to rouse all the savage nature of the municipal picquet, who, with one common accord, poured their fire upon the bed, and shot both robber and female. Neither of them ever stirred after. To render this transaction entirely characteristic, it was made a political handle of, and the *alcaldé* was charged with persecuting *Ayacuuchos*."—*Revelations, &c.*, vol. i., p. 385.

Unfortunately, the irregular energy of the good people of Spain is constantly mixed up with robbery and murder. There is no excitement without a few deaths, and even with them very little. The affair is of every-day occurrence, and what happens constantly ceases at length to produce surprise. The writer, or rather compiler, of the '*Revelations of Spain*,' having to reconcile contradictory authorities, does not see his way very clearly through the labyrinth of the Spanish character. He consequently represents them at once as murderous and innocent, thievish and chivalrous, vulgar, quackish, full of imposture, and noble. In the teeth of all testimony and experience, he desires to persuade us that there is more crime in England than in Spain. We have already alluded to this absurdity, but it may still be worth while to adduce the evidence of another anonymous traveller, whose pages, nevertheless, bear about them the appearance of genuineness.

"A French guide, settled at Granada, who accompanied us as such, when we were once visiting some of the distant churches, pointed out to us crosses painted on the houses; saying that, like the monumental crosses on the roads, they signified that a murder had been committed there. He told us there were two thousand such crosses to be seen in Granada! I have myself since noticed great numbers of these marks."—*Spain and Tangiers*, p. 342.

No incident in Spanish life is so common as a robbery, no character so familiar as that of a thief. Among ourselves, adventures on the highway are retreating rapidly into the mists of antiquity, so that our very romance-writers, who chronicle the *gests* of highwaymen, are compelled to assume an historical character. Even then their fictions interest us very little. They

belong to a past age, and the present has slight sympathy with them. It is quite otherwise in Spain, where every story you hear turns upon a robbery, attempted or accomplished, and accompanied generally by murder. Of course, they who compose the records of the hour, and consign them to tradition for the benefit of future ages, sometimes take a few liberties with their subjects, so that it would not do to require a traveller to swear to the truth of all the narratives which he relates at second hand. He had them from the people themselves, and if they are not always correct to the letter, they are at least characteristic. The reader will be fully prepared to recognise the verisimilitude of the following piquant little story.

"A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodging of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above, when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go and fetch it; he woke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the *alcaldé* of his *pueblo*, or village, to call him to make his examinations. The *alcaldé* was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He then went on to a third: neither was this one to be found, nor did any body know any thing of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home and prepared to bury the men himself; when on taking off the masks which concealed their faces, lo, and behold, THERE LAY THE THREE ALCADÉS!!"—*Spain and Tangiers*, p. 342.

The same writer supplies a good companion to the above.

"A party of brigands had determined on plundering a farm. One of them was sent forward in the daytime, in woman's clothes, to effect an amicable entrance, while the male individuals of the family were absent; and thus prepare the way for the night's attack. He had succeeded so far, and was seated by the fire when a little girl noticed his tell-tale whiskers; on which, after locking up the mother in an adjoining room, he, in his rage at the discovery, put the unfortunate child on the fire to roast! The poor mother, hearing her child's screams, called out to give the alarm; when desisting from his brutal attempt on the child, the robber thrust his head through a hole in the door of the room containing the mother, to threaten *her*. She, however, seized the moment; and, putting to effective use a hatchet she had at hand, actually chopped off the monster's head! The girl then let the mother out; they found a whistle on the man's body, and rightly concluding this was to be used as a signal to call his confederates, the woman, with admirable discretion and coolness, quietly collected a party of armed friends in the

house and in ambush about it; and at nightfall, blowing the whistle, drew the miscreants into the trap. Two were killed; and one (a famous brigand I hear) was taken, and is now in confinement; two others escaped."—p. 307.

The anonymous volume entitled 'Spain and Tangiers,' which has supplied us with the above passage, is a light and unpretending, but clever and agreeable book. It chronicles the experience of a single observer, and does not aim at generalisation. The reader, however, who desires to understand the present state of Spain may derive instruction from the perusal of it.

In one of those works judiciously denominated 'Hand-books'—because they are as heavy as a soldier's musket—we find this whole theory of Spanish violence and dishonesty peremptorily contradicted. "Of the many misrepresentations regarding Spain, few have been more systematically circulated than the dangers and difficulties which are there supposed to beset the traveller. This, the most *romantic*, and peculiar country in Europe, may in reality be visited throughout its length and breadth with *ease and safety* (!) for travelling there is no worse than it was in France or Italy in 1814, before English example forced improvements."—'Murray's Hand Book of Spain,' Part I., Preface, i.

It is not necessary, just now, to inquire into the degree of '*ease and safety*' with which France and Italy could be traversed in 1814; but we feel ourselves compelled to remark, that we distrust Mr. Ford's testimony, on this as on many other points connected with Spain. In fact, his is a biform testimony which may be adduced to establish whichever view of the question we please to take. This mode of writing has its inconveniences, as it sometimes renders one doubtful whether one ought to believe the traveller in either case or in neither. Mr. Ford is a smart writer, too smart by far to be accurate. He likes the Spaniards, for which we by no means blame him, and he likes himself, for which we blame him still less; but then he treats dispiteously all those other unlucky wights of Englishmen who have perpetrated travels in the Peninsula, and is resolved to controvert their positions at all hazards, even at that of contradicting himself. With his notions of high breeding we feel no disposition to quarrel. He has a right to think a thief high-bred if he pleases. It is likewise lawful for him to entertain and enunciate whatever theory he thinks fit of what it is that constitutes a *caballero*. We claim, however, the same liberty for ourselves, and, making use of that liberty we shall most frankly state that what appears a *caballero* to Mr. Ford, appears a coarse, unmitigated ruffian to us. We apprehend also that Mr. Ford is under some hallucination respecting the delicacy of his *ladrones* towards women and children. There can be no harm in his cherishing that notion if it

afford him any particular pleasure; but we believe it to be as ill-founded as his fancy about the *safety* of Spanish roads, and his hypothesis on Spanish politeness. In the Peninsula, at all events, no such idea prevails, since the stories which the people relate to travellers—a sample of which we have given above—represent robbers roasting children alive, and plotting, nay, often accomplishing, the murder of their mothers. Nor is this quite all. If the ladies who fall into the hands of our polite *caballeros* happen to be particularly adroit and quick in disentangling themselves from their baubles—good. If not, those refined gentlemen out with their knives, and slice off ears and gentle fingers, with a coolness and rapidity that might have astonished our own knights of the post. A recent traveller in the Peninsula speaks of the—

“Hacking off, by Carlist ruffians, of the ears and fingers of some miserable women, who could not divest themselves of their ornaments fast enough to please the brutal plunderers. I do not know whether this last act of atrocity found its way into our newspapers at the time; but I have been told that the boxes belonging to the wretches were found at the Café Nuevo in Madrid, with their disgusting contents rotting within—baubles, fingers, and ears, altogether, still laying as they were torn from the living victims.

“And yet they say that Spanish robbers are *very civil*!—*remarkably gentlemanly men*! Maybe so!—but though I commonly like judging of things for myself, I think I had rather, on this point, take any body else’s word for it.”—*Spain and Tangiers*, p. 138.

Respecting the superlative security enjoyed by travellers in Spain, we have one or two further observations to make. Mr. Ford remarks wittily, that our tourists who commemorate the achievements of Spanish banditti all escaped themselves by a miracle! It should be remembered, however, that books are seldom written by men whose throats have been cut, but by such as have eluded that operation. Besides, all do not entirely escape the polished hidalgo of the Spanish highway, at least if M. Tanski may be believed; for that gentleman assures us that he himself, in the north of Spain, fell into the hands of the spoilers, who not only pillaged the whole diligence, but, with a selfishness altogether unworthy of a Spanish thief, took every practicable measure for defrauding each other. And lest our ‘Hand-book’ maker should imagine us to be fireside adventurers, terrified by the awful relations of those who have made their own legs their compasses, we may here state that we have travelled through regions as lawless, turbulent, and barbarous as Spain, where Europeans have been shot like robins in the street, where throats have been cut, and heads chopped off by the dozen, and yet returned without ourselves encountering the point of a single poniard. It would

nevertheless, not be quite correct on that account to maintain that in those countries there are few risks to be run, few robberies committed, and that the vagabonds who frequent the highways are all of them high-bred *caballeros*.

But let us hear Mr. Ford:—

"The mode of travelling," he says, "in a '*coche de colleras*,' and especially if accompanied with a baggage waggon, is, of all others, that which most exposes the party to be robbed. When the caravan arrives in the small villages, it attracts immediate notice, and if it gets wind that the travellers are foreigners, and still more English, they are supposed to be laden with gold and booty. Such an arrival, with such a *posse comitatus*, is a very rare event; it spreads like wildfire all along the road, and collects all the *mala gente*, the bad set of idlers, a class which always was a weed of this soil, and which the poverty and marauding spirit, increased by the recent troubled times, has by no means diminished. In the villages, near the inns, there is seldom a lack of loiterers, who act as spies, and convey intelligences to their confederates; again, the bulk of the equipage, the noise and clatter of men and mules, is seen and heard from afar, by robbers who lurk in hiding-places or eminences, who are well provided with telescopes, besides with longer and sharper noses, which, as Gil Blas says, smell gold in travellers' pockets. The slow pace, and impossibility of flight, render the traveller an easy prey to well-mounted horsemen."—*Hand Book*, &c., vol. i., p. 38.

In touching on this very ticklish subject, Mr. Ford displays a great deal of prudent reserve. He is averse, he says, from frightening us. In his opinion robbery in Spain is the exception, not the rule. A majority of those who venture on the high roads escape being robbed and murdered. This is consolatory, as it shows that people have some chance of reaching their own firesides though they do venture into the Peninsula in search of the picturesque. It would appear, moreover, that things are improving a little in this particular, in proportion as society becomes more and more disorganised. From such premises we ourselves should have been led to a different conclusion. But, as men have different tastes, so also have they different modes of reasoning. "It is not, however, to be denied, that Spain is, of all countries in Europe, the one in which the ancient classical and once universal system of robbing on the highway, exists the most unchanged. With us these things have been much altered; Spain is what England was sixty years ago, with Hounslow heath and Finchley common; what Italy was very lately and may be again next year."—*Hand Book*, &c., vol. i., p. 38.

There was, then, a time when robbery was the rule, and escape the exception, and though matters are no longer in that position,

still they approach nearer to it in Spain than anywhere else in Europe. But at what epoch are we to fix those good old times, when the system of robbery was classical and universal? And how happens it that circumstances, calculated in themselves manifestly to deteriorate the character of a people, have produced in Spain a contrary result? We shrewdly suspect that our lively traveller found himself puzzled in this part of his undertaking, because he desired to represent the Spaniards as not peculiarly addicted to brutal violence and dishonesty, and, at the same time, to season his pages with the piquant ingredients supplied by the banditti system. If the reader who considers the following passages can suggest any other method of interpretation, we shall be most happy to adopt it.

“That sort of patriotism, a *moyen de parvenir*, which is the last and usual resource of scoundrels, is often made the pretext of the ill-conditioned to throw a specious mantle over the congenial vocation of living a free-booting idle existence by plunder rather than by work and industry; this accounts for the facility with which the universal Spanish nation flies to arms. Smuggling again sows the soil with dragon's teeth, and produces, at a moment's notice, a plentiful crop of armed men, or *guerrilleros*, which is almost a convertible term with robber.

“Robbery in other countries has yielded to increased population, to more rapid and more frequent intercommunication. The distances in Spain are very great; the high-roads are few, and are carried through long leagues of uncultivated plains, *dehesas*, through deserted towns, dispeopled districts, *despoblados*, a term more common in Spain, as in the East, than that of village is in England. Andalusia is the most dangerous province, and it was always so. This arises from the nature of the country, from being the last scene of the Moorish struggle, and now from being in the vicinity of Gibraltar, the great focus of smuggling, which prepares the raw material for a banditti. These evils, which are abated by internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the tempest calls forth the stormy petrel, rouses into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and creates a sort of cachexia, which can only be put down by peace and a strong settled government—blessings which, alas! have long been denied to unhappy Spain. First and foremost come the *ladrones*, the robbers on a great scale: they are a regularly organised band, from eight to fourteen in number, well-armed and mounted, and entirely under the command of one leader. These are the most formidable; and as they seldom attack any travellers, except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambuscade and surprise, where every thing is in their favour, resistance is generally useless, and can only lead to fatal accidents; it is better to submit at once to the summons, which will take no denial, of ‘*boca abajo*,’—*boca a tierra*—‘down, mouth to the earth.’ Those who are provided with such a sum of money as the robbers think, according to their class of life, that they ought to carry about them, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured

surrender, generally, not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation. Pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence, as Mr. Cribb said, compared to civil words and deeds. The Spaniard is by nature high-bred and a *caballero* (!), and responds to any appeal to qualities of which his nation has reason to be proud. Notwithstanding these moral securities, if only by way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman will do well, when travelling in exposed districts, to be provided with a bag containing fifty to one hundred dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in the hand, and is that sort of amount which a Spanish brigand thinks a native of this proverbially rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He has a remarkable tact in estimating, from the look of an individual, his equipage, &c., how much ready money it is befitting his condition for him to have about him; if the sum should not be enough, he resents severely the depriving him of the regular spoil to which he considers himself entitled by the long-established usage of the high-road. The traveller who is unprovided altogether with cash, is generally made a severe example of, *pour encourager les autres*, either by beating, *echandole palos*, or by stripping to the skin, *dejandole en cueros*, after the fashion of thieves of old near Jericho. The traveller should be particularly careful to have a watch of some kind, one with a gaudy gilt chain and seals is the best suited. Not to have a watch of any kind exposes the traveller to more certain indignities than a scantily filled purse. The money may have been spent; but the absence of a watch can only be accounted for by a premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the *ladron* considers as an unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right. It must be said, to the credit of the Spanish brigands, especially those of the highest class, that they rarely ill-use women or children; nor do they commence firing or offering violence unless resisted. The next class of robbers—omitting some minor distinctions, such as the *saltadores*, or two or three persons who lie in ambuscade, and jump out on the unprepared traveller—is the *ratero*, ‘the rat.’ He is held in contempt, but is not less dangerous. He is not brought regularly up to the profession and organised, but takes to it, *pro re natâ*, of a sudden, commits his robbery, and returns to his pristine vocation. Very often, on the arrival of strangers, two or three of the ill-conditioned, worst classes get up a robbery the next day for the special occasion, according to the proverb, *la ocasion hace al ladron*. The *raterillo*, or small rat, is a skulking footpad, who seldom attacks any but single and unprotected travellers, who, if they get robbed, have no one to blame but themselves; for no man is justified in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman at his plough, the vinedresser amid his grapes, all have their gun, which, ostensibly for their individual protection, furnishes the means of assault and battery against those who have no other protection but their legs and virtue.

“The regular first-class *ladrones* are generally armed with a blunderbuss, *retajo*, which hangs at their saddles, the high-peaked *albarda*, which is covered with a fleece, either white or blue, the *zalea*. Their

dress is for the most part very rich, and in the highest style of *aficion*—the fancy; they are the envy and models of the lower classes of Andalusians, being arrayed after the fashion of the smuggler, *contrabandista* or the bull-fighter, *torero*; or, in a word, the *majo*, or dandy, who being peculiar to the south of Spain, will be more properly described in Andalusia, which is the home and head-quarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions to which we have just alluded."

We now return to the questions, what hope of being regenerated has Spain? and by whom is her political salvation to be accomplished? Revolutions in themselves are bad things; yet, if the Peninsula be ever purified, it must be by their means. The blue blood must be got rid of, and the red or black puddle of the roturier on which Mr. Ford and his friends, the *hidalgos*, look down with so much contempt, must be made to flow over the loftiest heights of politics. Until this shall be done, there can, we fear, be no hope of beholding free institutions in Spain. Unquestionably, the worshippers of the hat will never become the reformers of their country. They have played the fool too long, eaten too much iron, brayed too frequently beneath their mistress's windows, hiding their long ears beneath the flaps of their *sombreros*, ever to achieve any thing worthy of notice. Masters they may be of a stiff, formal, stolid etiquette; they may exclude from their circles the rough contempters of their *Espanolismo*; they may go on in the dark, groping about for some issue from their state of contemptible degeneracy; but they will never find it, till the toe of the peasant has not only galled the courtier's kibe, but kicked him bodily out of the track of improvement, where he now lies a mere doltish obstruction.

This may be deemed rather rough treatment of the *hidalgos*; but they have had too much flattery already. What they now want, is truth; and, for the first time, perhaps, they will here meet with it naked. To some forms of aristocracy we make no objection; they are useful in certain stages of society; but the grandees of Spain were always an unmixed nuisance, a vile excrescence on the body politic, a thing in its pride and littleness offensive both to God and man. The system, politically speaking, is defunct now; for though efforts are still made, both in Spain and out of it, to keep up the appearance of vitality, no success has attended them. The peasants of the *Sierras* are looking over the heads of the nobles, and must change places with them, before society can acquire a healthy tone. There is, we believe, an old proverb in the Peninsula, which says that pride will not boil the pot, which, had it been acted upon, might have saved the country. Let the Spaniards return to the philosophy of this homely old saying, and deserve to be reckoned once more amongst the nations of Europe.

ART. VI.—*Fichte's Sämmtliche Werke. Neue Ausgabe. Herausgegeben von J. H. FICHTE.* Berlin: 1845. (Complete Works of J. G. FICHTE.)

IN the history of physical science it is generally admitted, that though our highest praises may be awarded to successful endeavour, we shall not fail to give honour due to courageous and well-meant exertions, which may fail in reaching the wished-for goal. To dare peril and death in the attempt to find a North-east or a North-west passage, or to penetrate into the interior of Africa, is to establish a claim to public respect and gratitude. It is something even to show that in this or that direction no pathway is to be found. But very different is the fate of those, who, through a thousand bewildering entanglements, would break out for themselves and others the way to moral truth. The purest intentions, the most undaunted courage, cannot shield from obloquy and persecution the unsuccessful seeker, and instead of expecting honours and rewards, he may esteem himself fortunate if he escape our vengeance; if, like the Sphinx of old, we do not tear him in pieces, for failing to solve our riddle. Long and sad is the record of the world's glorious benefactors, whom the world has persecuted and hunted down; and even those who, like the subject of the present article, have lived at a time when absolute persecution was out of the question, have often had to suffer penalties sufficient to deter persons of ordinary courage from any such undertaking. Few would woo the bride in the legend, with whom the alternative of success was not rejection merely but death. Few will bear to have 'hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away,' in the attempt to enter in at the straight gate, when the road of worldly compliance lies so broad and inviting before them. Among these honoured names, however, we may justly place that of Johann Gottlieb Fichte—as brave and honest a soul as ever truth enrolled in her noble army of martyrs—who lived and moved and had his being in her alone. The announcement of a new edition of his works may excite surprise in the present stationary, if not retrograde, condition of mental science in Germany, where matters of purely philosophical or poetical interest no longer take any strong hold on the public mind, and where the best thinkers have long been engaged in endeavouring to call back the spirits of their countrymen from their excursions into the regions of abstract speculation, and concentrate them on points of practical and national interest. The Germans are no longer content to have the dominion of the air assigned to them, but are beginning to look into the business of every-day life, with a searching keenness of vision exercised hitherto chiefly in a loftier

and more abstract sphere. We cannot, therefore, but regard the publication before us, rather in the light of a tribute of respect to the noble personal character of Fichte, and to his memory as a patriot, than as a symptom of revived interest in a philosophical system too lofty in its pretensions, and making too high claims on the powers of the intellect, and the energies of the will, ever to have found general acceptance. It is not our purpose in this article to enter into any examination of it; such an undertaking would require more space, and a more patient and laborious attention on the part of our readers, than they might be inclined to accord to us. We shall be satisfied if we can make it appear probable that it is, at all events, worthy of examination; that what occupied the life of such a man was not a 'mere metaphysical card castle, or logical hocus pocus,' but a system eminently practical in its tendency, and one of the noblest attempts ever made to solve the enigmas that beset this earthly existence.

With respect to the charges brought against Fichte, on the score of religion, which have thrown a cold shadow over his fame, however ill-founded such accusations might be, he was himself, in some measure, to blame for them. There was in his character a certain element of defiance—of pugnacity, that led him, when conscious of the purity of his intentions, rather to seek, than to avoid collision, and wilfully to clothe his thoughts in the hardest and most offensive expressions. It is to be hoped, however, that the time is past when our Christian faith was of such feeble temperament, as to make us shrink from bestowing our sympathy on those less fortunate than ourselves in the clearness of their convictions, or whose religious character, it may be, had been subjected to suspicion, merely because they sought to establish it on a deeper and surer basis than we deemed sufficient. Fichte did not wear religion as a garment to shield him from the pelting of the world's censure, nor lay it aside as holiday attire, to be put on once a week in the intervals of worldly business; it was the basis of his whole spiritual being, the breath of his nostrils, which he must struggle for or die. If we have reached a clearer atmosphere it is well for us, but we need make no boast if it do not enable us to put forth better fruit. Whether as a philosopher, a patriot, or, we may add, a Christian (for 'not every one that calleth Lord, Lord' shall be accepted as such) few characters in history have more claims on our respectful regard. His life-long devotion to abstract speculation chilled nothing of the warmth of his affections; nor did his tender care for those dear to him render him forgetful or regardless of his duty to his country. He lived at a time when patriotism was no winning game; when there were examples enough of unfaithfulness, when

some who held the highest rank among Germany's most gifted sons were sitting calmly as spectators, while she lay groaning under a foreign yoke, and safely speculating on theories of art, or busying themselves with the minutiae of physical science. With whatever admiration we may be inclined to regard the wonderful and versatile genius of Goethe, we cannot help thinking that Germany owed little thanks to her Magnus Apollo for presenting her with a classical play or a mystical poem, while she was struggling for her life with the invader. It is much to enlighten the intellect and refine the taste of a nation; it is more to arouse its moral strength, to kindle the divine force in the heart, to enable a whole people to rise at once above all considerations of private, selfish interest, striking the electric chain which unites the human soul with all that is highest in the universe.

No grander spectacle has been seen in modern times, than that witnessed in Germany, in 1813, when the whole people, rising as one man, burst the bonds that could never have been imposed, but for their over-credulous faith in the promises of those who had professed to come as deliverers. Among the very foremost leaders of this great movement was the man whose life had been spent in the closet, and the professor's chair. Fichte's system of philosophy may be but a hollow delusion—the life he led was assuredly no vain show, and in these faint-hearted days, when the best endeavours of most of us halt between the services of God and Mammon, when not what is true, but what is reconcileable with worldly expediency, is likely everywhere to find acceptance, there is no more instructive spectacle, than that of a man, living in singleness of heart after his innermost convictions, and pursuing 'what conscience dictates to be done,' through good and evil report.

In the most beautiful district of Upper Lusatia, between the villages of Bischoffswerda and Pulsnitz, near the frontier line separating the territory of Meissnitz from that of Lusatia, lies a little hamlet called Rammenau, which was the birth-place of Johann Gottlieb Fichte. The country around is richly cultivated, intersected by fine wooded hills, watered by limpid brooks, and contains numerous thriving villages, famous thereabouts for industry and good conduct. The inhabitants retained, during the last century, to a remarkable degree, the simplicity of manners characteristic of a former age, having scarcely altered in any particular since the era of the Reformation. Their notions of morals were not obtained from books, but from living and present examples. A man regarded in the neighbourhood as especially pious, or sagacious, was held up as a pattern to his descendants, and his family connexions; the possessors of names thus honoured,

were regarded as advantageous parties for matrimonial alliances. Particular families, it is said, retained, for many generations, the reputation of possessing certain virtues in an eminent degree; and these distinctions, transmitted from one to another, like hereditary jewels, became the more sacred the longer they were preserved. Some races were famous for integrity, others for chastity, others for piety, and, alas! others again for covetousness, or various evil qualities; for all things tend to perpetuate their own likeness. The ancestors of Fichte passed for sturdily upright men, of strong will, whose word was always to be relied on, and their descendant maintained in a higher sphere the honourable characteristics of his race.

A Swedish soldier belonging to the army of Gustavus Adolphus, being wounded in a skirmish that took place in the neighbourhood, was kindly received in the family of one of these country people, a zealous Lutheran, who sheltered his fellow-believer through many vicissitudes of the ever-changing fortune of war. The sons of this honest reformer perished, one after another, in this miserable contest, and the stranger whom he had taken in, remained to become his son-in-law, and the heir of his little farm.

In these striving, unquiet days it is pleasant to linger on these simple annals. The grandfather of Fichte, besides his portion of the garden and field, inherited a loom for the weaving of tape, with which he carried on a little trade in the village and the surrounding country, and he was ambitious enough to send his son to the neighbouring town of Pulsnitz, to obtain a better knowledge of the manufacture, and a more extended sphere for his exertions. Like the Industrious Apprentice, this Christian Fichte, the son, obtained the reward of his skill and fidelity in the hand of his master's daughter; but his prosperity was not, in all respects, equal to that of the celebrated example of 'virtue rewarded,' for the burgher of Pulsnitz regarded this marriage as a *mésalliance*, and though he yielded, at last, to the constancy of the lovers, whose attachment continued through many years of patient waiting, he would not consent to the settlement of the humble pair too near to his civic dignity; and Christian, accordingly, returned to his native village, bringing with him his youthful bride, built with her marriage portion a house, still inhabited by his posterity, and for the remainder of his peaceful life plied the shuttle, the sound of which is probably still heard under the same roof.

There, on the 19th of May, 1762, was born their first son, Johann Gottlieb, and thither at the christening came an aged grand-uncle, renowned for his wisdom and piety, who knelt in prayer beside the cradle, blessed the infant, and foretold that when it

became a man it should make the especial consolation and joy of its parents. Exhausted by his emotion, the patriarch had scarcely strength left to rise and return to his own dwelling which he never left again. His death following immediately after, confirmed the faith generally entertained in the prophetic truth of words thus spoken on the brink of eternity.

The father especially laid them to heart, and refrained in consequence from putting any constraint on the inclinations and employments of Fichte, which he soon perceived to differ from those of other children. The prophecy, therefore, exactly by the faith with which it was received, had undoubtedly great influence on Fichte's subsequent development. The boy is described as quick of comprehension, and ready in reply; but fonder of lonely wandering and reverie, than of the boisterous plays of his companions. The shepherds of the neighbourhood took notice of his remaining for hours in the fields, lost in day-dreams, with his eyes riveted on the distant landscape, or the setting sun. Fichte's first teacher was his father; for Gottlieb's intellectual growth outstripped that of his bodily frame, and he was found capable of receiving instruction, while he was still considered too young and tender to be sent to school.

In the evening, when the daily toil was over, and the work in the garden was also finished, the father heard his little son read, and taught him the pious songs and proverbs which formed his own simple stock of erudition, varying these serious studies with stories of his own early wanderings in Saxony and Franconia, and on the beautiful shores of the Saale. The boy advanced rapidly, for no associations of constraint or disgust mingled with his lessons, and he was soon intrusted with the important office of reading the morning and evening prayer to the family; whilst his father, to whose rustic apprehension the office of the pastor of the village appeared as the highest and holiest dignity, began in secret to nourish ambitious hopes that his gifted son might one day pronounce a blessing on the congregation from the pulpit of his native village.

But the fruits of the tree of knowledge, which 'brought death into the world and all our woe,' were not invariably sweet to Fichte.

The first book which fell into his hands, after the 'Bible' and 'Catechism,' was the renowned history of 'Siegfried the Horned,' and it seized so powerfully on his imagination, that he lost all pleasure in any other employment, became careless and neglectful, and for the first time in his life was punished. Then, in the spirit of the injunction, which tells us to cut off our right hand if it cause us to offend, Fichte resolved to sacrifice the beloved book,

and, taking it in his hand, walked slowly to a stream flowing past the house, with the intention of throwing it in. Long he lingered on the bank, ere he could muster courage for this first self-conquest of his life; but at length, summoning all his resolution, he flung it into the water. His fortitude gave way as he saw the treasure, too dearly loved, floating away for ever, and he burst into a passionate flood of tears. Just at this moment the father arrived on the spot, and the weeping child told what he had done; but either from timidity or incapacity to explain his feelings, was silent as to his true motive. Irritated at this treatment of his present, Fichte's father inflicted upon him an unusually severe punishment, and this occurrence formed a fitting prelude to his after life, in which he was so often misunderstood, and the actions springing from the purest convictions of duty, were exactly those for which he had most to suffer. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the offence to be in some measure forgotten, the father brought home another of these seducing books; but Fichte dreaded being again exposed to the temptation, and begged that it might rather be given to some of the other children.

It was about this time, when the boy was eight years old, that an apparently trivial occurrence, exercised the most important influence on his subsequent life. The clergyman of the village, who had taken a fancy to Gottlieb, and often assisted in his instruction, happened one day to ask him how much he thought he could remember of the sermon of the preceding day. Fichte made the attempt, and to the astonishment of the pastor, succeeded in giving a very tolerable account of the course of argument, as well as of the texts quoted in its illustration. The circumstance was mentioned to the Count von Hoffmansegg, the lord of the village, and when one day another nobleman, the Baron von Mittiz, who was on a visit at the castle, happened to express his regret at having been too late for the sermon on the Sunday morning, he was told, half in jest, that it was of little consequence, for that there was a boy in the village who could repeat it all from memory. Little Gottlieb was sent for, and soon arrived in a clean smock frock and bearing a large nosegay, such as his mother was accustomed to send to the castle occasionally as a token of respect. He answered the first questions put to him with his accustomed quiet simplicity; but when asked to repeat as much as he could recollect of the morning's sermon, his voice and manner became more animated, and, as he proceeded, entirely forgetting the presence of the formidable company, he became so fervid and abundant in his eloquence, that the count thought it necessary to interrupt him, lest the playful tone of the

circle should be destroyed by the serious subjects of the sermon. The young preacher had, however, made some impression on his auditory; the baron made inquiries concerning him, and the clergyman, wishing for nothing more than an opportunity to serve his favourite, gave such an account that the baron determined to undertake the charge of his education, in case he could obtain the consent of his parents. A countryman with a numerous family, it might be thought, would not hesitate much to accept an offer of this kind; but the mother of Fichte was by no means so much dazzled by the proposal, as to overlook the possible effect of such a change on the character of her hitherto pious and innocent child.

In the luxurious household of the baron he would breathe a very different atmosphere from that of his simple and secluded home; and he had better remain uninstructed, than purchase intellectual improvement by the loss of moral purity. The conscientious scruples of this virtuous and single-minded woman, were at length overcome by the joint persuasions of the clergyman, and of the baron, who had also the reputation of being a pious and honourable man. He departed, carrying his *protégé* with him, to his castle of Siebeneichen, in Saxony, near Meissen on the Elbe; and the heart of the poor village boy sank, as he beheld the gloomy grandeur of the baronial hall, and the mountains and dark oak forests by which it was surrounded. His first sorrow, his severest trial, had come in the shape of what a misjudging world might regard as a singular piece of good fortune, and so deep a dejection fell on him, as seriously to endanger his health. His patron here manifested the really kindly spirit by which he had been actuated; he entered into the feelings of the child, and removed him from the lordly mansion to the abode of a country clergyman in the neighbourhood, who was passionately fond of children, and had none of his own. Under the truly paternal care of this excellent man, Fichte passed some of the happiest years of his life, and to its latest day looked back to them with tenderness and gratitude. The affectionate care of this amiable couple, their sharing with him every little domestic pleasure, and treating him in every respect as if he had been, indeed, their son, was always remembered by him with the liveliest sensibility, and certainly exercised a most favourable influence on his character.

In this family, Fichte received his first instruction in the languages of antiquity, in which, however, he was left much to his own efforts, seldom receiving what might be called a regular lesson. This plan, though it undoubtedly invigorated and sharpened his faculties, left him imperfectly acquainted with grammar, and retarded, in some measure, his subsequent progress at Schul-

pforte. His kind preceptor soon perceived the insufficiency of his own attainments for advancing the progress of so promising a pupil, and urged his patron to obtain for Fichte, what appeared to him the advantages of a high school. He was accordingly sent, first to Meissen, and afterwards to the seminary at Schulpforte.

This establishment was the most celebrated of what were called the 'Prince's Schools,' founded in 1543, by the Elector Maurice of Saxony, in the buildings formerly belonging to the monasteries, with whose lands they were richly endowed.

In their internal arrangements these schools retained also much of the conventual character, and the scholar was surrounded at all times by a system of the most rigid and unvarying discipline, admitting neither of change nor relaxation. Teachers and pupils lived together in cells, and the latter were only allowed to quit the walls once a week, in order to visit the appointed playgrounds in the neighbourhood. The system of flogging existed in full force, and with its usual consequences, tyranny on the one side, dissimulation and cunning on the other. Even Fichte, whose native strength of character, in some measure, guarded him from evil influences that might have been fatal to a mind of a feebler order, confesses that his life at Schulpforte was any thing but favourable to his integrity. He found himself gradually reconciled to the necessity of ruling his conduct by the opinion of the little community around him, and compelled to practise occasionally the same artifices as others, if he would not with all his talents and industry be always left behind.

Into this microcosm of contending forces, the boy of thirteen, nurtured amidst lonely mountains and silent forests, now found himself thrown. The monastic gloom of the buildings contrasted at first most painfully with the joyous freedom of fields and woods, where he had been accustomed to wander at will; but still more painfully the solitude of the moral desert. Shy and shrinking within himself he stood, and the tears which furnished only subjects of mockery to his companions were forced back, or taught to flow only in secret. Here, however, he learned the useful lesson of self-reliance, so well, though so bitterly taught, by want of sympathy in those around us, and from this time to the close of his life it was never forgotten. It was natural that the idea of escape should occur to a boy thus circumstanced, but the dread of being retaken and brought back in disgrace to Schulpforte occasioned hesitation. Whilst brooding over this project, it happened that he met with a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and his enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of thirteen, was kindled into a blaze. The desert should be his dwelling-place! On some far-off island of the ocean, beyond the reach of mankind, and of the students of

Schulpforte, he would pass golden days of freedom and happiness. It was a common boyish notion, but the manner in which it was carried into execution, shows traces of the character of the individual. Nothing could have been easier than for him to have taken his departure unperceived, on one of the days when the scholars were allowed to go to the playground; but he scorned to steal away in secret; he would have this step appear as the result of necessity and deliberate determination. He, therefore, made a formal declaration to his superior, a lad who had made a cruel and oppressive use of the brief authority intrusted him, that he would no longer endure the treatment he received, but would leave the place at the first opportunity. As may be supposed, the announcement was received with sneers and laughter, and Fichte now considered himself in all honour free to fulfil his resolution. It was easy to find an opportunity, and accordingly having taken the precaution to study his proposed route on the map, he set off, and trudged on stoutly on the road to Naumburg. As he walked, however, he bethought himself of a saying of his beloved old pastor, that one should never begin an important undertaking without a prayer for divine assistance; he turned, therefore, and kneeling down on a green hillock by the road-side, implored, in the innocent sincerity of his heart, the blessing of Heaven on his wanderings. As he prayed it occurred to the new Robinson that his disappearance must occasion grief to his parents, and his joy in his wild scheme was gone in a moment. 'Never, perhaps, to see his parents again!' This terrible thought suddenly presented itself with such force that he resolved to retrace his steps, and meet all the punishments that might be in store for him, 'that he might look once more on the face of his mother.'

On his return, he met those who had been sent in pursuit of him; for as soon as he had been missed, the 'Obergesell' had given information of what had passed between them. When carried before the rector, Fichte immediately confessed that he had intended to escape, and at the same time related the whole story with such straightforward simplicity and openness, that the rector became interested for him, and not only remitted his punishment, but chose for him, among the elder lads, another master, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and to whom he became warmly attached.

From this time his residence at Schulpforte was not only supportable, but as his active mind became more and more engrossed in intellectual pursuits, even happy. The irregular manner in which he had acquired much of his knowledge, had left him many deficiencies to supply, many a gap to fill up; and when he rose into the upper classes, where a lively spirit of emulation

prevailed, the night as well as the day was often devoted to labour.

The great moral earthquake which, in the latter half of the last century, shook European society to its foundations, made itself felt even in the remote seclusion of Schulpforte; and the contest between the old and new generation, between the governors and the governed, was fought out even on that confined theatre. The teachers attempted to establish a *cordon sanitaire* against the spirit of the time, by rigidly prohibiting all writers of the new school, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe, and all whom they regarded as *Illuminati*. Of course the effect of this prohibition, was that of bestowing an additional charm on books fascinating enough without it, to youths hitherto fed on the hard and meagre diet of school classics; with the windows of his little cell carefully veiled, to hide the glimmer of the lamp, Fichte passed many hours, either alone, or in company with other students, in eagerly devouring their contents.

As Fichte advanced to the years of manhood, his external situation began to wear a less favourable aspect than it had hitherto done. The death of his kind patron, and the inability of his parents to furnish even the humble pittance required to enable him to continue his studies, rendered it necessary for him to look about him for some means of support, and though he had attained the rank of *Candidatus Theologiæ*, there was now little prospect of his ever obtaining the modest dignity of a country clergyman to which he had looked forward. Little record has been left of the hardship and vicissitude of this period. Such occurrences are not uncommon in the lives of German students; but he seems to have brought what Jean Paul calls the 'art of hungering' to a very respectable proficiency. He never participated, in the smallest degree, in any of the foundations for the benefit of poor scholars, and in the year 1788, the continually darkening horizon of his fortunes, seemed to have lowered into their deepest gloom. Every attempt had failed; no prospect of any honourable means of existence appeared open to him, and with his high, perhaps, overstrained notions of independence, he had firmly resolved to perish rather than apply for any other assistance than such as he deemed compatible with it. On the evening before his birth-day, he returned to his sad and desolate abode, believing that it would be his last, and that the world was leagued against him. In this hour of utmost need unexpected help arrived. He received a message from an old acquaintance, desiring to see him immediately, and when, scarcely daring to hope for any good news, Fichte hastened to obey the summons, the unexpected offer of the situation of private tutor in a family

in Switzerland, came to him as 'good tidings of great joy,' for which he could not be sufficiently thankful. In his emotion he confessed to his friend, the state of despair, from which he had just been rescued, and agreed to accept the help kindly offered to enable him to pass the three months that must elapse before he could enter on his appointment. At length the wished-for time arrived, and poor as ever in this world's goods, but rich in health, and youth, and hope, he joyfully set out to travel on foot on his pilgrimage of more than 300 miles. He went by the way of Nuremberg, Ulm, and Lindau, then crossing the magnificent Lake of Constance, he arrived at Zürich, where he was to enter on his new office, in the house of an opulent and distinguished citizen. A curious relation, perhaps, unheard-of under the circumstances, was soon established between the parents of the pupils and the new tutor. Although neither perfectly comprehending, nor, as far as they comprehended, approving his plans, they were unable to resist the influence of Fichte's character, and were induced to submit their own conduct with respect to their children to his direction. He kept a journal, which he laid before them every week, pointing out the faults they had been guilty of during that period; and it affords strong evidence of the respect he must have inspired, that he was allowed to continue this preposterous censorship two years. During these two years, he was occupied, in addition to his educational labours, with various literary undertakings, among which was a treatise on epic poetry, with especial reference to Klopstock's 'Messiah,' then high in fame and fashion, but which he attacked on æsthetic grounds. He also formed a plan for the establishment of an oratorical school, in which the art should be regularly taught; from the simplest exercises in composition and delivery to the highest, and grandest efforts of the art, and he preached several times with very decided approbation, in Zürich and its neighbourhood, where there were many very distinguished pulpit orators. Among these were Lavater, Pfenniger, and other well-known literary persons, with whom he formed acquaintanceships of greater or less intimacy, and here he also became acquainted with a lady, a niece of Klopstock, to whom he appears to have been warmly and devotedly attached, and who afterwards became his wife. With neither party does it appear to have been what is called a first love; but a high authority in such matters, Thomas Moore, has, we believe, long ago decided, that the common notion of these being usually the deepest and the most lasting, must be reckoned among popular fallacies. So much has been said of the sternness and harshness of Fichte's character, that had we more space we might feel tempted to give a glance at its softer side as exhi-

bited in his letters to this lady, especially as they are also remarkable for their tone of devout and manly trust in Providence, manifested at a time when Europe was almost divided with respect to religion into two parties of presumptuous scoffers, or narrow-minded bigots. In these letters, also, we first find him struggling into that maze of difficulties, that 'valley of the shadow of death,' through which all thinkers of his, and many of our own time, seem to have been destined to pass, and from which to him, as to many other of his countrymen, the Kantian philosophy gave the first signal of deliverance.

The tutorship or censorship of which we have spoken, having terminated in mutual dissatisfaction, it became necessary for Fichte to seek for some more secure social position, preparatory to his marriage. With this view, he was now about to leave Switzerland, almost as poor as he had entered it; and the lady, who still possessed from the remainder of her father's fortune something like a moderate competence, ventured on the daring experiment of hinting an offer of pecuniary assistance, to which he thus replies:—

"Your proposal affected me much—not because you wished to rob yourself for my sake, of what perhaps may be to you, as you say, a trifle; many others might have done that, but that knowing as you do something of my pride, the world would call it, you should yet make this proposal with so much simplicity and openness, as if your whole heart told you it was impossible for me to mistake you; that if I would accept such an obligation from no one else on earth, I might yet accept it from you.

"Accept this offer, however, I cannot; not that I should be degraded by any gift from you. A gift of compassion to my necessities I should despise—nay, I fear almost abhor the giver—for this is my weak side—but the gifts of friendship, of true esteem, do honour to the receiver—but indeed I *have no need of this*. I am without money—that is to say, I must not incur any extra expenses—for the very trifling regular outlay which cannot be avoided I have enough. I seldom get into any real difficulty, even when I am quite without money. Providence watches over me I believe. I could name some instances of this which I might be tempted to call droll, but that I cannot avoid seeing in them the hand of the Great Being who does not disdain to provide for our smallest wants. Money, on the whole, is but a useless kind of lumber. With any kind of head one can always provide for one's real wants, and beyond this money can really do little or nothing for us. I have always despised it; but, unfortunately, in this country, a part of the esteem of our fellow-men is bound up with it, and to this I cannot be indifferent. Perhaps, by degrees, I may be able to free myself from this weakness; it is one which does not contribute much to one's tranquillity. * * *

"I come now to the answer to your letter, and especially to the proposal of my going to Bern. In this again I recognise your goodness towards me, and see how much of your dear thoughts are devoted to my concerns. How can I thank you enough? Bern or Copenhagen, Lisbon, Madrid, or St. Petersburg, all are alike to me: I believe that my constitution will stand any climate. But you, dearest, would 'rather have me near?' I am sensible of your kindness. I acknowledge it with the warmest gratitude. But in this matter, though I feel I cannot think with you. Letters come from Copenhagen, for instance, just as safely, and give just as much pleasure as from Bern; and separation is still separation, by whatever distance."

We cannot follow minutely the vicissitudes of the period which still intervened before Fichte was destined to attain the state of social and domestic tranquillity to which he was at this time looking forward. The spring of 1791 had been fixed on as the period of his union, but a sudden stroke of fortune destroyed for a time all these hopes, and threw him back to struggle again with the waves, just as he thought he had reached the shore. The bankruptcy of a house to which the father of his bride had entrusted nearly the whole of his fortune, threatened his old age almost with destitution. A small part of his property was ultimately saved, but for the moment it was necessary to renounce the hopes, which had been partly founded on the moderate possessions of the lady. For himself Fichte would probably soon have recovered his courage, for he often seems to have experienced something of the 'stern joy which warriors feel' in this battle with adversity; but it was a bitter affliction to him to be unable to offer any assistance to his affianced wife. On first leaving Switzerland he went to Leipsig, and was there accidentally led to the acquaintance with the philosophical system of Kant, which formed so important an epoch in his mental culture. In letters to a friend he thus alludes to it:

"I have been living, for the last four or five months in Leipsig, the happiest life I can remember. I came here with my head full of grand projects, which all burst one after another, like so many soap bubbles, without leaving me so much as the froth. At first this troubled me a little, and half in despair, I took a step which I ought to have taken long before. Since I could not alter what was without me, I resolved to try to alter what was within. I threw myself into philosophy—the Kantian videlicet—and here I found the true antidote for all my evils, and joy enough into the bargain. The influence which this philosophy, particularly the ethical part of it (which, however, is unintelligible without a previous study of the 'Kritik der Reinen Vernunft'), has had upon my whole system of thought; the revolution which it has effected in my mind is not to be described. To you especially I owe the declaration that I now believe, with my whole heart, in free will, and

that I see that under this supposition alone can duty, virtue, and morality have any existence. From the opposite proposition of the necessity of all human actions, must flow the most injurious consequences to society; and it may, in fact, be in part the source of the corrupt morals of the higher classes which we hear so much of. Should any one adopting it remain virtuous, we must look for the cause of his purity elsewhere than in the innocuousness of the doctrine. With many it is their want of logical consequence in their actions.

"I am furthermore well convinced, that this life is not the land of enjoyment but of labour and toil, and that every joy is granted to us but to strengthen us for further exertion; that the management of our own fate is by no means required of us, but only self-culture. I trouble myself therefore not at all concerning the things that are without, I endeavour not to appear but to *be*. And to this perhaps I owe the deep tranquillity I enjoy; my external position, however, is well enough suited to such a frame of mind. I am no man's master, and no man's slave. As to prospects I have none at all, for the constitution of the church here does not suit me, nor, to say the truth, that of the people either. As long as I can maintain my present independence I shall certainly do so. I have been for some time working at an explanatory abridgment of Kant's '*Kritik der Urtheilskraft*' (Critical Inquiry into the Faculty of Judgment), but I am afraid I shall be obliged to come before the public in a very immature state, to prevent being forestalled by a hundred vamped up publications. Should the child ever make its appearance I will send it to you. To exhibit the moral principles of Kant in popular lectures with fervour and power so as to reach the general heart, would be perhaps to confer a benefit on the whole world. I should like much to have the merit of such an undertaking, especially as I owe the world some compensation for having contributed my quota to the dissemination of false principles. * * *

"I have been living in a new world since I have read the '*Critical Inquiry*;' principles which I believed to be irrefragable are overthrown; things which I imagined incapable of proof, the ideas of absolute freedom, of duty, and so forth, have been proved to me, and I rejoice inexpressibly at it. It is incredible what esteem for humanity, what power is communicated by this system. But why do I say all this to you, who have so long felt it. What a blessing for an age in which the very foundations of morals have been swept away, and the word *duty* scratched out of every dictionary. Forgive me if I can scarcely persuade myself that any one who exercises his understanding in an independent manner on this system can think differently. I never met with any one who could advance any thing like a solid objection to it. One great cause of what is called its unintelligibility appears to me to lie in the continual digressions and repetitions, which interrupt the chain of reasoning. It would be easier if the volume were but half as thick."

Of his way of life at this period, Fichte gives the following account.

"In order to put you quite at ease with respect to my health, I will

describe to you how I have been living for the last five weeks. I get up at five o'clock, which at first I found rather difficult, for I have always been in the habit hitherto of getting up late. For this very reason, however, I determined to do it. From then till eleven, with the exception of half an hour for dressing, I study. From eleven till twelve, I give a lad a lesson in Greek—an occupation I sought out in order to keep up the habit of communicating to others, as I spend so much time in solitary thought, and to give the lungs their share of work as well as the head. I then spend two hours in walking in a garden near the town, and in dining in rather agreeable company. From two till three I read something of rather a light character, or write letters; then give a lesson on the Kantian philosophy to a student; and then go out, not to walk, but to run, through fields and woods, let the weather be what it may. Indeed I like it all the better if it rains hard, or blows a storm. At six o'clock I return, and except for the brief half hour of twilight (and how that is employed I need not tell you), continue to study till ten. Judge yourself if such a mode of life is very likely to affect my health. On the contrary, I was never so well, and I attribute the favourable change partly to the early rising, and partly to the amount of intellectual exertion. I have not a moment's *ennui* or irritability the whole day. I could often fairly shout in the exuberance of my animal spirits."

In contemplating this picture of the lonely student's life, it is amusing to recollect the complaints often heard in London from the lips of people whose whole occupations might be compressed by moderate industry within less than a couple of hours daily, yet to whose health not only the constant excitement of what is called society, but at least one annual excursion to Switzerland or Italy is found indispensable as a restorative. Verily they have their reward.

We have, however, the testimony of one who has had ample opportunity of testing the soundness of his theory, that such a life may afford even enjoyment little dreamed of in the philosophy of the feeble race of pleasure-seekers, daily on the increase amongst us. 'Aveugle et souffrant' says M. Thierry, in the preface to his 'Etudes Historiques,' 'sans espoir et presque sans relache, je puis rendre ce temoignage, qui de ma part ne sera pas suspect; il y a au monde quelque chose qui vaut mieux que les jouissances materielles, mieux que la fortune, mieux que la santé elle-meme, c'est le devouement à la science.'

The first of Fichte's writings which seems to have attracted much attention, was his 'Kritik aller Offenbarung,' for which, after some of the customary difficulties of young authors, he at length found a publisher. It was to have appeared at Halle, but the Imprimatur was refused by the Censor, on account of a passage in which it is asserted 'that for the proof of the Divinity of a

Revelation, we must consider its own nature, and not the miracles that may have accompanied it,' a proposition that would not now, perhaps, be very vehemently controverted. Fichte stoutly refused to alter a word of the obnoxious sentence, declaring he would rather suffer to lie unprinted a work he had already declared to be very imperfect than rob it by such alterations of its only merit, that of logical sequence. Kant who had, with the advance of years, grown ultra-cautious in touching on subjects connected with religion or politics, offered very precise advice concerning the disguises and limitations that might be adopted, but the difficulty was finally got over by publishing the work in a neighbouring state. Kant stood at this time on the very pinnacle of his fame,* and the book excited a great sensation, as it was thought to bear the most striking resemblance, both in style and thought, to those of the great master. It happened also, by mere accident, that it was published anonymously, and this circumstance could easily be explained, supposing Kant to be the author, by the political and religious position of Prussia; it was at once ascribed to him, in the adulatory language which is not uncommon, as addressed by a certain class of reviewers to the established principalities and powers of the literary world, but which in England would not, we think, be likely to fall to the lot of a philosopher of any rank.

"We hold it our duty," said a Jena periodical, "to announce to the public the existence of a work, in every respect of the highest importance, which has appeared at the present Easter fair, under the title of an 'Attempt towards a Critical Inquiry into all Revelation.' Any one acquainted with but the least of those writings by which the philosopher of Königsberg has earned for himself the everlasting gratitude of the human race, will instantly recognise the illustrious author. No work has for a long while appeared so strikingly adapted to the wants of our time, so completely a word spoken in due season. Now when the various theological parties are at feud with each other, it is well that a '*vir pietate ac meritis gravis*, should step thus between them and point out to each party wherein it is in the wrong. In order to induce the reader to obtain for himself as soon as possible the advantages of this benevolent work, we will lay before him a few extracts in which the traces of the immortal author are *unmistakable*.' "

The 'able editor' concludes by offering his most ardent thanks to the great man 'whose finger is here everywhere visible.'

As Fichte was not the man to seek to profit by playing the 'Great Unknown,' he corrected the mistake as soon as he became

* The extravagant enthusiasm with which this new Evangel was hailed in Germany is scarcely conceivable at the present day, and by English readers. It may be in some measure represented by an expression of Karl Ludwig Fernow, which sounds strangely enough to our ears. He writes, 'God said let there be light, and there was'—the Kantian philosophy!

aware of it, and it is curious to observe how rapidly the thermometer of critical praise sank from its fever heat. The high importance of the work had, however, been too generally recognised to make it possible to dismiss it in a few brief lines, which, as the production of a young and unknown writer, was, perhaps, all that it would have otherwise received. From many quarters men of distinguished rank in philosophy and literature were ready to hold out the right hand of fellowship to their brother in *Kant*. In Jena, public disputations were held, and a war of pamphlets began concerning several of its propositions; and the less agreeable evidences of celebrity, in the shape of vehement and bitter attacks were, of course, not wanting. The brilliant success of Fichte's first work, although principally, was not wholly to be ascribed to its own merits. It was a period of great excitement. A spirit of adventurous daring animated the minds of half Europe, and it was to science—to the ideal world—that men were inclined to look for the amelioration and re-construction of the actual. In Germany, little, perhaps, could be expected for the moment beyond some new birth of science or philosophy, but in France, the whole fabric of society had to be built up anew from the foundation on theoretical principles. Like other men of his time of ardent character and powerful intellect, Fichte could not but look with the deepest interest on these moral and political experiments, although fully sensible of their fearful nature. The experiences of his youth had furnished him with much food for reflection concerning social institutions in Germany, the privileges of birth and position, and the frequent opportunities they afforded of oppression and wrong, to which he afterwards alluded in his writings concerning the French Revolution. A change which began by cutting up the very roots of abuses such as these, could not but be greeted by him with lively hope, and even when reform had degenerated into innovation, and innovation into wildest anarchy, when the bright dawn had become more and more overcast, and the 'young hope of freedom been baptized in blood,' still he lost not heart, but trusted like so many others to see a fair creation arise out of this wide weltering chaos.

Long before the period of the French Revolution, however, and consequently without any reference to it, certain political questions, such as the relations between the governing and the governed parties, and their respective rights had become the subjects of discussion in Germany. With the same freedom the question now arose of the legality of revolution, and with a view to assist in the establishment of its general principles, Fichte published his 'Helps to the Formation of the Public Opinion concerning the French Revolution,' a mere fragment, however, which does not

attempt to apply the theory laid down to the case in point. In this essay it is maintained that there can be no such thing as an unalterable constitution of the state, since no absolutely perfect one can ever be realised. The relatively best must, therefore, always carry within itself the principle of change and amendment. Should it be asked from whom this change must proceed, we must answer, from all who can be supposed to have a share in the social contract; under which latter term need by no means be understood an actual historical fact, but only the idea of the state which must be regarded as the basis of every existing government. In relation to this right, there follows an inquiry concerning privileged classes, especially the nobility and the clergy, whose claims are subjected to a very searching investigation. It was this production, followed by another of similar character: 'A Reclamation of the Right of Freedom of Thought, from the Princes of Europe,' which drew on Fichte the reproach of democracy, notwithstanding his having in his 'Foundations of Natural Law' entered a very strong and decisive protest against such a form of government. 'If you wish to know,' he says in a letter to a friend, 'whether the name of democrat has been justly bestowed on me, turn to my *Grundlage des Naturrechts*,' and you will find that I have demanded a subjection to the law—a supremacy of the law over the actions of citizens, such as no constitution has ever yet attempted to realise. So far am I from preaching anarchy, the complaint against me has been always, that I derogated too much from the freedom of the individual.

The Critical Philosophy, as it was badly named, was, as we have stated, now in its greatest glory, and as Fichte's first appearance was in the character of a disciple of Kant, he was urged by Lavater and other friends to deliver a course of lectures on Kant's system, which led to the production of his 'Theory of Science' (*Wissenschaftslehre*.) In the midst of this congenial occupation he was agreeably surprised towards the end of the year 1793, by an unexpected summons to the philosophical chair at the university of Jena. Although he could not but be gratified by a proposal so honourable, he considered his philosophical views as yet unsettled, and he was by no means anxious to undertake the responsible position of a teacher, for which, above all things, clearness and certainty were required. He, therefore, petitioned for a year's delay, but his scruples were over-ruled; it was urged that the reputation of the university would suffer by leaving the professorship vacant; that he would, in fact, be required to teach very little, and that the greater portion of his time might still be devoted to private study.

The university of Jena was at this time the most celebrated and

frequented in Germany, and students flocked to it not only from all the German countries, but from Switzerland, Denmark, Courland, Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and even from France. To a professor, therefore, who could gain the affection and confidence of his pupils, a very extensive sphere of action was opened. Great expectation had been excited among the students by the appointment of Fichte, not only on account of the high philosophical endowments manifested by his two published works, but because at a moment of great political excitement he had stood forward as a bold and uncompromising advocate of freedom, and the rights of man, of which rights, however, these students had sometimes very peculiar notions. The great hall was found too small for the numerous audience assembled for his first lecture. Not only the floor, but even the tables and the court-yard was thronged with hearers; the celebrated men, of whom the university was then full, received him with open arms; every mark of distinction was showered upon him, and the influence of his energetic character and powerful intellect, soon drew around him, as around a common spiritual centre, the most aspiring and earnest-minded of his contemporaries. Goethe, Jacobi, Schiller, W. von Humboldt, the two Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, and many men of kindred genius, stood in more or less intimate association with him; and if he did not form anything that might be called a school, it was because his efforts, like those of all high teachers, were directed rather towards calling out the native powers and capacities of his disciples than toward producing feeble and barren copies of himself. His own fame may have suffered by this course, but as far as the cause of human culture is concerned, there can be no question that more is effected by the planting of a pregnant truth in one fervent mind, than by the propagation of a whole race—*'a wilderness' of mimics.*

Fichte's idea of his duty, however, was too high to rest contented within the limits of his merely scientific vocation. The moral condition of the students, which, with few exceptions, appeared cruelly neglected, soon occupied his most earnest attention, and as a preparation for its improvement, he sketched his lectures *'Ueber die Bestimmung des Gelehrten,'* in which he attempts to raise to a hitherto unprecedented height of dignity and grandeur their ideas of the position and duties of learned and literary men, as the *'interpreters of the Divine Idea, a perpetual priesthood standing forth as the dispensers and living types of God's everlasting wisdom.'* These lectures were delivered during the first half year of his professorship, and in the succeeding winter he wished to follow up the effect they had produced by the establishment among the students of what he called a *'Society for the Advancement*

of Moral Culture.' It was necessary for the meetings of this Society to choose an hour when no other important lecture should be given, and when all the students would have it in their power to attend. After much consideration it was discovered that no day remained free for this but Sunday, and this was at length fixed upon, after Fichte had ascertained that no law or observance existed at the university with which this arrangement could interfere. For lectures on subjects of this nature the Sunday had often been purposely selected, as for a worthy employment of the day; and the most experienced members of the university, when consulted, declared there could be no possible objection, provided the hour of divine service were not chosen. Care was taken in fixing the hour that it should be one never thus employed, either in the university or in the churches of the town. Yet, after all these precautions, this was the occasion on which Fichte first made the experience, afterwards so familiar to him: 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' He was accused of having attempted by these lectures to undermine the religious institutions of the country, and establish in their stead the *worship of the Goddess of Reason!* The Upper Consistory Court, of which, alas, Herder was a member, although, after a long investigation, they acquitted Fichte of this intention, recommended that an undertaking so *unusual* as these lectures should be abandoned.

In these, and other more successful efforts for reclaiming the half savage tribes of the German students, in the ardent pursuit of philosophical truth, and in the enjoyment of the domestic happiness to which he had so long looked forward, Fichte passed a few sunny years; but, in his own words, 'every joy is granted us only to strengthen us for further toil;' the clouds again began to gather, and at length darkened to a storm, that drove him from his pleasant anchorage. The publication of a treatise in a philosophical journal, 'Ueber die Grunde unsers Glaubens an eine Göttlicher Weltregierung' (On the Foundations of our Belief in a Divine Government of the World), afforded the long wished for opportunity of raising a cry which must necessarily enlist the popular feeling against him. He was accused of Atheism, but, as we have not the work before us, we cannot say with what colour of justice. The passages we have seen might be susceptible of different interpretations, but, as their examination would be rather tedious, and our present object is not to inquire into the merits of this particular production, but into the character of Fichte, we may, perhaps, find another method of enabling our readers to settle for themselves the point 'whether this man was a blasphemer.'

For this purpose we shall give a few passages from a later

work entitled, 'Die Bestimmung des Menschen,' (The Destination of Man), containing a popular exposition of his system, and 'whatever is likely to prove serviceable beyond the limits of the schools, presented in the order in which it would occur to an unsophisticated understanding.' It is divided into three parts, entitled, Doubt, Knowledge, and Faith, and the proposed inquiry is thus commenced:

"Now then, at last, may I hope that I am tolerably well acquainted with the world around me. In the unanimous declaration of my senses, in unflinching experience alone have I placed my trust. What I have beheld I have touched—what I have touched I have analysed. I have repeated my observations again and again. I have compared the various phenomena together; and only when I could perceive their connection, when I could explain and deduce one from the other, and foresee the result, and that the result was such as to justify my calculations, have I been satisfied. Therefore am I now as well assured of the accuracy of this part of my knowledge, as of my own existence. I walk with a firm step on this my world, and would stake welfare and life itself on the infallibility of my convictions. But what then am I, and what then is the aim and end of my being?"

"The question is surely superfluous. It is long since I have been made acquainted with these points, and it would take much time to recapitulate all that I have heard and learned, and believed concerning them. And by what means then have I attained this knowledge, which I have this confused notion of possessing? Have I, urged by a burning desire of truth, toiled on through uncertainty and doubt and contradiction? Have I, when any thing appeared credible, examined, and sifted, and compared, till an inward voice proclaimed irresistibly, and without a possibility of mistake, 'Thus it is, as surely as thou livest.'

"No! I can remember no such state of mind. Those instructions were bestowed on me before I desired them. The answers were given before the questions were proposed. I heard, for I could not avoid doing so, and much of what I heard remained in my memory, but without examination. I allowed every thing to take its place as chance directed. How then could I persuade myself that I really possessed any knowledge on these points? If I can only be said to know that of which I am convinced, which I have myself wrought out, myself experienced, I cannot truly say that I know any thing at all of the end and aim of my existence. I know merely what others profess to know, and all that I can really be assured of is, that I have heard them speak so and so upon these things. . . . It shall be no longer thus. From this moment I will enter on my rights, and on the dignity to which I have a claim. Let all that is foreign to my own mind be at once renounced. I will examine for myself. It may be, that secret wishes concerning the termination of my inquiries—a partial inclination towards certain conclusions will awaken in my heart. I will forget and deny these wishes

and allow them no influence in the direction of my thoughts. I will go to work with scrupulous severity. What I find to be truth shall be welcome to me, let it sound as it may. I will *know*. With the same certainty with which I can calculate that this ground will bear me when I tread on it, that this fire will scorch me if I approach too near it, will I know what I am, and what I shall be—and should this not be possible, thus much at least will I know, that it is not possible. Even to this result will I submit, should it present itself to me as truth."

The inquirer then proceeds to the contemplation of the outward universe, to follow material nature through all her endless transmutations, to trace the series of cause and effect in which all being is bound, and to discover that man himself is but a link in this close and indissoluble chain of rigid necessity, a manifestation of a certain inexplicable *force*; as is the lower animal or plant; a force which in him as in them develops itself within certain limitations. To escape from the terrible consequences of such a conclusion, the inquiry is begun anew from a different point; not what the world is in itself, but how we perceive it, being this time the object of search. It terminates, as such an inquiry must, in the conviction that we really perceive nothing more than the various affections and modifications of our own conscious being. This part of the work is carried on in an imaginary dialogue, between the seeker and a spirit of a higher order.

" 'And with this insight, mortal, be for ever free from the fear which has been to thee a source of torment and humiliation. Tremble no longer at a necessity which exists only in thine own thought; fear no longer to find thyself the thinking being placed in one class with that which is, in fact, the product of thine own thought. So long as thou couldst believe that a system of things, such as thou hast described, really existed, out of and *independently* of thyself; and that thou wast but a link in the great chain, such a fear might be well grounded. Now that thou hast seen that all this exists in thee and through thee, thou wilt doubtless no longer fear that which is but the creature of thine own mind. From this fear I came to free thee. I leave thee now to thyself.'

" 'Stay, false spirit! Is this the wisdom thou hast promised me? Thou hast freed me, indeed, from all dependence, by transforming me, and all that surrounds me, into a phantom—into nothing! Thou hast loosened the bonds of necessity, by annihilating all existence.'

" 'Is the danger so great?'

" 'And thou canst jest! According to thy system'—

" 'My system! We have toiled together in its production.'

" 'Call it by what name thou wilt, our inquiries have ended in blank nothingness. I might endure to see this material world without me vanish into a mere picture, dissolve into a shadow, but my own personal existence vanishes with it. It becomes a mere series of sensations and thoughts,

without end or aim. * * * I have been compelled to admit that what I call red, smooth, hard, and so on, is nothing more than an affection of my own organs ; that it is only by an act of my own thought that they are placed in space, and regarded as properties of things existing independently of me. I shall, therefore, be compelled to admit, that this corporeal frame, with its organs of sense, is but a sensualization of my inward thinking power, and that I, the spiritual pure intelligence, and I, the corporeal frame in the corporeal world, are one and the same, merely viewed from different points, and conceived by different faculties.

* * * All that I know is my consciousness ; all consciousness is either immediate or mediate ; the first is self-consciousness ; the second, consciousness of that which is *not* myself. What I call *I* is, therefore, absolutely nothing more than a certain modification of consciousness, immediate, and reflecting on itself, instead of being directed outwards. Since this is the necessary condition of all consciousness, it must, whether observed or not, accompany all other, and therefore do I refer all thought to this *I*, and not to the thing out of me. Otherwise, the *I* would, at every moment, vanish, and, for every new conception, a new *I* would arise, and *I* would never mean any thing more than—*not the thing*. These scattered phenomena of consciousness are combined, by thought alone, into the unity of a supposed *power* of thought. All conceptions, of which I am immediately conscious, are then referred by me to this supposed *power*, and thus arises for me the idea of personality—necessarily a mere fiction. * * * There is nothing enduring, permanent, either in me or out of me, nothing but everlasting change. I know of no existence, not even of my own. I know nothing, and am nothing. Images—pictures only have real existence—shadows which wander past, without any thing existing past which they wander, without any corresponding reality which they might represent, without significance, and without aim. All Reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a world of which the dream might be.

“ ‘Thou hast well understood all. Use the sharpest words thou canst find to render the result hateful, it is nevertheless unavoidable,—unless thou wilt, perhaps, retract the admission thou hast made.’

“ ‘By no means. I have seen, and now see clearly, that it is so. Yet—I cannot believe it.’

“ ‘Thou seest it clearly, yet canst not believe it. That is strange.’

“ ‘Ruthless, mocking spirit. I owe thee no thanks, for having guided me on this path.’

“ ‘Short-sighted mortal. Didst thou suppose that these results were less evident to me than to thyself, and that I did not beforehand clearly see, how by these principles all reality was annihilated, all existence transformed into a dream? Hast thou taken me for an admirer of this system, or supposed that I regarded it as a complete system of the human mind ! Thou hast sought to *know*, and thou hast chosen the wrong path. Thou hast sought knowledge of that to which no knowledge can reach. * * * The reality in which thou hast formerly believed, the sensuous, material world of which thou hast feared to be the slave, has

vanished, for the world of sense exists for thee only through thine own knowledge of it, and is itself thy knowledge. Thou hast seen the delusion, and without denying thy better insight, thou canst never again be deceived by it. This is the sole merit of the system at which we have toiled together; it destroys and annihilates error. It can give no truth, for it is absolutely empty. Thou seekest something real and permanent lying beyond these mere appearances, a different kind of reality from that which has been even now annihilated. But in vain dost thou seek to grasp this as an object of knowledge. Hast thou no other organ whereby to apprehend it? Thou hast such an organ. Let it be thy care to awaken and vivify it."

This organ is Faith, or the intuitive belief, in which the most sceptical is content to rest, with respect to his own existence, and to which, after having pushed speculation as far as it will go, we must, according to Fichte, return ultimately for all the sublimest objects of interest. Although the Ideal system has always been, to the mass of mankind, a stumbling-block, a ludicrous absurdity, it does not need any very profound inquiry to see, that as far as mere reasoning goes, such an assertion is absolutely irrefragable. Whatever appearance of inconsequence, therefore, there may be in such a step as is here taken, if we admit the impossibility of *proving* the existence of a material world, it does not appear that there is any other way of avoiding it.

"I have found the organ by which to apprehend all reality. It is not the understanding, for all knowledge supposes some higher knowledge on which it rests, and of this ascent there is no end. It is Faith, that voluntarily reposing on views naturally presenting themselves to us, because through these views alone we can fulfil our destiny, which sees our knowledge, and pronounces that 'it is good,' and raises it to certainty and conviction. It is no knowledge, but a resolution of the will to admit this knowledge. This is no mere verbal distinction, but a true and deep one, pregnant with the most important consequences. Let me for ever hold fast by it. All my conviction is but faith, and it proceeds from the will and not from the understanding; from will also, and not from the understanding must all true culture proceed. Let the first only be firmly directed towards the Good, the latter will of itself apprehend the True. Should the latter be exercised and developed, while the former remains neglected, nothing can come of it but a facility in vain and endless sophistical subtleties refining away into the absolutely void inane. I know that every seeming truth, born of thought alone, and not ultimately resting on faith, is false and spurious, for knowledge, purely and simply such, when carried to its utmost consequences, leads to the conviction that we can know nothing! Such knowledge never finds any thing in the conclusions, which it has not previously placed in the premises by faith, and even then its conclusions are not always correct. * * * Every human creature born into the world has uncon-

sciously seized on the reality which exists for him alone through this intuitive faith. If in mere knowledge, in mere perception, and reflection—we can discover no ground for regarding our mental presentations as more than mere pictures, why do we all nevertheless regard them as more, and imagine for them a basis, a *substratum* independent of all modifications? If we all possess the capacity and the instinct to go beyond this natural view of things, why do so few of us follow this instinct, or exercise this capacity, nay, why do we even resist with a sort of bitterness when we are urged towards this path? What holds us imprisoned in these natural boundaries? Not inferences of our reason, for there are none which could do this. It is our deep interest in reality that does this—in the good that we are to produce—in the common and the sensuous that we are to enjoy. From this interest, can no one who lives detach himself, and just as little from the faith which forces itself upon him simultaneously with his existence. We are all born in faith, and he who is blind, follows blindly the irresistible attraction. He who sees, follows by sight, and believes because he will believe.”

We cannot deny that there is, to us, some appearance of this being, as far as philosophy is concerned, a suicidal conclusion; but our present business is not so much to inquire into the validity of Fichte's system, for which the pages of a review afford no place, as to refute the charge of atheism with which he was assailed during his life, and which still rests as a stain upon his memory. For those who may entertain any doubts upon the subject, we may refer, for their triumphant refutation, to the concluding portion of this work, containing a brief summary of his views of nature, of the world, of God, and the future life. First, with respect to the earthly destinies of the human race.

“Not for its own sake, but for the sake of what it prepares us for, can I support this world, esteem it, and joyfully perform my part in it. My mind can take no hold upon it, but my whole nature rushes onward, with irresistible force, towards a future and better state of being. Shall I eat and drink only that I may hunger and thirst, and eat and drink again, till the grave, which yawns beneath my feet, shall swallow me up? Shall I beget other beings in my likeness, that they, too, may eat, and drink, and die, and leave behind them others to do the like? To what purpose this perpetually revolving circle, this everlasting repetition, in which things are produced only to perish, and perish only to be again produced?—this monster continually swallowing itself up, that it may again bring itself forth, and bringing itself forth only that it may again swallow itself up? Never! never can this be my destiny, or that of the world. Something that is to endure must be brought forth in all these changes of what is transitory and perishable—something which may be carried forward safe and inviolate upon the waves of time.

“Our race is still struggling, for its subsistence and preservation, with

a resisting nature. Still is the larger portion of mankind condemned to severe toil, merely to procure nourishment for itself, and for the smaller portion with whom the mental culture of the race is deposited; immortal spirits are forced to fix their whole thoughts and endeavours on the ground that brings forth their food. Often does it happen, that when the toil is finished, and the labourer promises himself its long lasting fruits, a hostile element destroys, in a moment, the results of long-continued industry, and patient deliberation. Storms, floods, volcanoes, desolate whole districts, and works, bearing the impress of a rational soul, are hurled with their authors into the wild chaos of death and destruction. Thus is it now, but thus it shall not be for ever. These outbreaks of the powers of nature, before which the strength of man sinks to nothing, can be nothing more than the last struggles of the crude mass against the subjection to regular, progressive laws to which it is compelled—the last strokes of the not yet complete formation of our globe. Nature must gradually attain such a point of development, that her proceedings can be securely counted upon; and that her power shall bear a determinate proportion to that which is destined to control it—that of man. Science, first awakened by necessity, shall calmly study the unchangeable laws of nature, and calculate their possible consequences; and, while closely following her footsteps in the actual world, form for itself a new ideal one. Every new discovery shall be retained, and be added to an accumulating stock—the common possession of our race. Light shall be thrown on the profoundest mysteries of nature, and human power, armed by human invention, shall exercise over her a boundless control. * * * Not from natural causes, however, but from freedom itself, have the greatest and most terrible disorders arisen. Man is the cruellest enemy of man. Lawless hordes of savages still wander over vast wildernesses, where man meets his fellow as a foe, or, perhaps, triumphs in devouring him for food. When civilisation has succeeded in uniting these wild hordes, and subjecting them to social laws, they attack each other as nations, with all the power law and union have given them. Defying toil, and danger, and privation, armies penetrate forests, and cross wide plains, till they meet each other, and the sight of their brethren is a signal for mutual murder. Armed with the most splendid inventions of human ingenuity, hostile fleets traverse the ocean, through waves and storms man rushes to meet man, upon the lonely inhospitable sea, to destroy, each the other with his own hand, amidst the raging of the elements. In the interior of states, where men seem united in equality under the dominion of law and justice, it is for the most part only force or fraud that rules under these venerated names. Thus is it now, but thus shall it not be for ever! Those savage hordes are destined to become the progenitors of generations of powerful civilised and virtuous men, although they must, no doubt, first pass through the perils of a merely sensual civilisation with which European society is still struggling; but they must, nevertheless, finally be brought into association with the great whole of humanity, and be enabled to take part in its fur-

ther progress. It is the destiny of our race to become united into one great body, thoroughly connected in all its parts, and possessed of similar culture. Nature, and even the passions and vices of men, have, from the beginning, tended towards this end. A great part of the way towards it, is already passed, and we may surely calculate that in time it will be reached. Let us not ask of history whether man on the whole be yet become more purely moral. To a more extended, comprehensive power, he has already attained, although as yet this power has been too often—perhaps necessarily, misapplied. Neither let us ask whether the intellectual, and æsthetic culture of the antique world, being concentrated on a few points, may not in *degree* have excelled that of modern days. But, let us ask, at what period the existing culture has been most widely diffused, and we shall, doubtless, find that one individual after another, one nation after another has been illuminated, and that the light is spreading further and further under our own eyes. This is the first station point of humanity on its endless path. Until this has been attained, until the existing culture of every age has been diffused over the whole inhabited earth, and every people be capable of the most unlimited communication with the rest, must one nation after another, one continent after another, be arrested in its course, and sacrifice to the great whole of which it is a member, its stationary, or retrogressive age. When that first point shall have been attained, when thought and discovery shall fly from one end of the earth to the other, and become the property of all, then, without further interruption, halt or regress, our race shall move onward with united strength and equal step to a perfection of culture for which thought and language fail."

The question then arises—Supposing this the true end of the earthly existence of the species, what is that of the individual, and to what end have all preceding generations existed? Again, if not merely the virtues, but the most despicable passions and vices of mankind, seem to work together for good, to be moulded by an overruling Providence to its own high purposes, and that the most virtuous intentions often prove entirely fruitless, nay, sometimes seem to retard the end in view, would it not be the part of wisdom to trouble ourselves little about that good cause which we so little know how to forward, and calmly live as our inclinations may lead us, leaving to that mysterious power to employ as it pleases whatever material we may furnish?

"Had it been the whole purpose of our existence here to produce any earthly condition of humanity, the thing required would have been some infallible mechanism, by which our actions might have been invariably determined; we need have been no more than wheels fitted to such a machine. Free agency would be not merely useless, but positively injurious, and our good intentions, our virtuous will, entirely superfluous. The world would seem to be in such a case most

ill regulated, and the purposes of its existence to be attained by the most wasteful and circuitous methods. Had the Divine Author of it, instead of bestowing on us this freedom, so hard to be reconciled with the other parts of his plan, chosen rather to compel us to act in the manner most conformable to them, these ends might have been attained by a shorter method, as the humblest of the dwellers in this, his world, can see. But I am free, and therefore such a plan as would render freedom superfluous and purposeless, cannot include my whole destination. I am free; and it is not merely my action, but the free determination of my will, to obey the voice of conscience, that decides all my worth. More brightly now does the everlasting world rise before me; and the fundamental laws of its order are more clearly revealed to my mental sight. My *will alone*, lying hid in the obscure depths of my soul, is the first link in a chain of consequences stretching through the invisible realms of spirit, as in this terrestrial world, the action itself, a certain movement communicated to matter, is the first link in a material chain of cause and effect, encircling the whole system. The will is the efficient cause, the living principle of the world of spirit, as motion is of the world of sense. I stand between two worlds, the one visible, in which the act alone avails, and the intention matters not at all; the other invisible and incomprehensible, acted on only by the will. In both these worlds I am an effective force. The Divine life, as alone the finite mind can conceive it, is self-forming, self-representing will, clothed to the mortal eye with multitudinous sensuous forms, flowing through me and through the whole immeasurable universe, here streaming through my veins and muscles—there, pouring its abundance into the tree, the flower, the grass. The dead, heavy mass of inert matter, which did but fill up nature, has disappeared, and, in its stead, there rushes by the bright, everlasting flood of life and power, from its Infinite Source.

“The eternal will is the Creator of the world, as he is the Creator of the finite reason. Those who will insist that the world must have been created out of a mass of inert matter, which must always remain inert and lifeless, like a vessel made by human hands, know neither the world nor Him. The Infinite Reason alone exists in himself—the finite in him; in our minds alone has he created a world, or at least that, by and through which it becomes unfolded to us. In his light we behold the light, and all that it reveals. Great, living Will! whom no words can name, and no conception embrace; well may I lift my thoughts to thee, for I can think only in thee. In thee, the Incomprehensible, does my own existence, and that of the world, become comprehensible to me; all the problems of being are solved, and the most perfect harmony reigns. I veil my face before thee, and lay my finger on my lips.”

Many more noble and beautiful passages of a similar tendency might be quoted, and it is worthy of remark that the work from

which they are taken is the production of maturer years, and of more tranquil leisure, than those on which the accusations against him were grounded. It was undoubtedly his misfortune that in his position he had to lay before the public eye at every step the results of his investigations. He is described as visibly digging and toiling in the lecture-room to reach the truth, and bringing up in huge masses the rough ore containing the precious metal, but he was never found attempting to pass off a base coinage in its stead. To many people the opportunity was most welcome of raising a cry against a man who had become obnoxious by his political opinions, and there is little doubt that had Fichte been willing to temporise in the smallest degree, he might have retained his position at the university. Not only did he refuse to retract 'one jot, or one tittle' from what he believed to be the truth, but in the battle that ensued he did not always confine himself to merely defensive operations, but proceeded in his usual vigorous style to show that in reality his adversaries were far more liable to the charge. After tendering his resignation, which was accepted, he found an asylum in the Prussian States, and some time after was again appointed Professor of Philosophy, at Erlangen, with permission to pass the winter at Berlin.

Towards the commencement of the year 1812, it became evident that Europe was preparing for a last and decisive struggle. Prussia had hitherto remained almost alone as the centre of opposition to a power which had begun to render every thing in Germany subservient to its convenience, and to which the teachers and the universities of Prussia were especially hateful. The name of Fichte had already been registered in France as that of one of the most dangerous instigators of hostility against her; and considering the violence of Napoleon's proceedings, it appeared not unlikely that a mere suspicion might expose him to danger. On the advance of the French towards Russia, he received a significant hint from a friend in France that it would be prudent for him to withdraw. His reply was that his duty commanded him to continue in the exercise of his vocation as a teacher; that his life belonged to science and his country, neither of which could possibly be benefited by his flight, but might be by his remaining at his post. Circumstances, however, now soon began to wear a more favourable aspect for Prussia. The French army passed through Berlin as allies, and Fichte, unmolested, continued his usual course of life. He followed with the deepest attention every event of the war, often declaring his conviction, that should Russia be able to surmount the first inevitable reverses, the attack would certainly fail. On the 25th of January, 1813—

the first day of the new epoch for Germany, the King of Prussia suddenly removed the court to Breslau, and thence was soon heard the animating summons to the youth of Prussia, to arise for the protection of their country. Not a word was added to explain the meaning further, but it was understood by all with the rapidity of lightning. Fichte immediately despatched one of his most trusted pupils to Breslau, with letters, in order to learn more exactly the intentions of the government, and finding there was no reason to doubt that they amounted to an open declaration of war with France, he took his resolution to devote himself wholly to the service of his country in this, her last struggle, for freedom and national independence. His pupils, who had awaited his decision, were now dismissed with an address—a passage from which may serve to explain his views at this crisis.

“ ‘ In such a position (that is, when subject to foreign oppression), what course ought the friends of spiritual culture to pursue? I have already declared to you my conviction, that so long as the state, the holder of the material forces, quietly submits, individuals can do no more, than cultivate with all diligence their own minds and those of others. You form an extremely unimportant part of the physical power of the state, but you are all possessed of moral power, more or less developed, and in you is deposited the pledge of future amelioration. In such a case, as I have mentioned, you are therefore bound to maintain peace, and also—what is your best protection—your insignificance—and to make no attempt to draw on yourselves public attention. We have an illustrious example of the conduct to be observed in such circumstances, in those who have bequeathed to us the highest culture of our race, in the early Christians. If, however, this position of affairs should undergo a change, and the state appear no longer willing to endure the subjection of all its powers to foreign purposes, what could and what should the friends of spiritual culture do in such a case? They have a deep concern in such a struggle, whether they perceive it or not. It cannot be but that by the enfranchisement of the mind, if we will but calmly abide our time, the new constitution of the world will be materially influenced. Society shall be purified from the disgrace of the oppression under which it has languished, and which has fallen also, though undeservedly, on those who have endured the yoke from higher motives. Did they not now exert themselves to the utmost, to burst these fetters, it might be thought that pusillanimity, and not lofty conviction, had occasioned their submission. The amount of force necessary for resistance, can be judged of only by those who have originated the movement, and are called upon to direct it. Should they claim such as in ordinary cases is not destined to these purposes, we must have so much confidence in our rulers, as to believe it to be required. And, should these efforts not have a fortunate result, who would willingly endure the thought that his backward-

ness might, by the force of example, have contributed to such a failure? The belief that his individual power could do little in such a contest, would bring no comfort. The amount of our individual power also is by no means the measure of our capability of service. All that is required is, that every one, setting aside all private and distant aims, should, in this great and decisive moment, devote himself wholly to whatever may appear most likely to promote the grand object in view."

The part he was himself to take in the momentous struggle now approaching, so as to render most effectual service to his country, was with Fichte a subject of deep and anxious deliberation, and many passages in his journal show the scrupulous impartiality with which he sought to free himself from the fetters of personal feeling and inclination, and to obey implicitly the voice of duty. The active duties of a soldier, which he was about to take on himself, he would not allow to supersede what he regarded as his especial vocation, that of pursuing his investigations in the highest regions of philosophy, and endeavouring to kindle, by the fire of the living Word, a more earnest and a holier spirit in those who were to share in the great movement. If he could obtain leave to preach to the regiment to which he belonged, it appeared to him that he would have a more effectual method of reaching the hearts of his comrades, than that of merely addressing them through the press, although he might do both.

In the proposal to this end which he made to the authorities, he stated that his object was to preach pure Bible Christianity, and by no means to adopt a text of Scripture merely as a motto, to which to append a moral philosophical treatise, although he might attempt to show a deeper meaning in some passages than had hitherto been affixed to them. He stated that it was not his purpose to interfere in any way with the already appointed ministers of religion, but merely to be allowed to address a circle of cultivated hearers; if possible, the volunteers of the guard, the greater part of whom were students.

The permission was refused. A man of so deep and thorough sincerity as Fichte, was perhaps regarded by the government as a sort of two-edged sword, with which it was dangerous to meddle. In the latter days of February of this year Berlin was occupied by a feeble division of the French army, which, by many arrangements made, appeared inclined to make a longer stay than had been expected. The inhabitants, however, were aware of the advance of the Russians; and a few cossacks galloping into the town, caused the greatest excitement, and threw every thing into confusion. Cannons were spiked, ammunition

waggons thrown into the river, and, if any thing like unity of purpose had prevailed, the French would probably have been destroyed—though to little purpose. But a leader was soon found to concentrate these disorderly efforts on one object; a man who, to much patriotic feeling and boldness of character, united the advantage of very extensive connexions among the young men, who were all burning with desire to manifest their zeal in the cause of their country, and their hatred of its oppressors. Among these a plan was formed of suddenly attacking the French garrison by night, in the houses where they were quartered, and of setting fire to their magazines. As the proceedings of the government had been thought too slow, it was perhaps imagined that so decisive an act might communicate to it the desirable impulse, and carry it forward in spite of itself. Every thing had been arranged, and the execution of the plot fixed on for the following night, when one of the young men who had taken part in it, began to be disturbed by painful misgivings concerning the character of the act he was about to commit. That the object in view was a right and lawful one he did not doubt; and his subsequent conduct proved it was not from the danger of the enterprise he shrank. Yet the means to be employed bore so fearful a resemblance to those of the assassin and the murderer, that he turned from them with instinctive horror, and on the very morning of the appointed day, determined to lay his scruples before his revered master, Fichte, and abide by his decision. At an early hour he hastened to him, and first inquired, in general terms, how far morality and religion would sanction any attempt against an enemy. The penetration of Fichte soon discovered the cause of his pupil's agitation, and, horror-struck at so needless and useless a crime, he convinced the young man of the foolish and reprehensible character of the undertaking in which he had been engaged, and immediately hastened to the chief of the police to put him on his guard. It was resolved quietly to get rid of the chief conspirators, by finding them employment at a distance, and thus reserve their courage and patriotism for a worthier purpose. It appeared afterwards, that had this thoughtless project not been thus fortunately frustrated, it would have been immediately and severely punished, for the corps of the Vice-King of Italy, then lying on the Oder, might have thrown itself on Berlin, and taken a terrible revenge for the slaughter of its comrades. It is, therefore, not unlikely, that to the influence of Fichte over his pupils, may be attributed the preservation of the capital of Prussia from the swift destruction that might have fallen upon it.

Hostilities were now openly commenced; and although the victories of Grossbeer and Dennewitz averted the threatened danger of Berlin, its nearness to the scene of action, and the many sanguinary conflicts that took place, filled the hospitals with the sick and wounded; and at length, the public institutions becoming entirely unequal to the demands made upon them, the authorities, through the public journals, called on the inhabitants to come to their assistance with extraordinary contributions, and the women to take charge of the sick. Among the foremost of those who devoted themselves to this noble and Christian duty, was the wife of Fichte, who, with the full consent and approbation of her husband, engaged heart and soul in this sacred vocation. She devoted her days to the distribution of clothes, food, and medicine, and to pious cares around the beds of the unknown sick and dying; and after she returned late on a winter's evening to her home, often again went out to collect contributions from her friends and acquaintances.

After about five months uninterrupted exertions of this kind in the hospitals, she began, however, to feel alarming symptoms of illness, and in January, 1814, was attacked by a violent nervous fever, which had prevailed among the wounded. It soon attained such a height, as to leave scarce a hope of recovery; and on the very day when she was in the greatest peril, Fichte, who had been engaged in close and anxious attendance upon her during her illness, was compelled to leave her, to deliver the first of a course of philosophical lectures, which he had now recommenced. With wonderful self-command, he continued to speak for two hours on the most abstract subjects, scarcely hoping to find, on his return, his beloved companion still alive. This was, however, the crisis of her illness; and those who witnessed the transports of joy and gratitude with which he hailed the symptoms of recovery, were able to estimate the power of self-control he had exercised. It was, probably, at that moment, that innocently and unconsciously she communicated to him the fatal infection. On the following day, the commencement of a serious indisposition was evident, but Fichte could not be induced to relax any of his customary exertions. The continued sleeplessness, however, soon produced its usual effect on his mental faculties, and in the course of fourteen days the attack terminated fatally. His death was worthy of his life, for he fell a sacrifice to conjugal affection and Christian duty. 'Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.'

The subordinate and fragmentary character of this earthly existence is never more impressively taught than in such deaths

as these. It was in a moment of the highest activity and usefulness, when, as he repeatedly declared to his son, he had reached a central point in his inquiries, and all things appeared to him in a grander and more comprehensive light, when he had found a new method for the presentation of his doctrine, and 'could render it so clear that a child might comprehend it,' when all outward obstacles seemed overcome and a life of honour and happiness lay before him, at this moment he was suddenly summoned—as we call our children from their play when business of higher moment intervenes. The brightest, the noblest, the loveliest lives are most frequently thus cut off. The thread is snapped, and we grope in vain in the entangled web to discover the fair figures which lie on the other side. Clearer and purer than ever runs the vein of precious metal, when suddenly we come to a *fault*—it breaks off abruptly, and we must seek elsewhere for its continuation. In his own words—

"All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life. We mourn for those lost to us, as in the dark realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man is born into the world, but above there is rejoicing, as we receive with joy and welcome those born to us."

It would answer little purpose to attempt to sum up in a few words the character of Fichte, or the doctrine which he taught, of which his life was the purest embodiment. Both in theory and practice he was unwearied in his endeavours to oppose the spirit of selfishness prevalent at the time, to exalt the spiritual above the material and sensual, to awaken a spirit of purity and self-denial, and to represent the inward as the only true life, and all others as merely apparent. Those who are inclined to condemn such speculations as he was engaged in as a jargon of idle words and vain philosophy, may recollect that all those, in all ages, whose principle it has been 'to die to the world and to be born again,' the philanthropists who, contemning all sensual enjoyment, have lived only for the good of their fellow-men, the heroes who have counted life as nothing in comparison with honour, the holy martyrs by whom the sufferings of the mortal frame were unfelt while the glories of Heaven were revealed to their mental sight,—all these, like Fichte, were *Transcendental Idealists*.

- ART. VII.—1. *Le Cymbalum Mundi et autres Œuvres de Bonaventure des Periers*. Par PAUL L. JACOB, Bibliophile. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Gosselin.
2. *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. Par LE ROUX DE LINCY. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Paulin.
3. *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, par BÉROALDE DE VERVILLE. Par PAUL L. JACOB, Bibliophile. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Gosselin.
4. *Les Contes, ou, Les Nouvelles Récréations et Joyeux Devis, de Bonaventure des Periers*. Par CHARLES NODIER. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Gosselin.
5. *Œuvres de F. Rabelais*. Par L. JACOB, Bibliophile. 12mo. Paris. 1842. Charpentier.
6. *Propos Rustiques, Baliverneries, Contes, et Discours d'Eutrapel*, par NOEL DU FAIL. Par J. MARIE GUICHARD. 12mo. Paris. 1842. Gosselin.
7. *Joyeusetez, Facéties, et Folâtres Imaginations de Caresme-Prenant, Gauthier Garguille, Guillot Gouju, &c.* 22 vols. 16mo. Paris. 1829—18....Techener. (Still in course of publication.)

THERE is no instrument of attack to which mankind is more universally sensible than ridicule. Every body has a perception of what is droll and ludicrous. A taste for the humorous is in a great degree independent of national difference, of caste or rank, or even of education and refinement. It is often found in the greatest perfection among the lower orders of society. Hence the history of comic literature is not one of progressive improvement. But this branch of literature, more than any other, is affected and modified by the political circumstances of the age, or by the peculiar character of the people. It prevails least among tribes in a wild and unsocial state of life, as among wandering savages, or with the modern Oriental, who, in his closed serail, seeks for amusement that will flatter or excite his passions. There are people of that gloomy character who never laugh. On the other hand, it finds the greatest encouragement amid the turbulence of moral or political revolution. Hence the history of this class of literature has a peculiar interest, not shared in an equal degree by any other class.

The materials for the history of comic and burlesque literature among the ancients are incomplete, for we know little of such productions as those of the Atellane and Fescennine muses, and of many other classes of popular compositions which were in vogue among the Greeks and Romans. We know still less of the history of this branch of literature among the Germanic tribes for ages after

their settlement in the imperial provinces, but the earlier mediæval compositions of this description appear in general to have been imitations of Roman models. The wit or ingenuity of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers was chiefly exerted in playing upon words, one of the worst blemishes of mediæval taste; and their literary amusement seems to have consisted principally in guessing at the meaning of riddles, of which a great variety are still preserved. Puns and riddles are indeed, as far as we know, the only comic forms to be discovered in the Anglo-Saxon writers. It is not until after the entrance of the Normans that we find any traces in England of what is properly termed satire. In the life of the Saxon Herward, we see the Norman knights in their baronial hall listening to their jongleur or minstrel, while he turned to ridicule, by his coarse and indecent satire and his comic gestures, the manners of the people whom they had dispossessed of their lands.*

From this time forward we have abundant proof of the prevalence and increasing popularity of compositions of a satirical character, which were nourished into vigour by the violent struggle between the ecclesiastical and secular powers, in which the latter laid bare with unsparing knife the wickedness of the Romish system in all its workings. A Latin rhymist of the tenth century did not scruple to turn into ridicule the popish purgatory legends, in a burlesque narrative of a man who had been in Paradise, and had seen John the Baptist acting as butler, and his namesake, the Evangelist, performing the part of cup-bearer, while St. Peter held the office of master of the cooks. Another Latin poet, of the earlier part of the twelfth century, boldly charges Rome with worshipping silver like the pagans of old, and with devouring, in her insatiate greediness, the riches of every country which acknowledged the supremacy of the papal see—

“ Gens Romanorum subdola antiqua colit idola.

* * *

Ornatas vestes Græciæ, ebur cum gemmis Indiæ,
Deliciosa Franciæ, argentum, aurum Angliæ,
Lac et butyrum Flandriæ, mulas, mulos Burgundiæ,
Roma deglutit penitus, digna perire funditus.”

After boasting at length of its all-powerful influence, and the mode in which that influence was exerted, the papal see is made to sum up its actions—

“ Quæcunque volo facio; ego nuptas decipio;
Ego corrumpo virgines; edomo cunctos homines.”

Such satires as these, it must be remarked, came from the pen of ecclesiastics, who scorned to imitate the larger body of their

* ‘De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis,’ c. 14, in the ‘Chroniques Anglo-Normandes,’ vol. ii., p. 41.

brethren in pandering to the support of a system of which the vice was apparent to every one. Some of the adventurous satirists of this early age are guilty of parodying scriptural language in a manner which, not many years ago, might have subjected them to a criminal prosecution. We give a translation of one of the shortest and least objectionable of these, as a curious picture of the scandalous venality of the court of Rome in the twelfth century, at which period it was written. It was a famous joke among the satirical reformers of that age, that the pope had mistaken Mark, the evangelist, for a mark of money:—

“ The beginning of the holy gospel according to a mark of silver.

“ In that time the pope said to the Romans, ‘ When the son of man shall come to the seat of our majesty, first say to him, ‘ Friend, for what comest thou?’ And if he shall continue knocking, without giving you any thing, cast him out into utter darkness.’ And it came to pass that a certain poor clerk came to the court of our lord the pope, and cried out saying, ‘ Have pity on me, you, gate-keepers of the pope, for the hand of poverty hath touched me, and I am poor and needy, therefore I pray that you will relieve me in my misfortune and wretchedness.’ But they, hearing this, were very indignant, and said, ‘ Friend, thy poverty be with thee in perdition ; go behind, Sathanas, for thou art not wise in the wisdom of money. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt not enter into the joy of thy lord until thou hast given the last farthing.’ And the poor man went away and sold his cloak and his tunic and all he had, and gave the money to the cardinals and to the gate-keepers, and they said, ‘ What is this among so many of us?’ And they cast him out at the door. And having gone out, he wept bitterly, and had no consolation. And afterwards there came to the court a certain rich clerk, fat and puffy and swollen, who had seditiously committed homicide. This man gave first to the gate-keeper, secondly to the chamberlain, thirdly to the cardinals ; but they judged among themselves that they were going to receive more. But our lord the pope hearing that his cardinals and ministers had received many gifts from the clerk, became sick unto death. Then the rich man sent him a medicine of gold and silver, and immediately he was healed. Then our lord the pope called to him the cardinals and ministers, and said to them, ‘ Brethren, take heed lest any one seduce you with *empty* words : for I set you an example, in order that, as I take, so also take ye.’ ”

This singular scrap of early satire has been printed in a very curious collection of early Latin poetry, published at Paris by M. Edéstand du Ménil. Pieces of this kind are not very uncommon at the end of the twelfth and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. A parody on the service of the mass, under the title of ‘ Missa de Potatoribus,’ the Mass of the Drunkards, is printed in the second volume of the ‘ Reliquiæ Antiquæ ;’ and a shorter parody will be found in the same collection, commencing with the

words, 'Initium sancti Evangelii secundum Lupum. Fraus tibi, Bacche,' and continued in the same strain. *Lupum* is, of course, a play on *Lucam*, and *fraus* a similar play upon *laus*. These were the amusements of Romish clergy!

As we advance in the twelfth century, the satirical writers against the Romish church become extremely numerous. Walter Mapes gained celebrity by his jokes and stories against the monastic orders; and the same period produced several larger publications, of a satirical character, directed against the corruptions of the age in general, but more especially against those of the Church of Rome. Among the most remarkable, and the most extensively popular, were the poem 'De Contemptu Mundi,' of Bernard of Morlaix, and the 'Speculum Stultorum' of our own countryman, Nigellus Wireker. Perhaps we should enumerate in the same class the still more comprehensive 'Architrenius' of John de Hauteville, except that in this instance the reforming hero goes about weeping over the vices of mankind, instead of laughing at them.

The first century and a half after the Norman conquest presents us with few specimens of playful humour in the literature of this country; but this is easily explained by the loss of the great mass of the popular literature of the middle ages, previous to the thirteenth century. In the twelfth century, however, we begin to perceive among the Latin writers that taste for comic stories which became so prevalent in the century following, and of which some scattered instances occur at an earlier period, as in the Latin ballad of 'Unibos' (published in Grimm and Schmeller's collection of early Latin poetry), and one or two other poems of the same stamp. The clergy of the twelfth century amused themselves with composing what they designated by the title of *Comedies*, consisting of licentious tales, with a comic *dénouement*, written most frequently in elegiac verse. Such are the 'Geta' of Vitalis of Blois, the 'Alda' of William of Blois, and the 'Babio' of an anonymous writer. The celebrated Peter of Blois condemns these vain labours of his brother William, although he acknowledges having written similar poems in his youth; and his judgment was certainly not unsupported by reason, for the 'Alda' of William of Blois is a piece of undisguised obscenity.

We have hitherto found the comic literature of the middle ages, as being written in Latin, confined chiefly to the clergy, or learned class of society. But it was rapidly making its way among the laity of the higher class, who spoke the French or Anglo-Norman tongue. The first comic production with which we are acquainted, written in Anglo-Norman, is the poem on Charlemagne's pretended voyage to Jerusalem and Constanti-

nople, which was printed a few years ago in this country, and published by Mr. Pickering. In this poem the barons of Charlemagne's court are represented as passing their evenings in making *gabs* or jokes; on one occasion, at Constantinople, amid their *gabs*, they boast of extravagant and ridiculous feats which each pretends he is capable of performing, and the emperor, who has been made acquainted with their conversation, by means of a spy, and who seeks an occasion of quarrelling with his unwelcome visitors, threatens them with death, unless each boaster perform the feat of which he had so indiscreetly vaunted. They escape the danger, partly by miracles, and partly by cunning and opportune accidents, so that each performs, or appears to have performed, his feat. This incident of the barons *gabbing* and joking at their evening assemblies, is probably a correct picture of the social manners of the end of the twelfth century. We meet with several instances of the popularity at this period of individuals distinguished by their wit, an example of which is afforded in the person of Walter Mapes. But the great composers and publishers of French and Anglo-Norman comic literature in this and the succeeding age were the jongleurs, or minstrels, who were the constant attendants in the baronial hall after the festive meal, and the form of this literature was most generally that of tales or *fabliaux*.

These *fabliaux* are historically of great value, as faithful pictures of the private and public manners in the middle ages; but they are pointed with bitter satire, and are largely tainted with that extraordinary licentiousness which prevailed in papal times. The immense number of these *fabliaux* which still remain shows what an extensive class of literature they once formed. Too many of them turn on subjects at which the modesty of the present day will not allow us to hint. In others, of a character somewhat less objectionable, the grossness of the story is redeemed in a certain degree by its exquisite humour. Others again are burlesques and parodies, or pieces of a merely playful character, although even these not unfrequently conceal a satirical aim. Examples of all these different classes will be found in the collections of Barbazan, Meon, and Jubinal. We meet sometimes even with literary satires among these productions; the coarse story of Audigier, in the fourth volume of Barbazan, is a burlesque upon the tedious and extravagant romances of that age. M. Jubinal has published, under the title of '*Fatrasies and Resveries*,' two poems, consisting of words thrown together without any connected sense, in the style of certain pleadings in '*maister*' Rabelais, which were, without doubt, intended to turn to ridicule the unmeaning compositions of some of the writers of the

time: the following lines, from the middle of one of these poems, will best show their style:—

“ Li ombres d'un oef
 Portoit l'an reneuf
 Sas le fonz d'un pot ;
 Deus viez pingne anef
 Firent un estuef
 Pour courre le trot ;
 Quant vint au paier l'escot,
 Je, qui omques ne me muef,
 M'escrjai, si ne dis mot :—
 Presés la plume d'un buef,
 S'en vestez un sage sot,” &c.

“ The shadow of an egg
 Carried the new year
 Upon a pot bottom ;
 Two old new combs
 Made a ball
 To run the trot ;
 When it came to paying the scot,
 I, who never move myself,
 Gried out, without saying a word:—
 Take the feather of an ox,
 And clothe with it a wise fool.”
 Jubinal, ‘Nouv. Rec.’ ii., 217.

No class is more frequently the object of these satires than the women, whose general character in the middle ages appears to have been far from amiable. It naturally happens, that when society becomes corrupt and dissolute, the weaker sex is the most deeply tainted by the evil. The history of society in the middle ages shows us but too plainly the demoralising effects of the Romish church-system on the female character, particularly in the middle and lower classes. The clergy, whose duty it was to be preachers of virtue, are represented as the general corrupters of private morals. In the stories to which we are alluding, monks and priests are constantly introduced as actors in low intrigues; and the general faults of the church are by no means spared. Sometimes the satirical poets enter upon religious subjects with remarkable temerity. In the story ‘Du Vilain qui conquist Paradis par plait,’ a peasant dies suddenly, and his soul escapes, at a moment when neither angel nor demon was on the watch, so that, unclaimed and left to his own discretion, the peasant follows St. Peter, who happened to be on his way to Paradise, and enters the gate with him unperceived. When the saint finds that the soul of such a low person has found its way into Paradise, he is angry, and rudely orders the peasant out. But the latter accuses St. Peter of denying his Saviour; and, conscience-stricken, the gate-keeper of heaven applies to St. Thomas, who undertakes to drive away the intruder. The peasant, however, disconcerts St. Thomas by reminding him of his disbelief, and St. Paul, who comes next, fares no better—he had persecuted God’s saints. At length Christ hears of what had occurred, and comes himself. The Saviour listens benignantly to the poor soul’s pleading, and ends by forgiving the peasant his sins, and allowing him to remain in Paradise. This is a direct attack on the Romish system of saint-worship, and on the uncharitable character of the mediæval church.

The satire of the French and English writers of the thirteenth century found ample scope in attacking the monkish orders, which were then so rapidly increasing, and which were invading the rights of every other class of society. It would be vain to attempt, in our narrow limits, to describe, or even to enumerate, the satires against the monks written during this period, but the reader will find many examples in the collection of Barbazan, and in the works of Rutebeuf. This latter poet signalled himself by his satirical attacks on them, in defence of the university, which they were then beginning to overwhelm. The popular satirists entered warmly into the struggle between the secular and theological studies, the latter of which were now aiming at the entire subversion of the former. The great revolution, which during the thirteenth century was going on in the university system, was indeed not unfrequently the subject of popular satire and burlesque; of which we will only point out one example, entitled '*La Bataille des Sept Ars*,' because it is a veritable mediæval '*Battle of the Books*.' The seven arts of the university learning are divided against themselves; the new authors and the men of science (*la haute science*) make war upon the ancients, or those who had been read and taught in the old grammar course, and the ancients take up arms in their own defence. The two armies meet in a plain near Orleans, and a dreadful engagement ensues, in which the different combatants perform feats worthy of the Homeric heroes; but the victory remained with the moderns, although the writer of the poem, Henry d'Andely, prognosticates that before long the old course of teaching would regain its former position. Henry d'Andely is said to be the author of another poem of a similar stamp, entitled '*The Battle of the Wines*.' Comic pieces of this description were not uncommon: we have the battle of Caresme (Lent) and Charnage (the season when meat was allowed to be eaten), the debate between wine and water, the dispute between the eye and the heart, &c.

If we look to the Latin literature of the thirteenth century, which is extremely rich in comic and satiric verse, we see why the Romish church was jealous of the universities, and why so resolute and, in the sequel, so successful an attempt was made to push into them the monkish orders—the soldiers of the pope, as they have been aptly called—in order to suppress the freedom of study and of opinion. The universities were the nurseries in which grew up a crowd of writers who saw and boldly attacked the encroachments and the errors of Rome. In England this party was particularly strong; for our countrymen, with their sturdy spirit of freedom, have always had the honour of being a little schismatical in face of the papacy; and the Anglo-Latin literature of this period

teems with bold and energetic attacks on the disorders of the clergy. At the beginning of the thirteenth century—on the eve of the baronial wars—these writers had, in order perhaps to give a certain unity of character to their satire, set up an imaginary reformer of abuses, under the title of 'Goliath,' or 'Goliardus'—a reckless devourer, as the name indicates; a sort of clerical jongleur, who was licensed to say what he thought in whatever terms he liked. His pre-eminence above all other goliards or goliases is frequently marked by the addition of the epithet *episcopus*. It was under the name of 'Goliath Episcopus' that a very large mass of rhyming Latin verse, distinguished by its inveterate hostility to the then existing state of things, made its appearance during the thirteenth century. One of the most remarkable of these pieces was called the 'Apocalypsis Goliath,' or Goliath's Revelation: and if we may judge by its frequent occurrence in manuscripts of that age, it must have been widely popular in this country. The vices of the church are the things revealed to Goliath, and they are described in no sparing language. The spiritual pastor of those days, we are told, thought more of being fed by his flock, than of feeding it—

"Non pastor ovium, sed pastus ovibus."

"He thinks less of the sheep which are in want, or lame, or sick, or tender, than of the amount of milk and wool which he is to gain;—it is thus that he brings back the lost sheep on his shoulder:—"

"Non tantum cogitat ille de miseris,
De claudis ovibus, ægris, vel teneris;
Quantum de compoto lactis et velleris;
Sic ovem perditam refert in pueris."

The pope was the devouring lion, which spared nothing. The archdeacon was a robber on a smaller scale, who fixed his claws on whatever had escaped the rapacity of pope or prelate. The faults of the officials were too numerous to compress within a small volume:—

"Hic scriptas repperi consuetudines
Officialium, raptus, voragines,
Fraudes, insidias, et turpitudines,
Quæ magni codicis excedunt margines."

"The world is struck with horror to see that such people continue to exist, and the earth trembles at the sight of them:—"

"Hi sunt quos retinens mundus inhorruit;
A quorum facie terra contremuit."

The priest was infamous for vices of another description:—

"Post missam presbyter, relinquens infulam,
In meretriculæ descendit insulam;
Sic fecit Jupiter, qui juxta fabulam
Cælum deseruit sequendo vitulam."

- " Hanc mulieribus proponit maximam,
Quod rerum decima non salvat animam;
Nulla salvabitur ad horam ultimam,
Nisi de corpore suo dat decimam."

Abbots and their monks spent their lives in sensual indulgence; eating, and drinking, and chambering, were their principal occupations. The lines which follow lose in a translation:—

- " Quisquis de monacho fit demoniacus,
Et cuique monacho congrarit monachus,
Ut pica picæ, ut psittaco psittacus,
Cui dat ingenium magister stomachus.

- " His mola dentium tumorem faucium,
Lagena gutturis ventris diluvium,
Oris aculeus dat flammam litium,
Et fratrū malleus calorem noxium.

- " Cum inter fabulas et Bacchi pocula
Modum et regulam suspendit crapula,
Dicunt quod dicitur favor a fabula,
Modus a modio, a gula regula."

The details in this poem, and in the numerous other similar compositions, give us a fearful picture of the disorders of the clergy and the church; but the variety and unanimity of the documents, and the confessions even of the monkish writers most zealous in the cause of Rome, prove that the picture was not in any respect overdrawn. Whence sprang these disorders, and why could they not be remedied? The whole system was bad—the disease lay at the heart and the head. The vice of the head affected all the members:

- " Membra dolent singula capitis dolore.
* * * * *
Roma mundi caput est; sed nil capit mundum;
Quod pendit a capite totum est immundum;
Transit enim vitium primum in secundum,
Et de fundo redolet quod est juxta fundum."

Volumes might be filled with the works of these vigorous satirists, which are preserved in manuscripts. They sometimes take part in the political disputes of the times, and become extremely active at the period of the barons' wars under Henry III. The long Latin rhyming poem on the battle of Lewes, printed in the political songs published by the Camden Society,* pro-

* It will save the trouble of particular reference, if we give here a list of the principal collections which contain the smaller pieces of the comic and satirical literature of this and the following age:—they are the collections of fabliaux, by Barbazan, Meon, and Jubinal; some of the other publications by M. Jubinal; the 'Anecdota Literaria,' by T. Wright; the 'Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems,' by the same person; the two volumes of 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ,' by Wright and Halliwell; the 'Recueil de Chants Historiques Français,' by Leroux de Lincy; the 'Poésies Populaires Latines,' by Édilestand de Mériel; and the 'Political Songs of England,' the poems attributed to Walter Mapes, and the 'Collection of Early Latin Stories,' all by Mr. Wright.

claims sentiments and principles worthy of the more advanced civilisation of the present day. Sometimes these Latin poems become light and playful, and exhibit an ease and elegance which those who are not well acquainted with the spirit of the thirteenth century would not expect. We may give as an example the three first stanzas of a graceful song on the vanities of courts, written in the thirteenth century; and for the sake of such readers as have no care for the Latin, we will accompany it with a hasty metrical paraphrase, that may perhaps serve to give them some notice of the playful spirit of the original. The wearied and dissatisfied courtier says:—

" *Rimatus omnes curias,
magnas, parvas, et medias,
episcopales, regias,
curiarum incurias,
multiformes et varias
dum video, irrideo ;
nec ideo
a curiis abstineo,
sed ipsas semper adeo,
rimatus omnes curias.*

" *In curiis sublimibus
in ipsis curialibus
non est locus virtutibus,
omnes putrescunt sordibus
puilli cum maioribus ,
incuria, malitia,
fallacia,
obsidet tanquam propria,
virtuti præsunt vitia
in curiis sublimibus.*

" *Sublime tenent solium
diplois adulantium,
jugis scissura cordium,
rancor, livor, et odium,
spes, timor, ira, gaudium,
et alia flagitia,
tam varia,
tamque detestabilia,
et siqua sunt similia,
sublime tenent solium."*

" A courtier old, I know full well
The life a courtier leads,
'Round kings and nobles few will tell
The cares their station breeds;
But I despise the cringing bow,
The flaunting air remote from glad-
ness,
The hollow smile, provoked, I trow,
By pointless jest which covers sad-
ness ;
Yet still I follow courts, although,
A courtier old, I know them well.

" Within the dwellings of the great,
Where courtly vices haunt,
Fair virtue seldom gains a seat,
Scared by their features gaunt.
Here thoughtlessness with vacant mien,
There lucre foul, and double dealing,
And gay self-love, whose joy hath been
Too oft the source of others' wailing.
All these, and many more, are seen
Within the dwellings of the great.

" Attendant on the monarch's throne
Stand pride and grim disdain,
And outward laugh with inward moan;
Envy, that joys in others' pain;
Frenzied despair, and rancorous hate;
And flattering treason, born to sever
The ties of love with harsh debate;
While fear and hope alternate ever.
These are the various ills that wait
Attendant on the monarch's
throne."

These clerical satirists sometimes laid aside the severity of their assumed character, and favoured the world with scraps of playful humour, and even condescended to compose love-ditties in their favourite Latin. Many such effusions are still preserved, and a few specimens have been printed. Among these, we may point out the ' *Confessio Golizæ*,' in which the poet makes an avowal of

his love for dice, wine, and women; the invective of Goliath against the thief who had stolen his purse; the declamation of Goliath against marriage, a bitter satire on the fair sex; the dialogue 'Inter aquam et vinum;' and the 'Disputatio inter cor et oculum,' in which each charges the other with being the incentive to vice. We have a good specimen of the playful burlesque of this period, in an amusing song on the tailors, as old as the middle of the thirteenth century; in which they are lauded for their skill in turning old garments into new ones, when the wearers were tired with the first fashion. This song is also curious, as an early specimen of the mixture of French with Latin, which was in this and the following centuries not uncommon, and was an approach towards the macaronic verse so popular at a later period. The few verses we have cited are accompanied, as on the last occasion, with a hasty rhyming version. The poet takes his theme from the opening lines of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses':—

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora; Dii, coeptis, nam vos mutastis et illas,
Aspirate meis."

"Ego dixi, dii estis;
Quæ dicenda sunt in festis
Quare prætermitterem?
Dii, revera, qui potestis
In figuram novæ vestis
Transmutare veterem.

"Pannus recens et novellus
Fit vel capa vel mantellus,
Sed secundum tempora
Primum capa, post pusillum
Transmutatur hæc in illum;
Sic mutatis corpora.

"Antiquata decollatur,
Decollata mantellatur,
Sic in modum Proteos
Demutantur vestimenta;
Nec recenter est inventa
Lex metamorphoseos.

"Cum figura sexum mutant;
Prius ruptam clam reclutant
Primates ecclesiæ;
Nec donatur, res est certa,
Nisi prius sit experta
Fortunam Tiresiæ.

"Bruma tandem revertente,
Tout unt sur la chape enté
Plerique capucium;
Alioquin dequadratur,
De quadrato retundatur,
Transit in almucium.

"That ye are gods, I make no doubt;
And wrong it is to leave you out
Of cleric office;
For who but gods, I ask, or you,
Could change old garments into new
By metamorphosis?

"When cloth is new and fresh of nape,
'Tis meet in haste ye give 't the shape
Of cape or mantel;
But what the mode and form decreed,
Or why the former should precede,
You only can tell.

"As Proteus changed, ye change the
cloth;
When ruthless time and weather both
Have done their duty:
All duly clipp'd, the aged cape
Comes forth a mantle new in shape
As well as beauty.

"Erstcoat, now gown, ye change at will
Not only form, but sex, your skill
In full to show to us; [plete,
And thus, to make the change com-
Tiresias it must imitate,
As well as Proteus.

"When winter comes with frost and
storm,
Some change again the faded form,
And add a cover:
With alter'd shape and alter'd use,
Shoulders and head, a warm aumuce,
It muffles over.

- " Si quid restat de morsellis
Cæsi panni sive pellis,
Non vacat officio;
Ex his fiunt manuthecæ,
Manutheca quidem Græce
Manum positio.
- " Sic ex veste vestem formant,
Anglais, Tyéis, Francois, Normant,
Omnes generaliter;
Ut vix nullus excludatur.
Ita capa declinatur,
Sed mantellus aliter.
- " Adhuc primo recens anno,
Nova pelle, novo panno,
In arca reconditur;
Recedente tandem pilo,
Juncturarum rupto filo,
Pellis circumciditur.
- " Sic mantellus fit Apella;
Ci git li drop, e la pel là,
Post primum divortium;
A priore separata,
Cum secundo reparata,
Transit in consortium."

- " And when each change is duly made,
If ought be left unused, 't is said,
Be 't cloth or leather,
Quick it becomes at your commands,
A pair of gloves to guard the hands
Against the weather.
- " German or French, to custom true,
Norman or English, all pursue
The self-same fashion: [cline;
And thus, enleagued, they *cape* de-
But *mantle* has a different line
Of transformation.
- " At first to hoard it up we're fain,
While cloth and leather both remain
In fair condition;
But if the fur to fade begin,
Then from the cloth ye strip the skin
By circumcision.
- " Here lies the skin despised, and there
The cloth has proved the tailor's care
Without miscarriage;
The mantle, thus being made a Jew,
Contracts with leather fresh and new
A second marriage."

The song goes on to describe the different transformations of the mantle, until at last, no longer capable of change, it is given as a reward to the servant.

We have many fragments still left of political satire in the French language, written both in France and in England, in this age. We have already seen, in the life of Hereward, an Anglo-Norman jongleur, immediately after the conquest, burlesquing the vanquished Saxons in the hall of the foreign invaders of their rights; there has been preserved a curious specimen of the kind of effusion which the minstrel uttered on such occasions, the more interesting, because it is written on a long slip of vellum, which the minstrel held in his hand to sing. This is a French (or Anglo-Norman) song, composed by one of the baronial party, under Simon de Montfort, at the beginning of the civil war, in the reign of Henry III. It contains satirical allusions to the leaders of the opposite party, as in the following lines, aimed at the Bishop of Norwich, one of the king's chaplains, and an active partisan of the court. His house had been plundered by the popular party.

- " Et ly pastors de Norwis,
Qui devoure ses berbis,
Assez sout de ce conte;
Mout en perdi des ses biens:
Mal ert que ly lessa riens,
Ke troit en saveit de honte.

- " And the pastor of Norwich,
Who devours his sheep,
Knows enough of this story;
He has lost much of his goods;
Bad luck to the man who left him any
thing,
For his conduct has been too
disgraceful."

In another song, written about the year 1264, when the King of France made an unsuccessful attempt to interfere between Henry and his barons, the English king and his court are the object of very coarse satire, which consists in making them talk broken and corrupt French, and use equivocal expressions. It ends by the king declaring that he will place his son Edward on the throne of France, which is highly approved by Roger Bigot:—

- “ Je crai que vous verra là endret grosse fest,
Quant d'Adouart arra coroné France test.
Il l'a bien asservi, ma fil; il n'est pas best;
Il fout buen chivaler, hardouin, et honest.”
- “ Sir rais,' ee dit Rogier, 'por Dieu, à mai entent :
Tu m'as percé la cal,* tel la pitié m'a prent.
Or doint Godelamit,† par son culmandement,
Que tu fais cestai chose bien glorieusement!”

“ ‘I believe that you will see there a great festival,
When France shall have crowned Edward's head.
He has well deserved it, my son; he is no fool;
He is a good knight, brave, and courteous.’

“ ‘Sir king,' says Roger, ‘for God's sake, listen to me :
Thou hast pierced my behind, so much has pity overcome me.
Now may God Almighty ordain, by his command,
That thou perform this thing very gloriously!’ ”

The wit, in this instance, cannot be preserved in a translation. Many larger works of general satire appeared during this age, but the one which has gained the most lasting reputation is the extensive poem, or cycle of poems, which goes under the title of the ‘Adventures of Reynard the Fox.’ It is an application of fables to a political purpose. Early in the thirteenth century, and even in the twelfth century, we trace instances in which, to burlesque the corruptions of the age, the cunning and unscrupulous Reynard is introduced acting a political character; but, by the end of the thirteenth century, these fables had been worked up into a regular narrative, in French verse, extending to many thousand lines. The literature of the middle ages has an interest different from that of the literature of modern times. There was then less individuality of sentiment. The literature was not that of the writers, but that of the age and of the people, of which alone it represented the notions and the feelings. Hence it happens that so large a portion of it is anonymous. The great fable of Reynard the Fox is not a satire on particular individuals, or on particular measures, but on the age in which it was composed. It was the satire of the people; a burlesque picture of society. The history of which we are

* The earl, in his broken French, uses this expression instead of *le cul* *ur*.

† A corruption of *God Almighty*.

speaking differs much from the popular story which a later age has derived from the German. The French *Reynard* is much more extensive, more rambling in its incidents, and less connected as a whole. It consists of a series of episodes, each of which is a satire upon some class of persons, or on some point in the political system of the age, which was a subject of popular complaint; and it is probable that the different parts were sung, or repeated, separately, among the people, as public attention was called to them by grievances to which they were applicable. We have more than one instance of single episodes being translated into English. Thus the quarrels between *Reynard the Fox* and *Isengrin the Wolf*, formed a cutting satire on the reckless turbulence of the barons, in which sometimes low cunning, and at others brute force, gained the upper hand, and over which the sovereign (Noble, the Lion), could hold but an occasional restraint. Many of *Reynard's* adventures picture to us the rapacity and injustice of an age in which every man was on the watch to rob and cheat his fellow. Other parts of the story represent the disorders of the church; and others again are satires on the different classes of society. *Reynard's* confession, and his pilgrimage, are bitter satires on the two chief means by which the clergy exerted an abusive influence over the laity to their own advantage, and on the hypocrisy which prevailed among the professors of religion.

Literature, as a political weapon, had, while restricted to the Latin language, been only in the power of the clergy. It was a great step which placed it, through the French language, within reach of the higher classes of the laity in England, and of society in general in France; but in our country another step was made in the thirteenth century, which marks the appearance on the political arena of a new class of combatants—the Commons of England. The first political songs and satires in the English language were published during the barons' wars, in the reign of Henry III. The earliest known example is a very spirited satirical song on the victory gained by the popular party over the royalists at Lewes, in 1264. Such compositions in English make their appearance not unfrequently amid the events of the latter part of this century; in the fourteenth century they take the place of the French poems of the preceding age. The English spirit and blood had, in fact, overcome that which, by the Norman conquest, had been intruded upon it. A satirical poem, written in English in the reign of Edward II., lays open the vices of all orders of society. Truth, it tells us, had been long banished from Rome. We modernise the language:—

"For at the court of Rome, where truth should begin,
He is forbidden the palace, and dare not come therein."

The pope's clerks and the cardinals had threatened to slay truth, if he came there:—

"All the pope's clerks have taken them to rede (*counsel*),
If truth come among them, that he shall be dead.
There dare he not show himself, for fear to be slain,
Among none of the cardinals dare he be seen."

Money was the only argument or plea to which the pope listened. Of archbishops and bishops, 'Some are fools themselves, and lead a sorry life;' they and the archdeacons were equally venal. Of the latter we are told—

"And these archdeacons that are sent to visit holy kirk,
Every one tries how he may most cursedly work;
He will take bribes of the one and of the other,
And let the parson have a wife,* and the priest another."

The parson and the priest are censured for their evil life, and their ignorance:—

"For right methinketh it fareth by a priest that is 'lewed' (*ignorant*),
As by a jay in a cage, that himself hath 'bishrewed' (*curied*);
Good English he speketh, but he knows never what;
No more knows a 'lewed' prest in book what he 'rat' (*reads*)
by day."

Then is a 'lewed' priest no better than a jay."

The pretended charity of the monasteries was of the same stamp as the religion of the priest:—

"For if there come to an abbey two poor men or three,
And ask help of them for holy charity,
Scarcely will one ever listen to them, either young or old,
But let them cower there all day in hunger and in cold,
and starve."

Look what love there is to God, whom they say that they serve!"

We might make a long list of short desultory satires in English on the Romish Church and its professors, published during the fourteenth century. In one ballad, the preaching friars are taxed with pride, and with the undignified manner in which they represented sacred subjects:—

"Of these friars' minors, methinks great wonder,
That are grown so haughty, who sometime were under;
Among men of holy church they make much 'blunder' (*confusion*);
May He that looks from above scatter them asunder!"

In another, they are openly proclaimed to be the ministers of sin:—

"Friars, friars, woe be to ye! *ministri malorum*,
For many a man's soul bring ye *ad penas infernorum*.
When fiends fell first from heaven, *quo prius habitabant*,
On earth they left the sins seven, *et fratres communicabant*."

* The word *wife* meant simply *woman* at this period.

They are here described as vicious in the extreme—guests to be carefully avoided in an honest man's house:—

“Let a friar of some order *tecum pernoctare*,
Either thy wife or thy daughter *hic vult violare*,
Or thy son he will prefer, *sicut fortem fortis*;
God give such a friar pain in *inferni portis*!

There is preserved a very singular English burlesque on the unprofitable sermons of these preaching friars, which is worthy of Rabelais himself. We venture to give a few sentences from the beginning, as a specimen, modernising the language, to make it more generally intelligible. It forms a link in the history of the mediæval satires against the clergy—satires which deserve well to be collected together in a more complete series, for they form what may be well characterised as *the voice of the middle ages against the Church of Rome*.

“*Mollificant olera durissima crusta*. Friends, this is to say to your lewd understanding, that hot plants and hard crusts maken soft hard plants. The help and the grace of the gray goose that goes on the green, and the wisdom of the water windmill, with the good grace of a gallon pitcher, and all the salt sausages that be sodden in Norfolk upon Saturday, be with us now at our beginning, and help us in our ending, and quit you of bliss and both your eyes, that never shall have ending. Amen.

“My dear cursed creatures, there was once a wife whose name was Catherine Fyste, and she was crafty in court, and well could carve. Thrice she sent after the four synods of Rome, to know why, wherefore, and for what cause, that Alleluja was closed before the cup came once round. Why believest thou not for sooth that there stood once a cock on St. Paul's steeple top, and drew up the strapples of his breech? How provest thou that? By all the four doctors of Wynberry-hills, that is to say, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadyltrymsert, the which four doctors say there was once an old wife had a cock to her son, and he looked out of an old dove-cott, and warned and charged that no man should be so hardy neither to ride nor go on St. Paul's steeple top, unless he rode on a three-footed stool, or else that he brought with him a warrant of his neck,” &c. &c.

The fourteenth century, like the thirteenth, had its grand satirical poem; this was the ‘Visions of Piers Ploughman,’ a work strongly marked with the bold, masculine energy of the English character. This poem was, perhaps, the most popular satire of the middle ages; to us it is rendered somewhat confused by its allegorical form; but that was consonant with the taste of the age in which it was written. We are astonished at the boldness with which it attacks the abuses of the secular and ecclesiastical powers, and with which it urges the doctrine of the natural equality of

mankind. In 'Reynard the Fox,' the satire was indirectly implied, and was only felt by an application which was not necessarily apparent; in 'Piers Ploughman' it is direct and personal. There is a daring spirit of radicalism in this work, which shows the freedom of opinion which had been generated by the long intellectual agitation of the preceding century, and which had given the most profound alarm to the Church of Rome. 'Reason' is the preacher whom the writer of 'Piers Ploughman' brings forward to reform mankind. He proclaims that the monks and friars would be better employed in occupations more useful to society than the vacant life they lead. Truth is the saint whose shrine he recommends as the object of pilgrimage. This saint, however, proves to be unknown to the Romish clergy—even the palmer, who wandered furthest in search of strange saints, had never heard of such a one before:—

" This folk frayned hym first,
Fro whennes he come.

' Fram Synay,' he seide,
' And fram oure Lordes sepulchre ;
In Bethlem and in Babiloyne,
I have ben in bothe ;
In Armony and Alisaundre,
In manye othere places.
Ye may se by my signes
That sitten on myn hatte,
That I have walked ful wide
In weet and in drye,
And sought goode seintes
For my soules helthe.'

' Knowestow aught a corsaint,
That men calle Truthe ?
Koudestow aught wissen us the wey,
Wher that wye dwelleth ?'

' Nay, so me God helpe !'
Seide the gome thanne,
' I seig nevere palmere,
With pyk ne with scrippe,
Asken after hym er
Till now in this place.'"

This people asked him first,
From whence he came.

' From Sinai,' he said,
' And from our Lord's sepulchre ;
In Bethlehem and in Babylon,
I have been in both ;
In Armenia and Alexandria,
In many other places.
You may see by my signs
That sit on my hat,
That I have walked full wide
In wet and in dry,
And sought good saints
For the health of my soul.'

' Dost thou know at all a chief saint
Whom they call Truth ?
Canst thou at all teach us the way,
Where that personage dwells ?'

' Nay, as I hope for God's help !'
Said the man then .
' I never saw a palmer,
With staff or with scrip,
Ask after him before,
Till now in this place.'"

The abusive pardons and indulgencies of the pope, the unprofitable debates of the theologians, the sensual life of the monks and friars, all come in for their share of the reformer's lash. These latter are described as proud and overbearing, whose only study was to cheat the rich out of their lands, who cared nothing for true religion, and who looked with contempt upon the poor. These sentiments are expressed still more strongly in another, and a shorter, satirical poem, written about the end of the fourteenth century, and published under the title of 'Piers Ploughman's Creed.' At the time when this poem was written, the reformers

had become a sect, known by the name of Lollards, and they had already been made objects of persecution by the church, the secular power of which was at this moment strengthened by political events. With the final suppression of the Lollards, the intellectual struggle was closed for a time. Learning, in the universities, had been crushed by the influence of the monks, who had raised over it the faculty of theology. The fifteenth century is, indeed, a dark period in literary as well as in political history. The Romish Church sat heavily, a mighty incubus on the human mind.

We may pass over the history of the other branches of comic literature in England during the fourteenth century more briefly, for they are in general but imitations in English of the French compositions of the previous age. We have a few burlesques on manners and customs, such as the 'Tournament of Tottenham,' and the 'Feast,' and some pieces given in the 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ;' and various compositions of a playful character. Here and there we meet with amusing specimens of local and personal satire. Of this we have a curious example, written as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, in a Latin rhyming satire on the people of Norfolk, to whom are applied many of the stories which at a much later period were told of the men of Gotham. In the second volume of the 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ' will be found a very curious satire of the fourteenth century, in Latin prose, against the people of Rochester, who are accused, among other things, of having tails. In the first volume of the same collection we have a burlesque Latin ballad, composed at the beginning of the fourteenth century, giving an account of a monkish feast at Gloucester. It is written in a style in which grammar and composition are set at defiance, and was evidently intended not only as a burlesque on the grossness of monastic life, but on the ignorance of the monks themselves, and on the barbarousness of monkish Latin. The abbot and prior, with their friends, are described as sitting at the head of the table, and keeping all the good things to themselves, while the monks of lower degree have to do all the drudgery, and are deprived of their share of the drinking. The party leave the feast to perform the evening service, and then return to the table, and 'drink till they cry:—

" Post completum rediere,
Et currinum (*the cup*) combibere,
Potaverunt usque flere
propter potus plurima."

When the abbot proposed that the others should be admitted to drink, the prior said: 'They have enough wine; shall we give all our wine to the poor? What care we for the poor? What

they have is not much, but it is enough for them. They come to our meals without invitation; if they were well fed, they would become proud and presumptuous:—

“Prior dixit ad abbatis,
Ipsi habent vinum satis,
Vultis dare paupertatis
noster potus omnia?
Quid nos spectat paupertatis?
Habet parum, habet satis,
Postquam venit non vocatis
ad noster convivia.
Si nutritum esset bene,
Nec cibus nec ad cœne
Venisset pro marcis denæ,
nisi per precaria.”

In the sequel, the debauch is carried to the last degree of drunkenness. The actors in it are reported to the bishop, but they escape with impunity; and the inferiors who complained against them, in revenge for being excluded, are brought to account for their rebellious conduct. In the fifteenth century we have a few burlesque pieces among the writings of Lydgate, and other poets of his school, but they are in general tame and pointless. The cleverest piece of comic writing of this period that we have met with, is preserved in a manuscript in the British Museum. It is a life of St. Nemo (or St. Nobody), and is a parody on the Romish ‘Lives of Saints.’ Through a tract of considerable length, passages of Scripture are adroitly applied to this imaginary saint, which prove beyond a doubt his power and station to be superior to all the other saints of the calendar. Some notion of the style of this tract may be derived from the opening lines, which are given below in a note.*

The fabliaux of the thirteenth century, with all their spirit and satire, and much of their objectionable characteristics, took an English form in the hands of Chaucer; but on the continent they were undergoing a new transformation. The same fearful pestilence which had furnished the occasion for composing the ‘Visions of Piers Ploughman,’ gave birth to the ‘Decameron’ of Boccaccio. In distant England, this general calamity was looked upon as a signal for repentance, for self-accusation and reform; while in Italy, in the very centre of the ecclesiastical power, it was only an oc-

* Beatus igitur Nemo iste contemporaneus Dei patris, et in essentia præcipue consimilis filio, nec creatus nec præcedens, sed formatus, in sacra pagina reperitur, in qua plane dictum est per psalmistam dicentem, Dies formabantur, et Nemo in eis. Cui postea merito tanta crevit auctoritas, ut ac si terrena respuens ad coelorum culmina volatu mirabili pervolavit, sicut legitur, Nemo ascendit in colum. Et hoc idem testatur Dominus, dicens, Nemo potest venire ad me, &c.—MS. Reg. 12 D. III., fol. 158, ro.

casian for heartless mirth and licentious raillery. The 'Decameron' is a mere collection of fabliaux turned into Italian prose; but it gave the example to a long series of imitators, and the jongleurs and their compositions were soon forgotten in the popularity of these new story-tellers. In France, the earliest and best collection is the celebrated work known as the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,' composed soon after the middle of the fifteenth century. The story-tellers were followed by the jesters, who also appear to have originated in Italy, the first collection which has obtained any lasting fame being that of Poggio of Florence. This class of writers were gradually aiming at the Romish Church a blow no less fatal than that inflicted by the direct satire of the reformers, but they, amid the general licentiousness of the time, were allowed to work almost unobserved. With these sprang up a reckless jeering atheism, which prevailed extensively under cover of the Romish rites and outward ceremonial of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of sixteenth centuries. But the church at this time could overlook atheism and immorality, while it hunted and destroyed where it could the slightest traces of what it chose to term heresy. The freedom with which Boccaccio brought monks and nuns on the stage in his licentious stories, rendered the 'Decameron' unpalatable to the clergy. But another collection of stories, many of which are no less objectionable than those of Boccaccio, the 'Ecatommithi' of Giraldu Cinthio, composed two centuries later, in the very heat of the Reformation, was authorised to be printed by the *vice-inquisitor hæreticæ pravitatis*, named Cigliari, who states that these tales are consonant with the principles of the holy Roman Church, and contain nothing opposed to the apostolical faith—*Hecatommithos consonos esse sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ, et ab apostolica fide non abhorrere*. In fact, Cinthio states in his introduction that he had designedly avoided introducing monks and nuns in objectionable situations. We may, however, easily excuse the Romish Church from being very nice on this point at the period of which we are now speaking, for the treatise by the Jesuit Sanchez, 'De Sancto Matrimonii Sacramento,' which was famous even at the time it was published for the extreme licentiousness of much of its details, was authorised for impression as containing *nil bonis moribus adversum*, and the censor naively informs us that he had read it over and over with *the greatest pleasure—legi et perlegi maxima cum voluptate!*

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, after the invention of printing, the popular literature of the middle ages began to make its appearance in a debased form, a circumstance which marks the last gasp of the mediæval system. The great romances of the thirteenth century were published in a shape which gradually de-

generated into what have been since termed chap-books, a literature that was hawked about the streets. Many of the fabliaux and comic poems were issued as broadside ballads. 'Reynard the Fox,' derived from the German and Dutch, came forth as a mere fable. It was accompanied by other comic romances, such as that of Howleglas (*Eulenspiegel*), still teeming with satire on society and on the church. These were followed in France by a very extensive variety of low burlesque and satirical publications, of which the series of reprints that stands last in the list of books at the head of our article (a series we believe not yet completed) offers a specimen; they were circulated among the middle and lower classes, and their cynical indecency shows that the writers pandered to the scandalous dissoluteness of society in the sixteenth century. In England, John Skelton may be looked upon as the last of the mediæval satirists. In his writings there is more of the character of the middle ages than of the *renaissance*; Gothic imagery, the sentiments almost of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, mixed with the pedantry of the sixteenth. In his writings and in those of the school he formed, we find the elements of the macaronic poetry which became early in the sixteenth century so popular in Italy in the writings of Merlinus Coccaius (*Folengi*), and in France in those of Antonius de Arena (*de la Sable*).

In many of its characteristics the sixteenth century bore a remarkable resemblance to the thirteenth. It opened in the same manner with religious and political agitation, with a new and, in the sequel, a more successful struggle for emancipation from the tyranny of the middle ages. It was a powerful stream, which, confined for a time within narrow rocks, suddenly burst from its hiding-place, an irresistible torrent. The Reformation was no child of accident or circumstances, but the inevitable result of the efforts of centuries. The voice of the middle ages against the Church of Rome had been silent during the fifteenth century, but it was not stifled; and when, at the Reformation, it was heard again, we recognise in it the same bold, fearless, manly tone which gave life to the literature of the thirteenth century. In fact, the Church of Rome had not changed in its measures or in its character: it had the same political and moral vices—pride, tyranny, and cruelty, avarice and lust—which seemed to increase with the imbecility of age, and they called forth the same expressions of indignation from the satirists. It is somewhat singular that the satirical writers of the beginning of the sixteenth century raised up a personage similar in every respect to the Goliath of the beginning of the thirteenth; they named him *Pasquillus*, or *Pasquil*. Like Goliath, this personage claimed an unbounded licence in expressing his opinions, and the 'tomi duo Pasquillorum' form a series of the

bitterest satires on the Romish corruptions that can easily be imagined. These satires partake largely of the coarseness of the age. Pasquil appears sometimes as an old man, worn out with indulgence, who vents his satire on the society with whose vices he has had a long acquaintance; at others he appears as a young and vigorous champion in the cause of truth. These effusions, composed sometimes in Latin, and sometimes in Italian (for Italy seems to have been their 'fatherland'), both in verse and in prose, are at times addressed to Pasquil in the form of epistles or epigrams, as in the following instance:—

Ad Pasquillum.

Cur non te fingi scurram, Pasquille, rogasti?
Cum Romæ scurris omnia jam liceant.

Or in this, where Rome herself dictates the offerings by which her favour is to be bought:—

Roma ad Pasquillum.

Si pueros mihi prostitutes, tenerasque puellas,
(Hæc mihi namque placent munera) dives eris.

More frequently the sentiment is made to come from Pasquil's own mouth, as in the following epigram, in which he bids farewell to Rome:—

Roma, vale : vidi, satis est vidisse : revertar
Quum leno, meretrix, scurra, cinædus ero.

It was the literature represented by these compositions which paved the way for the Reformation. Even the tales of the middle ages became a formidable weapon in the hands of such men as Henry Stephens, whose 'Apologie pour Herodote' is a singularly bitter attack on the Roman Catholic party.

Among the most remarkable and amusing burlesques published at the eve of the Reformation, was the famous collection of the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' which originated in one of the religious disputes that gave warning of coming events. A converted Jew in Germany, named Pfeffercorn, in his eager and mistaken zeal had obtained a decree for the destruction of the Talmud and other Hebrew writings; but a scholar of more liberal views, well known by the name of Reuchlin, opposed its execution. The popish clergy took part with the Jew—it is probable that they had backed him from the beginning—and Reuchlin was made the object of persecution. At this moment the accomplished Ulric von Hutten came to Reuchlin's aid, and composed in burlesque Latin a series of letters, in which he ridicules, with overpowering wit, the ignorance and immoral life of the Romish clergy of that age. In the hands of the monks scholastic learning had been reduced to a very low pitch, and was almost entirely confined to a barbarous system of theology. The limits of their polite literature

were very narrow; for, dignified with the title of grammar or poetry, its only object was supposed to be the learning to compose doggerel Latin verses, or no less barbarous prose. The now reviving study of the classic authors was looked upon with great jealousy by the clergy, and it is this feeling which generally furnishes materials for Ulric von Hutten's satire. The classical writers, and the new scholars who read them, were *secular poets*, and were looked upon as the inveterate enemies of the theologians. 'Write to me,' says one of the correspondents in this laughable collection, 'whether it be necessary for eternal salvation that scholars learn grammar from the secular poets, such as Virgil, Tullius, Pliny, and others; it seems to me that this is not a good method of studying.' Another thus communicates his thoughts and fears on the subject:—

"As I have often written to you, I am grieved that this ribaldry (*ista ribaldria*), namely, the faculty of poetry, becomes common, and is spread through all provinces and regions. In my time there was only one poet, who was called Samuel; and now, in this city alone, there are at least twenty, and they vex us all who hold with the ancients. Lately I thoroughly defeated one, who said that *scholaris* does not signify a person who goes to the schools for the purpose of learning; and I said, Ass, will you correct the holy doctor who expounded this word? &c. It is said here that all the poets will side with Doctor Reuchlin against the theologians. I wish all the poets were there where pepper grows, that they might let us go in peace; for it is to be feared that the faculty of arts will perish on account of these poets, for they go about saying that the artists (that is, those who study in that faculty) seduce youth, and take money from them, and will make them bachelors and masters, although they know nothing."

Another gives the following narrative of the troubles he has drawn on himself in defence of 'the cause:—

"There is here a certain poet, who is called George Cibus, and he is one of the secular poets, and lectures publicly in poetry, and is in other respects a good fellow. But, as you know, these poets, when they are not theologians like you, are always finding fault with others, and have no respect for the theologians. And once, in a party in his house, when we were drinking strong beer, and sat till three o'clock, and I was moderately drunk, for that beer rose up into my head, then there was one there who was not a very good friend of mine, and I offered him a cup, and he took it. But afterwards he would not return the compliment, and thrice I warned him, and he would not answer me, but sat silent, and said nothing. Then I said to myself: Lo, he despises thee, and is proud, and will always confound thee. And I was stirred in my anger, and took a cup, and threw it at his head. Then that poet was angry at me, and said that I had made a disturbance in his house, and said I should go out of his house in the devil's name. Then I answered: What

do I care if you are my enemy? I have got as bad enemies as you, and yet I have stood before them: What if you are a poet? I have friends also who are poets, and they are quite as good as you, *ego bene merda-rem in vestram poetriam*. Do you think I am a fool, or that I was born on a tree like an apple? Then he called me a donkey, and said that I never saw a poet. Then I answered him, and spoke of you and others. Therefore I pray you very earnestly, that you will only write me one ditty, which I will show to this poet and others, and I will boast that you are my friend, and that you are a much better poet than he is."

Another describes his triumphs over the 'seculars':—

"Venerable sir, you must know that I have settled at the University of Heidelberg, and that I study in theology; but with this I hear a daily lecture in poetry, in which I have begun to profit notably with the grace of God, and now I know by heart all the fables of Ovid in the '*Metamorphoses*,' and I know how to explain them quadruply, that is, naturally, literally, historically, and spiritually, which those secular poets do not know. And lately I asked one of them the derivation of the name *Mavors*? Then he told me an opinion which was not true; but I corrected him, and said that he is called *Mavors*, *quasi mares vorans*, and he was confounded. Then I said, What is meant by the nine muses allegorically? and he did not know: and I said that the nine muses signify the seven choirs of angels, &c. . . . So that you see these poets now only study in their art literally, and they do not understand allegories and spiritual expositions, because they are carnal men."

The wit of these satires is much heightened by the burlesque Latin of the original. They are all supposed to be written by bigoted Romish partisans, and are addressed to Ortuinus Gratius, a stanch defender of the party of Pfeffercorn. The notions of the orthodox 'poets' relating to Homer, as given in the following letter from a correspondent named Peter, are very amusing:—

"Most excellent sir, inasmuch as you are naturally inclined to me, and show much favour to me, I also will do my possible for you. Now, you said to me, Peter, when you come to Rome, see if there are any new books, and send me some. Here you have a new book, which is printed in this place. And, because you are a poet, I believe that you can improve yourself much by it. For I have heard here, in an audience from a notary, who ought to be perfect in that art, that this book is the fountain of poetry, and that its author, who is called Homer, is the father of all poets; and he said that there is still another Homer in Greek. Then I said, What is Greek to me? That Latin one is better; for I want to send it to Germany to Master Ortuinus, who does not care for those Greek fancies. And I inquired of him what was contained in the book. He replied, that it treats of certain men who are called Greeks, who made war upon other men who are called Trojans. I think I have heard their name before. And these Trojans had a great city, and those Greeks placed themselves before the city, and lay there full ten

years. Then the Trojans sometimes went out to them, and they fought in earnest with them, and they killed one another wonderfully, so that the whole field was bloody; and there was a certain water which was coloured with blood, and was all red, so that it flowed as though it were blood. And a noise was heard in the sky, and one threw a stone which twelve men could not lift, and a horse began to speak, and prophesied. But I do not believe such things, for they seem to me impossible; yet I know not if it be a book of much authority. Pray write to me about it, and tell me what you think of it."

Another correspondent gives a description of what he saw on his way to Rome:—

"Next we came to Mantua, and my companion said, 'Here Virgil was born.' And I answered, What care I for that pagan? We will go to the Carmelites, and see Baptista Mantuanus,* who is twice as good as Virgil, as I have heard Ortuinus say more than ten times. And I told him how you once blamed Donatus, when he says that Virgil was the best of poets; and you said, If Donatus were here, I would tell him to his face that he lied, for Baptista Mantuanus is above Virgil. And when we came to the monastery of the Carmelites, they told us that Baptista Mantuanus is dead, and then I said, May he rest in peace!... Afterwards we came to some small towns, and one is called Monte Flascon, and there we drank the best wine I ever tasted in my life, and I asked the host what it was called, and he said, It is *Lacrima Christi*. And I said to my companion, I wish Christ would cry in our country. And so we had a good drinking, and after two days we entered Rome."

The satire on the doctrine and manners of the clergy is equally amusing. The following is a most edifying discussion of a case of conscience, which is referred to the decision of Master Ortuinus:—

"You told me to write to you, and ask your opinion on theological questions, which you can solve better than the courtiers at Rome. Now, therefore, I ask your mastership what you think of any one who on Friday, or any other fast-day, eats an egg with a chicken in it? For the other day, in the Campo-fiore, we sat in an inn, and made a collation, and were eating eggs, and I, opening an egg, saw that there was a young chicken in it, and showed it to my companion. And he said, 'Eat it quickly before the waiter comes, for if he sees it you will have to pay for it as though it were a fowl; for it is the custom here that when the waiter puts any thing on the table, you must pay for it whether you eat it or not, for he will not take it back; and if he see that there is a young fowl in the egg, he will say, You must pay me for the fowl, for we charge a small one the same as a large one.' And immediately I swallowed the egg with the chicken in it; and afterwards I recollected that it was Friday, and I said to my companion, You have caused me to commit a mortal sin, in eating flesh on a Friday. And he said that it was not a mortal sin, nor even a venial sin, for the chicken is not

* A well-known Latin poet of this age.

reckoned as any thing but an egg until it is born; and he told me that it is as with cheeses, in which there are sometimes grubs, and in cherries, and in fresh peas and beans, which are all eaten on Fridays, and even on the vigils of the Apostles. But the waiters are such rascals that they say they are flesh, that they may have more money. Then I went away, and thought about it. But, Master Ortuinus, I am much troubled about it, and know not how I ought to proceed. It seems to me that these young fowls in the eggs are flesh, because the matter is formed and figured into the members and body of an animal, and has life. It is different with grubs in cheeses and fruit, for worms are reckoned as fishes, as I have heard from a medical man, who is a very good naturalist. Therefore, I pray you very earnestly for your opinion, that, if you judge it a mortal sin, I may get absolution before I return to Germany.”

A zealous Romanist complains of the irreverent manners of the people of Mentz, and adds—

“Here is one who said that he does not believe that the tunic of our Lord at Treves is the tunic of our Lord, but that it is an old lousy garment; and, moreover, he does not believe that the hair of the blessed Virgin is still in the world. And another said that it is possible that the three kings in Cologne are three rustics from Westphalia; and that the sword and shield of St. Michael never belonged to St. Michael. And he also said, *quod vellet merdare super indulgentias fratrum prædicatorum*, because the said friars are buffoons, and deceive women and rustics. Then I said, To the fire, to the fire with this heretic! And he laughed at me,” &c. &c.

The details of clerical licentiousness, given by the supposed writers of these letters, cannot, consistently with propriety, be transferred to our pages. One Master Conrad writes to Master Ortuinus Gratius, in terms which we take the liberty of softening down: “You wrote to me lately that you had renounced absolutely the love of women, except only one or two in a month. I am astonished at this. Did you not often tell us that there are greater faults than loving? Samson and Solomon loved very much, and we are neither stronger than Samson, nor wiser than Solomon. Love is charity,” &c. Such are the famous ‘*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*,’ with which we will close our sketch of the history of satire before the Reformation. The productions of the mediæval comic writers and satirists are not undeserving of our attention. They paint to us, more accurately than any other documents, the manners and feelings of distant ages. Regarding them simply as literary compositions, it is necessary to be acquainted with them to understand and appreciate fully the writings of Rabelais and the other satirists of the Reformation, who are ranged among the classical writers of the sixteenth century, although we cannot but question the propriety of issuing editions of them in the cheap form of those

which are indicated at the head of the present article, for they are filled with descriptions and allusions which are unfit for the eyes of popular readers at the present day. As a part of political and intellectual history, the satirical literature of the ages we have been reviewing is of the greatest importance, and it ought to be brought before the world. There is a spirit of forgetfulness abroad in the present age; a large portion of the world seems no longer to recollect that any one ever discovered errors in the Church of Rome, and there are writers who paint the middle ages as the very golden age of the human race. They were dark ages in all the essentials which constitute moral and political darkness.

ART. VIII.—*Wichtige Urkunden für den Rechtszustand der Deutschen Nation, mit eigenhändigen Anmerkungen.* Von JOHANN LUDWIG KLUEBER. *Aus dessen Papieren mitgetheilt und erläutert.* Von C. WELCKER. (Important Documents on the Political Rights of the German Nation, with Notes by T. L. KLUEBER. Published from his Papers, with Remarks explanatory and illustrative, by C. WELCKER.) 2nd edition. Mannheim. 1845.

✓ It is a very difficult and a very dangerous thing for one nation to give an opinion on the political capacities and capabilities of another; and yet, with regard to Germany, we have, and we think every sound-hearted Englishman may have, a very decided opinion. We think the Germans are a people by their whole temper and habits of mind peculiarly calculated for the exercise of political rights, and the enjoyment of public liberty; and the very same purely psychological considerations (independently of political ones) that make us doubt seriously at times whether our combustible neighbours the French might not be better under the pressure of a strong despotism, lead us to the conclusion that the cool, sober, systematic German is, of all species of the genus HOMO, the best calculated to deliberate wisely on public affairs, and to achieve successfully the delicate problem of self-government. ✓ And yet it is a fact, known, through the help of Mr. Laing and others, to every reader of a circulating library in England, that there is no nation in the world which, considering its extraordinary degree of intelligence, possesses so little of real self-government as the Germans. This is an extraordinary phenomenon, and well worthy of the most serious attention. The policy of Prussia, in first giving a high steam education to her people, setting the active brains of her academical youth afloat upon all manner of

speculation, and then using all sort of inefficient ingenuity to check the power which she has herself raised, and choke the breath which herself inspires, is to us on this side the Channel not a little incomprehensible. With the one hand we see her holding forth the banner of popular intelligence and Protestant independence; in the other she shows the censorship and the police. Can figs and thistles grow on the same plant? can bitter and sweet flow from the same fountain? Assuredly not. These two things, a high grade of general intellectual culture, and a censorship of the press, cannot coexist; and we find accordingly that they exist at the present moment in Germany in a state, not of harmony and co-operation, but of internecine strife and mutual denunciation. They exist, as the established church and the Catholic faith do in Ireland, merely to prove their incompatibility.

Sensible men saw this from the beginning; but some shortsighted and shallow fools, closing the mouth of the volcano for a moment with a lid, and perceiving no more smoke, forthwith deceived themselves into the belief that the fermenting elements were at peace, and that for want of air the fire had gone out. Vain imagination! The human mind, like subterranean chemical stuffs, produces oxygen for itself; and now, instead of peace and reconciliation, which the censorship and the Carlsbad decrees of 1819 were to have introduced into Germany, we hear nothing but a discordant concert of secret grumblings, and loud laughs, grins, sneers, execrations, and terrible prophecies. Are these things the forerunners of an earthquake, the preparations for an eruption, the warning notes of an explosion? or are they only the ravings of a chained lunatic, the convulsions of a galvanised corpse, the fitful clutchings of a dying delirium? This last is the opinion of Prince Metternich and those who believe with him; but if Du Pradt was right when he said that the world can be governed now only on the system of mutual instruction, by monitors and not by masters; and if De Tocqueville guessed well the present plan of Providence, that democracy is on the march everywhere, and may be guided but cannot be restrained; then we must consider the present state of Germany as very ominous, and watch with no small anxiety for the result.

The volume of 'Important Documents,' whose title we have given above, belongs to a class, not numerous indeed in Germany, but which, when they do appear, never fail to excite a great interest. The sort of books to which we allude consists of diplomatic papers and other documents, not originally, of course, in a country like Germany, intended for the public eye, but having a most important bearing on public interests, and appealing to strong political feelings in the public mind.

These documents are generally edited by men not less famous for historical learning than for decision of political view, and manliness of character; and the main drift and purpose of them is to show that, since the year 1815, when the battle of Waterloo ended the great Napoleon drama, an extensive conspiracy has existed among the advocates of bureaucratic despotism in Germany, to cheat the German people out of those important political rights which were pledged to them at the Congress of Vienna. That such a conspiracy has existed, and does exist, is sufficiently plain to any English perception, from the mere fact that freedom of the press beyond the Rhine, instead of increasing since the period mentioned, has been systematically curtailed; and it is impossible for John Bull, with his habits of thinking, to understand how these things should be, unless there were something wrong. Instinctively, whether in Whig or in Tory dress, he will say: These men in Frankfort 'shun the light, because their deeds are evil;' in this case they are knaves; or because they are afraid to see, and in this case they are fools. But the remarkable thing is, that in the face of all that can be done by the Austrian Talleyrand and his Prussian coadjutors, such books as those of Kambst, Hormayr, and this present one of Welcker (fortified by the strong name of Klüber), like murder, will out; and the smooth, fair-spoken diplomatist is made to stand before the world rudely disrobed of all his specious disguises, and pilloried in the memory of all true German hearts, as an intriguer, a liar, a traitor, and a fool. The whole occupation, indeed, of a Prussian bureaucratist at Frankfort, as it is revealed in these pages, has for the last thirty years been—how to make lies look respectable. How, then, we are asked again, do such books come out? Simply because Prussia is not Germany; and because Berlin is not Mannheim. The influence of the two great powers, Prussia and Austria, over the lesser states is great, but not omnipotent; besides, thoughts are like spring-water on a hill side, which, if you stop one opening, will come out at another: and so, after all, the Prussian censorship, like the 'Index Expurgatorius' of the Roman Church, acts not as the annihilator of political heresy in the German language, but merely as a convenient book of reference to the curious.

The main staple of the present publication of Herr Welcker, a person known as one of the most learned publicists in Germany, is a collection of the protocols, in which the proceedings of the conclave of diplomatists in 1819, at Carlsbad, are recorded. These proceedings formed the basis of the first great public attack made by the Diet of Frankfort against the political liberties of the German people, as these were understood to have been secured by the 13th and 18th clauses of the Act of Confedera-

tion:—the one guaranteeing, or in its plain and obvious sense, appearing to guarantee, to the German people of every state, a representative constitution, the other holding out a pledge of the same kind with regard to the liberty of the press. To the historical student, of course, these documents are most important; but the introductory comments of the editor contain much that to the general reader may be more attractive. The following retrospective sketch of the state of German freedom under the early empire, and the middle ages, down to the terrible prostration of Jena, and the miseries of French ascendancy, coming as it does from so well-instructed a pen, will be read with interest.

“ In the history of the German nation, wherever any thing truly great and animating occurs, there also do we behold FREEDOM as the basis and the sinews of this greatness. It was the freedom of the German people, and that indispensable element of it, the soldiery of the free man (as opposed to armies without any popular element) which freed the world from the tyranny of Rome, and in the place of enslaved deserts, brought into existence the states of modern Europe, and their civilisation. And when, partly by the reception of Roman corruption and despotism, partly by aristocratic feudal anarchy and licence, Merovingian France, and especially the western division (Neustria), had sunk into the deepest degradation, it was again by the restoration of popular freedom, a popular soldiery, and free popular imperial diets, that Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne, rescued Christianity from the irruption of the Saracens, overthrew the Merovingian dynasty, and gave a firm foundation to that preponderance of the German nation, which, dating from them, continued through long ages to be the prominent feature of the political system of Europe. The same popular freedom, and popular soldiery, achieved under the great Henry, and his son Otto, the deliverance of Germany from the Hungarians, afforded protection against the irruptions of the Danes and Slavonians, and sowed the seeds of modern civilisation. By similar means, Rudolph of Habsburg rescued the fatherland from being wasted by the wildest aristocratic club-law and anarchy. Lastly, it was on popular freedom that our German cities, in the very midst of that same aristocratic club-law, based their independence, and unfolded to wondering Europe that high culture, that flourishing trade, that refinement in the arts, that extended commerce, and that dominion over the seas, which Machiavelli and Æneas Sylvius have described with such enthusiasm. In those ages, German freedom, a German militia, and German laws, were the foundation of German strength, German civilisation, and German greatness.

“ The subsequent development of things, however, was more sad. Most of the other states gradually got the better of the lawless oppression of feudal anarchy, and princely despotism. They, and especially the Saxons in England, worked out into efficient forms those principles

so aboriginally German, by which the people have a voice, directly or indirectly, in the various departments of legislation, law, and administration. They elevated themselves to national unity and political freedom; they became a free COMMUNITY. The German people, on the other hand, neglected still more and more these first and vital problems of a national existence. They delivered over their freedom, and their rights, and with them the most important German lauds—Burgundy, Lorraine, and Alsace, Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and the Baltic provinces, and lastly, their own empire—to feudal, aristocratic, and princely despotism, to the oppression of a foreign (the Roman) law, and a caste of unpatriotic bureaucrats, to internal division and foreign interference. The unavoidable consequence of this was, that in the several provincial parliaments, even more than in the imperial diet, the pure spirit of *caste* and aristocratic selfishness, and a hunting after privileges and private advantages, obtained the victory over the general freedom, and the common fatherland. The people and their rights were forgotten. They stood mute before the courts of the Roman law. In vain was the voice of warning raised by patriots like ULRICH HUTTEN; in vain did the peasants themselves maintain bloody wars for their trampled rights. The selfish spirit of *caste*, which had taken hold of the nobility, the cities, the bureaucracy, and the universities, prevented co-operation. Treacherous feudal parliaments now excluded the people from a voice in their public deliberations, secured to the nobility a monopoly of all places of influence in the military and civil service, laid the whole weight of taxation and the burdens of actual soldiery on the people; and at the same time, by basely flattering the courts, fell a prey themselves, with all their substantial deliberative rights, to the stronger power of the prince. Above all, in the two great states in Austria and Prussia, the central power of the prince breaking down boundary after boundary, directed all its energies to pare down the rights of the *Landestände* to a bare recognition of their existence, and the acknowledgment of a few traditional formalities. And this endeavour was the more easily crowned with success, that these two states were conglomerations of countries originally distinct; and the original independent *Landestände* of each country existed now only as provincial parliaments, which, as all experience testifies, never can maintain any influence in a kingdom, unless they are supported at head-quarters by a central and metropolitian parliament. But the evil did not stop here. After having achieved this unworthy victory over the rights of German citizens, the princes were themselves vanquished, as the natural effect of their own system, first by the aping of foreign fashions, and then by being forced to receive foreign bonds. Whoever delights to speak of the greatness of the German nation, whoever has a heart for German honour and happiness, must read with sorrow, and indignation, and shame, the history of Germany during the last two hundred years; particularly, however, that period immediately preceding the great War of Liberation. Who can point out a nation,

by numbers, by resources, by early history, and prospects so great, and yet eventually sunk into such misery and degradation? Before we dare to call ourselves a GREAT nation, let us look to our political rights and liberties, and see in what condition they are; let us put before our eyes the several moments in the late history of our country, which will mark our national character to future ages; the partition of Poland, the coalition against the liberty of France, the shameful surrendering of the territories of the empire, and the degrading treaties of peace made at Basle, at Campo Formio, and at Lunéville; the parcelling out of our possessions at the nod of French and Austrian diplomats, in the year 1803; then the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena—this terrible battle of JENA, after which, in the midst of the prostration of fatherland, the German people could yet console themselves with a smile of triumph over the downfall of their haughty caste of aristocratic officers; then the ever-advancing subjugation and division of Germany, the annihilation of the empire, the confederation of the Rhine, the incorporation of Northern Germany with France, effected, as formerly the robbery of Alsace, without a stroke; then the crowning shame of all—worse than the many sacrificial millions, and hundreds of sacked cities—the shame that the sons of Germany were driven through Europe as the hired minions of the despot, who had caused their own slavery, and used by him as the instrument to enslave their yet free brethren; till these brethren likewise being enslaved, were dragged in splendid servitude behind the triumphal car of their master.

“The real cause of this truly infamous degradation, of this shameful subjugation, nay almost annihilation of the nation and its princes, where did it lie, if not in the neglect of public freedom and the national rights of the German people?”

That these views are substantially right is best made evident to the reflecting reader of history, by contrasting the causes here alleged for German degradation, with those counteracting causes under which, within the memory of many who now live, the restoration and glorious political elevation of the fatherland was achieved. Pursuing his comments on the battle of Jena, and its astonishing consequences, the author writes:—

“The world had to learn from these events that numerous well-drilled armies, and well-furnished fortresses, well-stored treasuries, and a well-arranged state mechanism, and even, what stands much higher, an excellent royal family, followed by the love and the respect of the nation; that high intellectual cultivation, and a well-deserved military reputation; that all these things are of no avail to protect a state against radical defects, often remaining latent through a long series of years, and which may ultimately work its destruction. The same Prussia, from whose prosperity Europe had learned so much, was, in the years from 1807 to 1813, to teach a yet more important lesson in its adversity; to teach the true sources of strength by which nations grow, the true means by which even small and physically weak states may be-

come great and triumphant. With the most admirable wisdom, and with a simplicity of purpose proceeding from a heart purified by affliction, the Prussian government sought to discover the root of so many evils, not, as fools do, in matters merely external and accidental, but in the internal economy of the state; and it recognised the true sources of possible prosperity only in the most complete self-knowledge, and the most honest confession of past faults. With a dignified moral courage in the hour of adversity, it lent an open ear to the loud proclamation of all the real, and even supposed defects of the constitution and administration, which had been the cause of the great national calamity of 1806. In a few years, and with the most limited means, Stein and Scharnhorst prepared and laid the foundation of all those great social and political changes which made the glorious liberation of 1813-14-15 possible; those changes, and that regeneration, that are even now the pride and the hope of Prussia, and the duration and happy development of which affords to the state the only stable guarantee, in the words of a great Prussian statesman, that 'another JENA shall neither be dangerous, nor necessary to Prussia.' By the emancipation of the peasant class from the oppression of the feudal aristocracy, by municipal laws, *as they then were*,* founded on principles of burghal freedom, by the equality of public duties and rights, and finally, by the express promise of representative provincial and metropolitan parliaments (Edict of 28th of October, 1820), a constitution founded on the broadest principles of civil and religious freedom, was prepared and pledged for the nation. By the virtually allowed, and substantially exercised, freedom of word and writing, by the foundation of universities and schools in the most liberal spirit possible, intellectual weapons were put into the hands of the nation, and the highest grade of intellectual cultivation secured. The abolition of flogging, which had shown its inefficiency to produce true valour at Jena, and the obligation of military service imposed upon every citizen, introduced a system of national defence of the most effective description. The real ground of Prussia's, of Germany's misery and shame—feudal aristocracy, and want of constitutional freedom—and with these the problem of a new age, were plainly seen and acknowledged. Light and Right, Truth and Freedom, were pronounced everywhere, and recognised as the public watchwords of Prussia. And it was because of these truly popular and national watchwords that the call of Prussia was responded to everywhere, not as a Prussian, but as a German call; and, in accordance with this, it is worthy of remark, though this circumstance in itself is merely accidental, that all the great restorers of Prussian greatness, Stein, Scharnhorst, Blücher, and Hardenberg, were not born Prussians, but by birth connected with other provinces of the common fatherland. Under the influence of such a true German inspiration, the government, assisted by a league of en-

* This limitation alludes to the systematic encroachments which subsequent legislation made on that character of freedom which was stamped on Stein and Hardenberg's municipal enactments. In studying the Prussian system these bureaucratic modifications and encroachments must always be carefully attended to.

thusiastic patriots, found themselves in a condition, beneath the very eyes of the jealous foreign tyrant, to prepare in secret a great moral rising of the nation, and to achieve the liberation of the fatherland."

The great Prussian and European victories of Grossbeeren and the Katzbach, Dennewitz, Culm, Leipzig, La Rothière, Laon, Ligny, and Waterloo, were achieved by an appeal to popular sympathies, and by the use of a purely popular machinery. This is a FACT of which there can be no doubt: and if any obscurity rested upon the nature of the mere transactions, the character of the principal men engaged, and the proceedings at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814-15, place the essential *liberalism*, so to speak, of the Liberation War, beyond the possibility of scepticism. No sooner, however, did the battle of Waterloo secure to the German princes the security of their thrones—no sooner was the danger over that had rendered the calling in of such men as Stein and Hardenberg, and the profession of liberal principles necessary, than a RE-ACTION took place. The conspiracy mentioned above was formed by the old bureaucrats, who had been in disgrace since the battle of Jena: at the head of these was Prince Metternich, assisted by his minion, the once respected Gentz; the late King of Prussia was a good man privately, but in public affairs a simpleton and a cipher; he, therefore, was easily gained over, or at least intimidated and confounded, and the consequence was that in a few years, after so much blood had been poured out by the heroes of the Liberation War, we find all the great men of those days, the heroes of the Restoration, retired from the scene of public affairs, and their places occupied by the men of the Re-action. Their first work was to raise the cry of sedition, conspiracy, and revolution; to issue extraordinary commissions; to spread over Germany a system of espionage and persecution; and, above all things, to render suspected to the government those very men by whose patriotic word and deed the existence of the government had been secured. This was followed up by arbitrary imprisonments and prosecutions of all kinds, whose name is legion; and by the enactment of those infamous Carlsbad decrees of 1819, by which the provisions in favour of German liberty contained in the Act of Confederation were explained away, and nullified. A baser act the history of base modern statesmanship has not recorded. Such things will happen, however, when weak men like Frederick William III. hold the rudder of state in stormy times. Mark the consequences!—

"By the coincidence of the system of public policy adopted in different countries, and by new instruments of oppression and persecution introduced daily, the free communion of citizen with citizen on public affairs has, since the date of the Carlsbad decrees, been more sensibly and violently

checked than in any period in the history of our country. Even the Augsburg 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' so moderate in its tone, and so sparing in its language, a paper also which was always open to whoever wished to defend the ministerial policy, is now seen to confine itself almost exclusively to news from China, or to dissertations on crustaceous animals and falling stars, and to refrain altogether from the expression of a free judgment on any question of public interest and concernment. In this way are maintained and cherished the most narrow, petty, and selfish feelings among all classes. By the daily increasing number of the vast army of civil officers, by the dependence of the judges on the favour of the court and the minister, and the politics of the hour, both these classes are made mere servile tools in the hands of a few, and are robbed of the confidence and respect of the great body of the citizens. By the abolishing of the freedom and independence of the universities; by the restraints put on the liberty of teaching; by the permanent enforcement of laws against the professors, which were in their nature and in their name purely exceptional; by the annihilation of the influence which they once exercised in the examination of candidates for public offices, and as a court of reference in important matters ('*Facultäts gutachten und Spruchkollegien*'); by these and similar means the academical class has been degraded from its ancient rank, and lost its ancient influence; every thing has been done that could be done to make the professors a corporation of smooth, mannerly, cowardly, unmanly, and immoral courtiers. Nor have the students fared better; the ancient academical freedom has been abolished; a jealous persecution has followed every attempt on the part of the students to unite themselves, or even to confer together for patriotic and national purposes; and by thus checking all political sympathy and public spirit in the bud, our governments have forced the German youth to give vent to the effervescence of their spirits only in the lowest and most enervating sensual excesses; then, on the other hand, the long and severe examinations which they are made to pass through are only so much mechanical drilling for a special purpose, and rather check than promote the free growth of a really scientific spirit. Further: by the assiduous zeal with which the clergy and the nobility are pressed into the service of absolutism; by the privileges and distinctions which are heaped upon them, in order to set them in array against the mass of the citizens, these high classes of society have lost their proper dignity, the respect which naturally belongs to them, and their beneficial influence. And, worst of all, a portentous system of all-directing and all-controlling POLICE lies, like a nightmare, upon the oppressed heart of the people. By this vexatious machinery no freedom is left to the citizen, except for the mere enjoyments of sense, and for purely material interests; and even on these, at times, a check is laid in the most arbitrary way for political purposes. As if all German men were a set of idle, mischievous boys under pupillage, a severe interdict is laid upon all sorts of communion and conference for the purposes of co-operation; and this not merely in matters of municipal and public interest, but where pure

humanity and Christian charity are concerned. And while, in free England, the strongest government has not the power to forbid the most miserable fugitive a shelter beneath its hospitable law, in Germany, a German is treated by German governments like a vagabond. And this treatment he receives in the very teeth of those clauses in his national charter—the Act of Confederation—which add the sanction of an express stipulation to rights which God and nature originally confer on every man. Without any ground in law, he is chased at pleasure beyond the boundary of his own house, like a wild beast. Driven out of one province, he hopes to find refuge in another; but even this hope fails him; in a district where his own German tongue is spoken, he cannot even claim the rights which England concedes to the lowest malefactor; he is instantly led to the gate of the city, where he had, or hoped to find, a temporary livelihood: nay, he may often count himself happy if this last refuge of the fugitive remains, and if he be not, from motives of state policy, prevented from leaving a country which his watchful enemies have converted everywhere from a home into a prison. In vain will he appeal to a court of justice. The court of justice will declare, that in however arbitrary a manner the poor victim has been treated, that is an affair of the police and of the executive, with which the courts of law have nothing to do. To see such things as daily happen among us, a stranger must believe that all ideas of public right and personal freedom in Germany are dead. During the whole wretched period from the peace of Westphalia to the present day, those who have read the history of Germany can point to no time, when every bulwark of freedom and right was so completely destroyed as it is now—even now, immediately after our princes, partly for the rescue of their own thrones, partly being warned of duty by misfortune, partly from feelings of gratitude to a people that bled for them, felt themselves called on to come before Germany and before Europe with the most distinct pledges and promises of a state of liberty and right, such as Germans once enjoyed, and of which they should never have been deprived. In the midst of such a complete prostration of all personal and mental freedom, it is utterly vain to expect that the CONSTITUTIONS which have been lately established and sworn to, can have any practical efficiency. So long as there is no guarantee for the personal security of the individual, all parliaments, however well constituted, and however theoretically free, are vain; but in Germany, our parliaments are no longer allowed to be even theoretically free; for by secret and public combinations, by one-sided and perverse interpretations put upon the national charter, by the introduction of exceptional laws, which are made to override and to supersede the rule, the grand conditions of a constitutional life have been prevented from coming into existence—these are freedom of the press, freedom of election, and the formation of a real representation of the people, the right of legislation, especially of taxation, and the publicity of parliamentary proceedings. So long as the venerable empire lasted, frail and inefficient as it had

become, there was always an appeal from gross injustice in the provincial courts of law, to the emperor, to the independent imperial courts, and to the courts of arbitration (*Spruch-Kollegien*); there was always the right of *all* the citizens to assemble for the purpose of stating a complaint, and the right to refuse payment of the taxes till grievances had been redressed. All this has now been abolished, and without any thing to compensate for it. For nobody, surely, will find a compensation in the aid given by the diet to the men of Holstein and Hanover, or in the decrees of the diet against the press and the universities, against assemblies of the people and the right of public petitioning, and against the right of withholding the supplies, which, if it should be attempted, according to the arbitrary decrees of the diet, is to be held equivalent to high treason, and to warrant instant interference of foreign troops to protect the rights, not of the people, but of the sovereign. All this it is unnecessary to picture out at length; equally so to dwell on the periodically returning criminal prosecutions, the establishment of a political inquisition, which continues its torture year after year unrelentingly, and the arbitrary courts of law instituted to suit the political occasion. Of the dark reality of these things the names of Jahn and Arndt, of Herwegh, Behr, and Eisenmann, of Jordan, Weidiz, and so many others, sufficiently testify."

Need we add a single word to this statement? The writer, unfortunately, is no raging radical, or reckless pamphleteer, delighting in pure calumny for the sake of calumny and the venting of democratic spite. We shall add nothing of our own on such a serious theme, but conclude with the weighty words of the noble-minded Baron von Stein, penned on the 29th of September, 1819, and with express reference to these ill-advised Carlsbad decrees, which have been the mother of so much personal misery, and may yet, unless God prevent, in their continued operation, be the cause of some fearful public calamity in Germany.

"The most efficient means for the preservation of public peace in Germany is to *put an end to the reign of arbitrary power*, and to commence seriously the foundation of a *constitution founded in law*; and, in the place of the *bureaucratists* and the *democrats*, of whom the former oppress the people by *much and bad governing*, and the latter irritate and confound them, to put the influence and the activity of the *owners of property*."*

* Correspondence of Stein with Von Eugern.

ART. IX. — *Poesie Italiane, tratte da una Stampa a Penna.*
(Italian Poems, taken from a Manuscript Copy.) Italia. 1844.

SUCH is the cautious title-page of a very remarkable little volume of poetry, which has attracted no small notice throughout Italy ; and has acquired among one portion of the people of the Peninsula a great and lasting popularity. The adage of that wise man who preferred, as a means of influencing the destinies of a people, the writing of their songs to the making of their laws, is well-known. The author of the volume before us has probably formed a similar opinion. For assuredly the object he has had in view in the composition of these light pieces, has been a higher and more serious one than mere amusement, or even the acquisition of a literary reputation. Nor is it too much to say, that the ultimate consequences and results of the spirit awakened and cherished by these and similar productions will probably exert an influence on the destinies of Italy, when that exercised by the *motu proprio* ordinances of its present rulers shall have long since become extinct.

We have already said enough to explain the mysterious and cautious wording of the title-page we have above copied. The reader will already have understood that our author is not of those who may hope in the present state of Italy to speak his thoughts with impunity. No! his thoughts are not of the right sort! And an ominous presage of coming events, which cast a most visible shadow before them, must it be to the Italian powers that are, that with all their absolutism, all their prohibitions, all their vigilance, they cannot prevent the circulation of such verses and such thoughts, as are contained in this little volume, '*tratte da una Stampa a Penna.*' They cannot prevent the circulation of the material printed volume ; still less can they impede the epidemic spread of the spirit that it breathes, and the ever-increasing re-echo of its sentiments from heart to heart, and from voice to voice.

This they can *not* do. But inasmuch as there are other things which they *can* do—as sceptred tyrants have notoriously long arms—it is not for us to name publicly the sufficiently well-known author of the volume before us. Its contents were for some time widely circulated in MS. before they were collected into a volume and printed ; as is intimated by the title ; and the author by nowise personally appears in the publication. An advertisement in the fly-leaf informs us, that from the many MS. copies in circulation, "We," (*i. e.* the anonymous editor, who has also prefixed a long and eloquent preface)—"have selected the reading which appeared the most correct." Our readers will, therefore, duly

appreciate our motives for not declaring a fact which, though it is in truth no secret at all, might yet, if publicly asserted, produce inconvenience to our author. Recent circumstances have unfortunately but too well shown that the oppressors and misrulers of Italy have vigilant eyes, whose watchfulness neither the distance nor the boasted freedom of our island can escape. And there are many in Italy who still feel, and more who remember, the mischief unwittingly but most thoughtlessly committed by the imprudent divulgations of Lady Morgan's book on Italy.

We have nothing, therefore, to say of the author of these 'Poesie Italiane;' but shall, after calling the reader's attention for a moment to the equally anonymous editor's preface, endeavour to give him some little notion of the very remarkable volume he has produced.

"This," says the *Prefazione dagli Editori*, "though it contains merely verses, and those almost entirely jocose, is consecrated 'to the people who are in suffering, and to men who think.' Truly there is material enough for thinkers in these verses, light and jocose though they be. Nor do they despair—these editors go on to say—of finding readers, even among those whose habits of mind might seem most averse from such studies and sentiments. "And perchance, among quips and jests, may here and there unexpectedly be heard to vibrate a note so painfully startling and severe, that indignation, sorrow, and enthusiasm, may invade the slumbering minds long carefully guarded against the disagreeable truth."

Our 'editors'—(we could reduce *them* to the singular number, and assign him, too, his proper patronymic, if we thought fit)—then go on, really with very considerable eloquence, to sketch in a few sentences the history of the old and lasting league between Italian poetry and Italian liberty and nationality.

"Since Italian song," says our preface, "came into the world, now six centuries since, the first-born of modern intellect, she has never wearied of anxiously watching over the long and painful parturition of Italian nationality; and has, with holy perseverance, alimanted the flickering flame of our religious hope. From the sublime aspirations of Alighieri, to the calm and solemn protests of Manzoni, Italian poetry has never deserted the cause of her country, and of her country's wrongs;—has never despaired of the justice of God, and of the nation's future. She has ever spied out every generous thought, every hidden sacrifice of that dispersed multitude, to whom Europe conspired to deny a name. She has ever gathered up and fostered every sign of returning energy in this our ancient Italy; and when it was intimated to her on all sides that she must die, she sang forth the glories of renewed vitality, and the virtues of hope. * * * What else but a collection of quarrelsome communes and feeble petty tyrants was our Peninsula, when Dante

evoked once more that ancient name of '*Italy*,' proscribed by the popes, who wished us merged in the universality of Catholicism, and refused by the emperors, who would have walled us up in the Gothic boundary of the '*Holy Germanic Empire*.' Dante marked out the limits of '*la bella Italia*'—of the '*paese del sì*,' which extends itself '*dal piè dell' Alpe che serra Lamagna*,' whence come down on us the '*Tedeschi lurchi*.' He restored to the country its individuality, and lamenting its intestine discords, awaked in our fathers' breasts the consciousness of a common country. And those were the days when the Briton called the Norman and the Frank, stranger and robber;—when Provençals, Gascons, Lorrainers, Burgundians, and Flemmings would have deemed it an insult to be called Frenchmen. But already hearts were beating in Italy at the loved name of Italy; and the national mind already rebelled against the barbarous latinity of the pontifical canons, and the feudal institutes; and the vernacular language of the people sounded forth sublime hopes, generous indignation, and immortal loves. From the day when first we awoke to self-consciousness—to the consciousness of our miseries and our destinies—from that day shone forth invincible the great idea of Italian unity, incarnate in the language, in the poetry, and the traditions of the people;—shone forth with a ray that never more either the arms of strangers or our own degradation can quench. With Dante and Petrarch commenced that brotherhood, which shall then only be complete when four hundred thousand men shall move under one banner, exhorted to do or die in that tongue that in such terrible accents spoke its wrath, '*alla serva Italia, di dolore ostello*;'—when an Italian senate shall discuss Italian interests in the idiom that Cola di Rienzi spoke, that thundered from the pulpit of St. Marc in the mouth of Savonarola, that conveyed the severe and subtle reasoning of Machiavello. Glory to the tongue and to the poesy of Italy! Let all those who burn with love for their country think of the moment when first was awakened in their hearts the religion of patriotism, when first they felt their cheek glow with a patriot's indignation, and they will call to mind some monumental verse of Dante, some living melody of Petrarch—ever more true by far, and more impassioned, when he sings of the land '*che copre l' uno e l' altro parente*,' than when he quibbles on his Laura and the laurel. Glory to the poesy of Italy! When all was still and dead, when we snatched the arms from each other's hands, when energy and courage were extinct, her voice still never failed; nor did her courage ever desert her—her the vainly-derided guardian of a destiny, which fortune and violence may defer, but cannot prevent. * * * And in these days, when we are compelled to own the wretched doubt, whether the misfortunes or the shame of Italy be the greater, who can point to any act that has better served our country's cause than the verses of Berchet, of Niccolini, of Leopardi, of Pellico? Our poets have done that which to the vanquished is so difficult to do. They have given somewhat of dignity to our misfortunes—have commanded somewhat of respect for our distress. Europe, which had looked on with a mocking smile at the vain supplications of the commissioners

of the Italian regency—at the almost bloodless discomfiture of the Neapolitans and Piedmontese—at the defeats of Novi and Rimini—at the assassinations of Modena and Savoy—could not read without tears and indignation the story of the horrors of Spielberg.”

Have we quoted sufficient to let our readers understand how far the ‘Italian Poems,’ to which these and similar pages form the preface, are likely to be palatable to the ruling powers in Italy? In truth, this anonymous preface-maker knows how to write;—knows how to speak to the half-awakened hearts of the people, and to stir up in them that spirit of which the successors of ‘Cæsar’ and ‘Peter’ most dread the revival. The passage we have cited is an eloquent one; and if it has not seemed so to our readers, the fault must be held to lie in the indifference of our translation.

The writer passes on to the consideration of the peculiar style and manner of the poems which he is introducing to the public. The patriotic poetry of Italy, he says, has hitherto been almost entirely of too high, serious, and severe a tone, to exercise an extensive influence on the masses. Many a thrilling cry of indignation, many a heart-stirring call to resistance, has been sounded by the patriot muse, in tones which have found a ready echo in the breasts of the high-souled and the initiated. But a poet of a more popular character, who should speak to all classes and dispositions, whose verses should find their way to the feelings and the memory of even the light-minded and the careless, was wanted. And it was from ‘the smart and witty Tuscany, the gentle nature of whose people permits the Austrian eagle to hide his blood-stained talons there, under the grand-ducal mantle—from the country of Berni and of the Italian comedy that the popular poet of satire and pasquinade was to come.’ He goes on to characterise the poems of the volume before us, and to point out their especial fitness for the purpose for which they were intended. Their lightness and witty ease, the broadness of their biting satire, the jesting tone in which their scornful irony and bitter mockery are couched, were all calculated to render them popular with the multitude. The quips, and puns, and ‘*fiorentinerie*,’ or Florentine provincialisms, in which they abound, all tend to the same end; and have, in fact, assisted to acquire for them the wide popularity which they enjoy.

But the editor who writes this preface, is most anxious to answer by anticipation an objection which may be made against treating with levity, subjects which, to every good Italian, are and ought to be ever serious and painful. ‘We, too,’ says he, ‘should deem the frivolity impious, which could find a subject for laughter in the woes of our country. And could we for an instant suspect that these verses, with which we are no further

concerned than as giving them the publicity of the press, were intended to invite their readers to that irreverent cynicism, which seeks to find excuse for its own vileness by maintaining it to be general, incurable, and inevitable; did we, for a moment, suppose this to be the case, we should condemn the book to the flames, and the poet to oblivion. But there is a kind of smile which becomes well enough the care-worn countenance of him who thinks deeply. Nor does the ridiculous always take its rise from puerile absurdities and frivolities; but often has its source in the profound sentiment of the true and the beautiful.' The truth of this it is needless to impress, especially upon the English reader. The depth and force of the impression which such writers as Dickens, Hood, Jerrold, &c., have made upon the public mind, are testimonies of the correctness of the assertion.

But it is time that we pass on to the poems, whose character and tone we have been showing our readers. We must, if possible, give them some notion of the manner and subjects as well as of the general scope and tendency of these most essentially Italian satires and lampoons. If it be possible, we say, for the attempt is indeed almost a Quixotic one. In the first place they are not only essentially Italian, but essentially Florentine, abounding in local allusions, and popular expressions. The *fiorentinerie* with which they are filled, as was said before, make it exceedingly difficult for a stranger to understand them fully, and more difficult still to translate them. And when such a translation, as it is possible to make, has been accomplished, the English reader will probably think that the specimen we may give him does not bear out what we have said of the merits and importance of the work. We fear that he will be disappointed. But he must remember how impossible it is for him to understand all the details of Italian life, and the minutiae of Italian contemporary history, without an acquaintance with which he cannot feel the pungency of the satire, or the force of the allusions.

We should have liked to attempt a translation of the 'Investiture of a Knight.' But it is far too long for our pages. It is a great favourite with the Florentines, being a pasquinade on the unworthy prostitution of the old orders of chivalry, the insignia of which have in all the Italian states been showered down on the creatures of the court, from various motives. While the old families are, of course, indignant at the vilification of their honours and titles, the populace naturally regard this shoal of new fledged knights of this, that, and t'other order, with aversion and contempt, deeming justly enough, their stars and ribbons as the rewards of their sevilty to their despot rulers, and the price of their

treachery to the best interests of the country. Of this new nobility, the poet tells us—

“Tanta è la sua viltà che non ne giova;
E i bottegai di titoli lo sanno;
Ma tiran via perchè gatta si cova.
Come di corte riempir lo scanno,
Che vuotan conti tribolati? Ah come
Le forbici menar se manca il panno?”

“So utter is its degradation that it disgusts us; and the title brokers (that is, the princes and their courts) are well aware of it. But they go on with the trade, because they find their account in it. How fill the courtly benches left vacant by the impoverished nobles? To what purpose wield the shears, if the cloth be wanting?”

The poet goes on to give an account of a certain grocer, who, having amassed a large fortune by usury and roguery, was at length to be a knight of St. Stephen.—‘Trovo che fece anche un tantin la spia;—the poet tells us:—‘I understand that he did a little too in the spy line.’ The ceremony of investiture is described. Becero (a name especially belonging, even proverbially, at Florence, to the lowest class of the populace) so is the knight named, is at the altar. The clergy and courtiers all surround him, and, with much ringing of bells and sounding of organs, hocus-pocus him into a knight. Suddenly the scene appears to him to change. On the altar in the place of the image of the Virgin,—

“Una figura
Magra e di aspetto tisico ghi apparve;
In mano ha la cambial, dalla cintura
Di mille pegni un ordine pendea:
La riconobbe tosto per l’Usura
Dalla pratica grande che n’avea.
Vide prender persona i candelieri
E diventar di scrocchi un assemblea;
Parean nobili tutti e cavalieri,
E d’accordo gridavano al fantasma—
‘Mamma, Pisa per noi diventa Algeri.’”

“A lean and gaunt figure appeared to him. In her hand she held a bill of exchange; and from her waist hung a chain composed of a thousand impawned pledges. Becero forthwith recognised her as Usury, from the long acquaintance he had had with her. He saw, too, the candelabras all assume living characters, and become an assembly of usurers. They appeared to be all noble—all knights; and with one voice they cried to the phantom, ‘Mother, Pisa has become our Algiers.’”

The order of St. Stephen was instituted against the Algerine pirates. And the last line of our quotation, therefore, implies that the impoverished Pisans are the objects of their warfare to these modern knights of St. Stephen, as Algiers was to their predecessors.

Becero is frightened out of his wits; strange voices sound

around him. Prison, the tribunal, the pillory, the galleys are sounded in his ears. He fancies himself at last on the scaffold.

"Sotto vedea la folla
A lato il cappucino ;
Fu messo a capo chino ;
Udi scattar la molla.
Parveghi a quello scatto
Sentirsi un certo crollo,
Chè alzò la mano a un tratto
Per attastarsi il collo.
Ma in quel punto una mano scettrata
Gli calò sulla testa nefaria ;
Allo strano prodigio incantata
La Mannaja rimase per aria.
Viva, viva gridava il buglione,
La giustizia del nostro Solone,
Che protegge chi ruba e chi gabba :
Muoja Cristo, si sciolga Barabba !"

"Beneath him he saw the crowd, beside him the priest. His head was bent upon the block ; he heard the spring go off. At the click of that spring he seemed to feel a sort of jerk that instantly raised his hand to feel his neck. But at that moment a sceptred hand descended on his scoundrel head. Bewitched by the strange prodigy, the knife of the guillotine remained suspended. 'Long live the justice of our Solon,' cried the crowd around, 'that protects the robber and the cheat. Let Christ die, and let Barabbas be released !'"

Then the phantasmagoria change ; all around the church he sees the members of the old but beggared nobility. With soiled lace on their faded tawdry uniforms, some of the epaulettes of which, as Becero well remembers, he himself held in pawn—with ragged orders hanging from thread-bare button-holes—and poverty-stricken looks, they are still,

"Gente, che incoccia maledettamente
Desser di carne come tutti siamo,
E vorrebbe per padre un altro Adamo."

"Folks who are most cursedly angry at being made of flesh, as we all are, and who would fain have a different Adam for their ancestor."

These all burst forth into a storm of indignation at the new knight, and the elevation of a horde of usurers who have fattened on their ruin, and risen on their downfall. The last bit of property still remaining to several of the ancient families is their ancestral palace in Florence ; and they live by letting this chiefly to the English, while they themselves live often in garrets. So the chorus of beggared nobles wind up their song of lamentation and indignation by saying that, if the heroes that are gone have any fancy to haunt their old habitations, inasmuch as every thing is let, their souls must seek out the rascal who has the keys.

Once again the scene changes ! and now the crowd of the po-

pulace, who had known Becero as one of themselves, throng the church, and have their fling at the new knight.

"Eh torna Becero,"—(they conclude)—

"Torna droghiere ;
Leva la maschere
Di cavaliere.

Se schifo ai nobili
Non fa lo loja
Di certi ciaccheri
Scappati al boja ;
Se i preti a crederti
Son tanto bovi,
Con cotest' anima
Che ti ritrovi ;

Se dallo scandalo

Di questa festa

Non ti precipita

La chiesa in testa ;

O in oggi ha credito

Lo sbarazzino,

O Santo Stefano

Tira al quattrino !

Ma noi che fecimo

Teco il mestiere,

S'ha a dir lustrissimo ?

L'avresti a avere !"

"Come, Becero, turn back ! turn grocer again ! take off this mask of knightship ! If the filth of rogues escaped from the hangman does not offend the nobles ;—if the priests are asses enough to believe you, with such a soul as yours ;—if the church does not fall in upon your head from the scandal of this inauguration, either roguery is in credit now-a-days, or St. Stephen has taken to keeping an eye on the pence ! But we, who drove the old trade together with you—are we to call you 'your excellency' ?—We wish you may get it !"

The poem concludes thus :

"Tacquero ; e gli pareva che ad una voce

Ripigliasser le gente ivi affolate :

'Se dall'forca ti salvò la croce,

Non ti potrà salvar dalle pisciate.'

Quindi ogni larva se ne andò veloce ;

Finì la cerimonia e le cantate,

E su in ciel Santo Stefano si lagna

Di vedere un pirata in cappamagna."

"They ceased ; and it seemed to him that all the multitude assembled there with one voice returned to this burden of their strain—'If the cross of your order has saved you from the gallows, it cannot save you from infamy.' Then each phantom swiftly vanished ; the ceremony and the singing was over ; and above in heaven St. Stephen bewailed himself to see a pirate in the mantle of his order."

So much for Sir Becero ! Perhaps it might not be difficult for a Florentine to point out the identical worthy who furnished the poet with the original of the newly-made knight. At all events it is easy enough to point out numbers to whom the satire is equally applicable.

If our limits would permit us, we might possibly afford the reader some amusement by going through several of the other poems ; but our space is waning ; and as we wish to reserve a page for an attempt at a poetical translation of one of the best of them, we must content ourselves with merely indicating the titles and subjects of a few of the most remarkable among the others.

The death of Francis the First gives occasion to some most

powerfully severe lines; and the coronation of Ferdinand the First is commemorated in one of the best, and at the same time most audacious, poems in the volume. All the potentates of Italy are represented as doing homage to the new emperor, and are each briefly but significantly characterised. First comes—

“ Il Savojardo dai rimorsi giallo,
Si che purgò di gloria un breve fallo
Al Trocadero.”

This allusion to the early career of the Sardinian monarch, yellow with remorse, will need no explanation to those who have any acquaintance with the unhappy history of the Carbonaro attempts to liberate Italy.

Next comes—

“ Il Lazzarone Paladino infermo.”
“ The feeble Lazzarone King of Naples.”

Next—

“ Il Toscano Morfeo vien lemme,
Di papavero cinto e di lattuga,
Che, per la smania de eternarsi, asciuga
Tasche e Maremme.”

“ The ‘Tuscan Morpheus,’ with his girdle of poppies and lettuce, who, in the hope of immortalising himself, drains marshes—and pockets,”

Is certainly, let our poet say what he will, the best of the bunch. The title here given him describes his manner accurately enough; and as for his draining pockets, as well as marshes,—although it may be true that the Tuscans are more taxed than they might be, they are infinitely better off in this respect than their priest-governed neighbours, and no one can deny high praise to the grand-duke for his persevering attempts to ameliorate the state of the Maremma.

Next comes she of Parma, described as ‘*sfacciatamente degradata*,’—‘barefacedly degraded.’

Then—

“ Fra sì grave corteo gajo si mesce
Di Lucca il protestante Don Giovanni,
Che non è nella lista de tiranni
Carne nè pesce.”

“ Among the grave assembly jauntily shows himself the Protestant Don Giovanni, of Lucca, who, in the list of tyrants, is neither flesh nor fish.”

This whimsical union of the Duke of Lucca’s supposed Protestant opinions, and his known gallantries, describes *him* too, accurately enough.

Then ‘the Modenese buffoon, ever planning scaffolds and guillotines,’ closes the procession. Does the reader wonder that this

little volume is *prohibitissimo*? Does it not rather give a comfortable assurance of the world's progress, even on the other side of the Alps, that the author remains with his head on his shoulders, and breathing the free air of his native country?

A poem entitled '*Apologia del giuoco del lotto*,' 'An Apology for the Lottery,' contains a well-meant ironical satire on the government for encouraging this most demoralising practice; thus trading in, and making a very large profit of, the debasement, ruin, and demoralisation of their people. The state lotteries, drawn *weekly* throughout Italy, are established with all the circumstances most calculated to make them infinitely pernicious to the country; and it is difficult to conceive how any government, that would wish for an instant to impose itself on the world as 'paternal,' can lend itself to such an abomination.

The congress at Pisa, the first of the Italian meetings on the plan of the British Association, is the subject of a spirited and humorous poem, in which one of the despots of Italy attacks the grand-duke for not knowing his trade of monarch, in permitting such an assembly.

If the grand-duke gets a passing word of praise by implication in the last-mentioned verses, he comes in for a full share of ridicule a few pages further on, in those entitled '*Il Re Travicello*,' 'King Log.' The nature of the satire and of the qualities attributed in it to the 'Tuscan Morpheus,' may be divined from the title.

Some lines entitled 'On Lamartine's calling Italy—"the land of the dead,"' are very fine—really poetry of a high order. We cannot refrain from giving the concluding lines. After several stanzas of most bitter and mordant irony, he breaks out—

"Cadaveri, alle corte
Lasciamoli cantare;
E vediam questa morte
Dov' anderà a cascare.
Tra i salmi dell' uffizio
C'è anco il *dies iræ* ;—
Oh che! non ha da venire
Il giorno del giustizio?"

"Brother corpses! let us leave them to sing at the courts of kings; and let us wait to see on whom this death shall fall. Among the psalms of the ritual there is also that of the '*dies iræ*'—day of wrath! Ay! and is there not also a day of judgment to come?"

One cannot read such lines, and know, moreover, that they find an echo in a thousand hearts, without feeling that the tenure of Italy's rulers is a precarious one. There is danger in the men who write and feel such lines as those we have quoted.

We now come to—

"LA CRONACA DELLO STIVALE.

"Io non son della solita vacchetta,
Nè sono uno stival da contadino;
E se paje tagliato con l' accetta,
Chi lavoro non era un ciabattino;
Mi fece a doppia suola, e alla scudiera
E per servir da bosco e da riviera.

"Della coscia giù giù sino al tallone
Sempre all' umido stosenza marcire:
Son buono a caccia, e per menar di
sprone,
E molti ciucchi ve lo posson dire.
Lavorato di solida impuntura
Ho l' orlo in cima e in mezzo la costura.

"Ma l' infalzarmi non è poi sì facile,
Nè portarmi potrebbe ogni arfa-
satto:
Anzi affatico e storpio un piede gra-
cile,
E alla gamba dei più son disadatto:
Portarmi molto non potè nessuno;
M' hanno sempre portato un pò per
uno.

"Io qui non vi farò la litania
Di quei che fur di me desiderosi.
Ma così qua e là per bizzarria
Ne citerò soltanto i più famosi,
Narrando come fui messo a soqqua-
dro
E poi come passai di ladro in ladro.

"Parrà cosa incredibile: una volta
Non so come, da me presi il ga-
loppo
E corsi tutto il mondo a briglia sciolta:
Ma camminar volendo un poco
troppo
L' equilibrio perdei del proprio peso,
E in terra mi trovai lungo e disteso.

"Allora ci successe parapiglia:
E genti d' ogni risma, e d' ogni conio
Piovevan da lontan le mille miglia
Per consiglio d' un Prete e del De-
monio.

"THE CHRONICLE OF THE BOOT.

"I was not made of common calf,
Nor ever meant for country loon;
If with an axe I seem cut out,
The workman was no cobbling
clown;
A good jack-boot with double sole he
made,
To roam the woods, or through the
rivers wade.

"Down from the thigh unto the heel
I'm ever wet,* and stand it well;
Good for the chase or spurring hard,
As many jackasses can tell.
Sewn strong with solid stitching, you
must know,
At top a *hem*, all down a *seam* I
show†

"But then, to don I'm rather hard;
Unfit for wear of hucksters small,
I tire and gall a feeble foot,
And most men's legs don't fit at all.
To wear me long has been the lot of
none;
A little while has satisfied each one.

"I'll give you here no catalogue
Of all who wish'd to try their foot;
But here and there, merely for fun,
The most illustrious I'll quote.
How torn and maim'd I've been, I'll
tell in brief,
And then how passed along from
thief.

"'Twill seem incredible; but once
I set off at a gallop round,
And traversed all the world full speed;
But running over too much ground,
I lost my balance, and I fell down
smack
By my own weight, full-length upon
my back.

"Then was a rumpus and a row;
Men of all nations, greatest, least,
Pour'd down some thousand thousand
miles,
Led by the Devil and a priest:

* The peninsula from Italy.

† The Alps and Apennines.

Chi mi prese alle gamma, e chi alla
fiocca
Gridaudosi fra lor—bazza a chi tocca.

"Volle un Prete a dispetto della
Fede
Calzarmi coll' ajuto o da se solo :
Poi sentì che non fui fatto al suo
piede ;
E allora qua e là mi dette a nolo :
Ora alle mani del primo occupante
Mi lascia, e per lo più fa da tirante.

"Facea col prete a picca, e le cal-
cagna
Volea piantarvi un bravazzon te-
desco,
Ma più volte scappare in Allemagna
Lo vidi sul caval di San Francesco :
In seguito tornò, ci si e spedito,
Ma tutto fino a qui non mi ha infi-
lato.

"Per un secolo e più rimasto vuoto
Calzai la gamba a un semplice mer-
cante,
Mi riunse costui, me tenne in moto,
E seco mi portò sino in Levante;
Ruvido, sì;—ma non mancava un *ette*,
E di chiodi ferrato e di bullette.

"Il mercante arricchì; crede decoro
Il darmi un pò di garba e d'appa-
renza;
Ebbi lo spono, ebbi la nappa d' oro,
Ma intanto scapitai di consistenza;
E gira gira, vedo in conclusione
Che le prime bullette eran più buone.

"In me non si vedea grinza nè spacco,
Quando giù di Ponente un birri-
chino
Da una galera mi saltò sul tacco,
E si provò a ficcare anche un zam-
pino,
Ma largo largo non ci stette mai;
Anzi un giorno a Palermo lo strop-
piai.

Some caught the leg, some held the
tassell'd tie;
And 'touch and take' was on all sides
the cry.

"A priest, regardless of the faith,
Help'd or unhelp'd would put me
on,
Then found I did not fit his foot,
So let me out to any one;
And thus at last in the first comer's
hands
He leaves me, and for boot-hook only
stands.

"A German braggart with the priest
Play'd *pikes* to put his heel in me;
But homewards on St. Francis nag*
Full many a time I've seen him
flee.
Again he hither came; but sore of
foot;
Nor has he ever yet quite donn'd the
Boot.

"Unworn for one whole age or more,
Then pull'd on by a merchant
plain,
He greased me fresh, and made me
trot
To the Levant and back again.
Unpolish'd, true; —but not one jot I
fail'd,
With rare good hobs and sparables
well nail'd.

"The merchant throve; then thought
it right
To polish up and smarten me;
I wore the spur, the fleece of gold;—
But lost my old consistency.
Change follow'd change, that now I
plainly see,
That my first nails were far the best
for me.

"I had nor rip nor wrinkle then;
When from the west a pilfering oaf
Jump'd from his galley on my heel
Tried even to insert his hoof.
But comfortably there he could not
stay;
And at Palermo† *him* I lamed one
day.

A proverbial expression, signifying barefoot.

† Sicilian Vespers.

"Fra gli altri dilettanti oltramontani
Per infilarmi un certo Re di Picche
Ci si mise coi piedi e con le mani;
Ma poi rimase lì come Berlicche,
Quando un Cappon geloso del pollajo
Gli minacciò di fare il campanajo.

"Da bottegn, a compir la mia rovina,
Scappò fuori in quel tempo o giù
di lì,
Un certo professor di medicina;
Che per camparmi sulla buccia
ordi
Una tela di cabale e di inganni,
Che fu tessuta poi per trecentanni.

"Mi lasciò; mi coprì di bagattelle,
E a forza d'ammolienti e d'im-
postura,
Tanto raspò, che mi cavò la pelle;
E chi dopo di lui mi prese in cura
Mi concidè tuttavia colla ricetta
Di quella scuola iniqua e maledetta.

"Ballottato così di mano in mano,
Da una fitta d'arpie preso di mira,
Ebbi a soffrire un Gallo e un Catalano,
Che si misero a fare a tira tira.
Fu Don Chisciotte alfine il fortunato,
Ma gli rimasi rotto e sbertucciato.

"Chi mi ha veduto in piede a lui mi
dice,
Che lo Spagnuolo mi portò malis-
simo;
M'inzafardò di morchia e di vernice;
Chiarissimo fui detto ed Illustris-
simo.
Ma di sottecchi adoperò la lima,
E mi lasciò più sbrindoli di prima.

"Da quel momento ognuno in santa
pace
La lesina menando e la tenaglia,
Cascai della padella nella brace;
Birri, Baroni e simile canaglia,

"'Mongst ultramontane amateurs
A certain King of Spades essay'd,
With feet and hands to put me on;
But like Berlicche* there he stay'd,
When jealous of the roost a Capon†
crowing,
Just threaten'd him to set the bells
a-going.

"My ruin to complete just then,
Or maybe later, an M.D.,‡
Leaving his drugs and shop, rushed
forth;
Upon my upper leathers he
To help my case devised intrigues
and lies,
Whose web was woven for three cen-
turies.

"He polished, jim-crack'd me all o'er,
And with emollients, glosses rare,
He rubb'd me till I lost my skin;
And he who had me next in care
Still doctor'd me according to the rule
Of that iniquitous and cursed school.

"Thus toss'd about from hand to
hand,
I every harpy's mark became.
Both Frank and Spaniard I endured,
Who play'd the 'Devil and Baker's'
game.
Don Quixotte proved at length the
lucky wight;
But rent and ridiculed he held me
tight.

"Who saw me on the Spaniard's foot,
Say that I sat '*malissimo*'
Tho' greased and varnish-daub'd, and
styled,
'*Clarissimo*'—'*Illustrissimo*.'
But on the sly he used the file so sore,
That I was left more ragged than
before.

"Thenceforth each one at his own
will
Using the pincers and the awl
From frying-pan to fire I fell.
Rogues, Bullies, Barons, great and
small,

* Berlicche. A grotesque character of Italian farce, who stands open-mouthed and looks like a fool.

† The allusion is to the famous scene between Pierra Capponi and Charles the Eighth.

‡ The Medici.

Me fecero angherie de nuova idea,
'Et diviserunt vestimenta mea.'

"Così passando da una ad altra zampa
Di animalacci zotici et svezzati,
Venne a mancare in me la vecchia
stampa
Di quei piedi diritti e ben piantati,
Coi quali senza andar mai di traverso
Il gran giro compii dell' Universo.

"Oh povero stivale! ora confesso
Che mi ha gabbato questa falsa
idea;
Quando era tempo d'andar da me
stesso
Colle gambe degli altri andar volea;
Ed oltre a ciò la smania inopportuna,
Di mutar piede per mutar fortuna.

"Lo dico, e me ne dolgo; e non-
dimeno
Mi sento così tutto in isconquasso;
Mi par che sotto mi tremi il ter-
reno
Se mi provo ogni tanto a fare un
passo;
Che a forza di lasciarmi malmenare
Ho persa l'abitudine di andare.

"Ma il più gran male me lo han
fatto i preti,
Gentaccia avara e senza discre-
zione;
E l'ho con certi grulli di poeti,
Ch'oggi si sono dati al bachettone.
Non c'è Cristo che tenga; i De-
cretali
Vietano ai preti di portar stivali.

'E intanto eccomi qui roso e ne-
gletto,
Branciato da tutti e tutto mòta;
E qualche gamba da gran tempo as-
petto
Che mi levi di grinza e che mi
scuota;
Non Tedesca, s'intende, nè Francese,
Ma una gamba vorrei del mio paese.

To torture me had each a new idea,
'Et diviserunt vestimenta mea.'

"Thus shuffled on from hoof to hoof
Of each untutor'd clownish brute,
I've come to lose the olden print
Of that upright, well-planted foot,
On which, without one single crooked
tread,
The circuit of the Universe I made.

"Oh! wretched boot! I must confess
One foolish plan has me undone;
Of walking with another's legs
When it was time to use my own;
And more than this, the madness
most unmeet,
Of hoping change of luck from change
of feet.

"With tears I say it; for I feel
Myself all shatter'd and awry;
Earth seems to shake beneath my
tread
If but one single step I try.
By dint of letting bad guides lead
me so,
I've lost the habit and the power
to go.

"But my worst foes have been the
priests,
Unconscionable grasping race!
I'd have at certain poets too*
Who count their bead-roll now-a-
days,
Christ goes for nothing; the Decretal
puts
A veto 'gainst the priesthood wearing
'boots.'

"Torn and neglected now I lie,
And paw'd by every dirty hand,
Long have I waited for some leg
To fill my wrinkles, make me
stand;
No German leg or Frenchman's be it
known,
But one within my native country
grown.

* The recently renewed Catholic tendencies in France and Germany, have shown themselves also in Italy in the creation of a school of literature. Manzoni, and perhaps Silvio Pellico, &c., are the poets belonging to the class here alluded to.

"Una già ne assaggi d'un certo
Sere,
Che se non mi faceva il vagabondo,
In me poeta vantar di possedere
Il più forte stival del mappamondo.
Ah! una nevata in quelle corse
strambe
A mezza strada gli gelò le gambe.

"Riffatto allora in sulle vecchie forme,
E riportato allo scorticatojo,
Se fui di peso e di valore enorme,
Mi resta a malapena il primo cuajo;
E per topparmi i buchi nuovi e vecchi,
Ci vuol altro che spago e piantar
stecchi.

"La spesa e forte, e lunga è la fa-
tica,
Bisogna rattoppar brano per brano,
Ripulir le pillachere all' antica,
Piantar chiodi e bullette; e poi piàn
piano
Ringambalar la polpa ed il tomajo:—
Ma per pietà badate al calzolajo!

"Scavizzolate all' ultimo se c' è
Un uomo pur che sia, fuorchè pol-
trone:
E se quando a costui mi trovo in piè
Si figurasse qualche buon padrone
Di far con meco il solito mestiere,
Lo prenderemo a calci nel sedere."

"A certain great man's once I tried,
Who, had he not gone strolling
forth,
Might well have boasted he pos-
sessed
In me the strongest boot on earth.
But snowstorms, on his crooked
course one day,
Froze both his legs just as he got half
way.

"Refitted on the ancient last
And subject to the knife again,
Tho' once of mighty worth and
weight,
My under-leathers scarce remain;
And as for patching holes both new
and old,
It is not thread nor pegs will make
them hold.

"The cost is dear, the labour long;
You must patch over piece by
piece;
Brush off the dirt in ancient mode,
Drive nails and brads; then by
degrees
The calf and upper-leathers all re-
make:—
But to the cobbler go, for Heaven's
sake!

"Find me but out some man; he'll
do,
If only not a coward; when
I find myself upon his foot,
Should some kind sir, like former
men,
Presume with me in the old way to
treat,
We'll give him a sound kick on
honour's seat."

Our readers may from this specimen form some idea of the tone and spirit of these prohibited rhymes; and those among them, who may have had an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Tuscan character, will feel at once how well calculated to become extensively popular, and even influential, a volume treating such subjects, in such a manner, must be.

If space permitted we would gladly add a translation of another poem, entitled '*Il Preterito più che perfetto del verbo 'Pensare,' conjugato da un civico.*' 'The Preterpluperfect of the Verb 'to think,' conjugated by a Citizen.' The nature and aim of its satire may be pretty well guessed from its title. It is an ironical pane-

gyric of the 'good old times,' when the rule was '*nihil de Principe, parum de Deo*,' &c. &c., and is full of genuine humour.

No people more vividly feel the force of satire than the Italians generally, and more especially the Tuscans. No people are more alive to the ridiculous, or more habitually wont to mingle with and vent in ridicule the deeper and more bitter feelings of hate and indignation. The sharp-witted Tuscan, of every class of society, loves, as the Roman in the days of Horace, '*naso suspendere adunco*'—whatever strikes him as hateful or absurd. Nor are those passages, scattered throughout these poems, in which the poet alludes to the degradation of the Italians themselves, and their own share in the shame of being as they are, at all likely to injure the author or his book in the estimation of his countrymen. In France it might do so. In America an author, who expressed his thoughts of his nation as freely, would be in danger of his life. But in Italy, not only is there an increasing feeling of the truth of such reflections, but there is a rankling and bitter spirit, all the more violently active internally, from the forcible suppression of all outward manifestation of it, which now pervades the thinking portion of the Italian public, and which takes a morbid pleasure in stinging itself into rage against the coming of that '*dies ira*,' to which the poet alludes in one of the passages we have quoted.

To that day every Italian who has worth to care for his country, or sense to comprehend its present position, is looking forward with religious hope and confidence. And the number of such Italians is far greater than English travellers, who spend a season or two in the country, and see only the very topmost superficies of its society, are apt to imagine. The number of such is great; and it is increasing. For in truth Italy is not dead; it is not a '*terra dei morti*;' though it has been long but too much like one. The writer of the preface to the volume before us, which we have already quoted, speaks no more than the truth when he says 'there is no symptom which announces the death of this people. Their right arms nerve themselves for labour; industry struggles vigorously amid the labyrinth of twelve lines of fiscal barriers. Thought subtilises itself, and oozes forth through the capillary tubes of the censorship. On all sides a fresh and vigorous vegetation spreads itself beneath the influence of this life-engendering air, reclothes the ancient as well as more recent ruins, and adheres even to the black walls of the prison house.'

All this is true. Signs of life, of improvement, and of hope, are visible on all sides; and every well-wisher of humanity, every friend to his species, every advocate of progress and civilisation, must witness the advance which Italy has made, and the gradual improvement which is daily manifested by her, with the highest

satisfaction and sympathising joy. Every good man will look alike with contemptuous pity and aversion on the weakling tyrants, who are striving to arrest the onward march of humanity, and will watch the struggle against the oppressor with the most anxious wishes for the success of the oppressed. But there is another view of the subject, which the philosophic observer of human affairs cannot lose sight of, and which it would well behove the leading minds of 'Young Italy' to keep constantly before the eyes of her people.

'Quisque suæ fortunæ faber,' is as true of national as of individual existences. The application of this severe truth to the unfortunate may seem harsh; but it is salutary, and—what is more—it *is* the truth. That which a nation *is*—that in every case is what it has deserved to be;—or rather, to speak more philosophically, is what it has been possible for it to be. Whatever the national fortune has been, such must it inevitably have been; the nation being in itself such as it was. And not only so, but, moreover, whatever the fortunes and misfortunes of a people may have been, it was *best* for the ultimate interests of that people and of humanity, that it should so have been. Misfortunes were needful phases in the process of national education; sufferings were inevitable correctors and purifiers of sins and weaknesses;—even degradation was an indispensable stage in the series of changes which were to lead to prosperity and greatness. For of a surety we do believe that this world is ruled and governed by a God, and in no wise by a Devil—as those needs must in reason maintain who deem that evil, ultimately ending in evil, falls on nations from causes not generated within themselves.

The conviction of the rightness, fitness, inevitable necessity, and ultimate beneficence of this God-government of the universe will not be shaken in the mind of the philosophic student of history by the difficulty of tracing its rationale and plan in many cases. To do so requires frequently a longer view of the people's history than the human eye can command at a single reach. But with regard to Italy this is not the case. Nor is any long course of deduction necessary to enable us to trace all her past and present sufferings to their natural and necessary causes in the faults and weaknesses of her people. It is in vain for Italy to cry out against Europe for looking unfeelingly and unconcernedly at her misery and thralldom. It is in vain to sit by the roadside and cry to Hercules for help. As long as Italy remains *what* she is, she *must* remain *as* she is. We do most truly believe, and most fervently hope, that she is ceasing to be what she has been; and that the day is at hand when she will cease to be as she is. But the day has not yet come; and Italy has yet work to do before it can

arrive. Howsoever small a number of righteous men may avail to save the city—that requisite number *must* unfailingly be found. Italy has hitherto not made up the tale. She must produce *more* self-denial—*more* superiority to the little jealousies—*more* enlightened comprehension of her position, her wants, and hopes—*more* unity of purpose—*more* patience and sedulous attention to the slow and painful toil of raising the moral character of the masses of the people. All this she must do, and—let it not be doubted—*WILL* do; and the day of her deliverance will arrive.

ART. X.—*Travels in Kashmir and the Panjab; containing a particular Account of the Government and Character of the Sikhs.*
 From the German of Baron CHARLES HUEGEL, with Notes by
 Major T. B. JERVIS, F.R.S. London: Petheram. 1845.

WHEN the elevated plains and valleys of the Himalaya mountains were inhabited by the blessed race that succeeded to the deities of India, there was found in the north-western bend of the chain a vast lake. Numerous brooks and rivers flowed into it; temples, and palaces, and fanciful habitations, erected by divine hands, ornamented its margin; here, towered a stately grove; there, a promontory, green and shady, projected its rough point into the flood, while at short intervals rustic villages of infinitely picturesque aspect glittered brightly along the strand. Every morning, as the day broke, animals of all forms and sizes, from the castle-bearing bulk of the elephant down to the slender mountain goat, might be seen slaking their thirst on its shore strewn with pebbles, or waving with rustling sedges. The inhabitants led a life superior to that of mortals. They built themselves light and elegant barks, in which they sailed over the waters, traversing the shadows of the huge mountains, which morning and evening fell athwart their surface, or glancing like gigantic swans through the bright sparkling sunlight, which invested its central expanses. There was among them no idea of toil as yet. Whatever they wanted the bounteous earth gave. Consequently, they knew no strife, but dwelt in perfect harmony together, fashioning blissful songs, or inventing those many-coloured legends which afterwards descended in showers on the plains, and flooded the docile fancies of millions of men.

What gods were worshipped in those ages tradition itself scarcely knows. Probably Bhavani—the Athor of the Egyptians—the Aphrodite of the Greeks—under some name or other received the devotions of those happy mountain dwellers. We say probably,

because as there were temples there must have been gods, and among the gods of the infant world none was so likely to be worshipped, in a region such as we have described, as the great mother of the universe.

In process of time, as children multiplied, the valleys were found too narrow, the gardens and orchards too small, the fruit trees too few. The good people gazed upon the lake, and though it was very pleasant, though it looked at times like a mirror of gold or silver set there by Heaven, that it might contemplate in it the reflection of its own beauty, they began secretly to wish that its dimensions would shrink, and that, instead of those dancing waves, which laughed and frolicked idly at their feet, they could behold long sweeps of orchards in blossom, or rich green meadows, with grass waving like those very billows themselves in the breeze.

While these thoughts filled their minds, a stranger from the west appeared among them. He was a man indefinitely old, like the mountains, or the clouds that floated over them. Time had transformed, but not subdued him. His beard, white as the Himalayan snow, waved magnificently down his breast, yet his cheeks were ruddy, and his eyes full of fire. He seemed to speak all languages. With the grave elders he dealt in prudent counsel, but with children he frolicked like a child. By day he passed from village to village, having in his hand a staff, which he seemed to carry more for show than for service. At night he retreated into the woods, or wandered to the tops of the mountains, where he ate snow, and made himself a covering and a pillow of it till morning.

One night, all the inhabitants round the lake being in their beds, a sound was heard such as man never heard before. It filled the whole region, it rose above the crests of the mountains, it descended into the depths of the lake, a quivering motion passed through the ground, the floors of the habitations heaved and trembled, loud voices above seemed to hold converse with louder voices beneath. Then came one indescribable burst, one loud long roar passing from east to west, deafening, almost maddening, those who listened to it. All the people fell on their faces, where, in agitation and terror, they remained till morning. Then, by degrees, as the gray light showed itself at every window, they rose from their posture of fear, and opened their doors, and walked forth slowly and timidly, not knowing what awful sight they might witness. And what beheld they? The lake was gone, and a vast, unsightly basin of mud alone remained to mark where it had once been.* In wonder they

* Similar traditions prevail in various parts of Asia and in Aderbijan we find it reproduced in connexion with King Solomon. "A tradition exists that this part of the country was formerly a lake, and that Solomon commanded two

looked towards the mountains, and there, dilated to an extraordinary stature, stood the old man leaning with one hand on his staff, and with the other pointing to the stupendous rent in the mountains through which the water had escaped. He then rose into the air, assumed the form of a cloud, and while all the inhabitants of the valley gazed upwards with amazement, floated away between two peaks of the mountains, and was soon lost to sight.

The valley thus formed is Kashmir, and the broad bold stream, which still pursues the track of the old man towards India, is the Jhylum. As might naturally be expected, various traditions prevail respecting the event, shadowed forth by the above legend. Bernier, when, in company with Aurungzéb and Danekhmend Khan, he visited the valley, was told that its great benefactor was a Pir, or holy man, named Kasheb. By the time of George Forster, tradition had changed its mind upon the subject, and attributed the marvellous event to King Solomon,* pointing, by way of proof, to the Takht-i-Suliman, or throne of Suliman Ben Daoud, which, in the form of a flat-topped hill, still towers over the capital of Kashmir. Other travellers have obtained other versions of the great primitive mythe, which forms as it were a part of the religion of the Himalaya's western extremity. With us a lady's shawl is the only memento of that antediluvian catastrophe, or a few pages in a book of travels, or a semi-oriental snatch of verse, in the works of an effeminate poet. At no very distant day, perhaps, the course of political events in the East may lead us to take a livelier and deeper interest in what concerns that beautiful valley, when our bayonets shall be seen flashing round the gardens of the Shalimar, and the roar of our artillery be reverberated from the rocks of Bimber and Baramoolar. For the present, however, we eschew politics and political predictions, and confine ourselves to what is or has been in Kashmir.

When Aurungzéb performed the journey of pleasure to which Bernier has given celebrity, there were poets in the valley, who, in conjunction with the Mogul bards from Agra and Delhi, chanted, in extravagant verse, the advent of the emperor. They nicely divided their praises, heaping a part on their imperial visitor, and the other part on their country. It had already long ago received from the Persians the epithet of the unrivalled land, and an European in the suite of Aurungzéb expressed his surprise,

deeves or genii, named Ard and Beel, to turn off the water into the Caspian, which they effected by cutting a passage through the mountains; and a city, erected in the newly-formed plain, was named after them Ard-u-beel."—*Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian*, by W. R. Holmes, p. 42.

* The two versions may, however, be reconciled by having recourse to another version of the legend which speaks of Kasheb, as a deo-deeve or genius in the service of Suliman Ben Daoud.

that the Mohammedans had not thought of locating there the ancient tradition of Paradise. In his pages it is invested with a beauty which falls little short, perhaps, of that of Eden. His imagination may have deceived itself. Ascending from the burning plains of Hindustân, and passing with almost miraculous suddenness from fiery gusts and dust-clouds, and fields cracked, parched, almost calcined by the glowing sun, into a deliciously cool atmosphere, breathing over the most lovely vegetation, and investing with a transparent mantle the grandest and most varied scenes in Asia, it could scarcely resist the impulse of enthusiasm. But the fancies of men are as various as their features. Bernier's eloquent description, suggesting, perhaps, to some exaggerated ideas of beauty and sublimity, led almost necessarily to disappointment. Succeeding travellers, beholding Kashmir under less favourable auspices, and possessing also a less intense sympathy with what is vast and charming in nature, have experienced less pleasure than he obviously felt. From the impulse of rivalry, also, they have been rather disposed to be critical than to indulge their admiration, to sober down the colours of his picture, than to present us with a repetition of it. Still, when every drawback has been made, when we have sacrificed to coldness, to literary inferiority, and to envy, enough will yet remain in the Indian Paradise to fascinate the imagination of all who delight in the vast and varied show of nature.

Baron Hügel, whose narrative now lies before us, in Major Jervis's able translation, was not a person to relish the beauties of Kashmir. He was suffering under the severest afflictions of the heart. He had lost what, to a man of kindly feelings, nothing can replace, and only betook himself to travelling in the hope of allaying, by the excitement of change and danger, the irrepressible pangs of grief. We respect his sorrows, and can easily comprehend by how many subtle processes they contrived to mingle with all his feelings, so as irresistibly to sadden his views, and frequently to warp his judgment. But while disposed to make every allowance for him on this account, we must say that we think him very little fitted to be a traveller. What a contrast between him and Masson! The latter, barefoot, half naked, hungry, and surrounded by every description of peril and difficulty, proceeds cheerfully on his way, interpreting men charitably, making excuses for their faults, expressing gratitude for their kindness; the former discontented, grumbling, effeminate, enjoying all manner of luxuries, and still sighing incessantly for more, exhibits a readiness to put the worst possible construction on people's motives and actions. Not that Masson is destitute of caustic bitterness. He can be severe enough, when severity appears to him

to be called for, and in some cases only, perhaps, appears; but he understands the Orientals, knows what is good and what is bad in them, and found enough of the former to justify a decided preference for their character. We could willingly journey with him round the world. His works are full of elastic feeling, and generate hope and confidence in the reader. To a lover of travels, therefore, they are invaluable. Baron Hügel, though obviously a proficient in such philosophy as is prevalent in Germany, can never detach his sympathies from himself, to link them, even temporarily, with the millions through whom he passes. He regards them as so many modifications of annoyance, so many springs of bitterness to the hapless traveller. In his mind, therefore, as in that of the Romans, stranger and enemy are synonymous. He beheld in the dusky Asiatics, only so many creatures of prey, fabricated and disposed by nature to pounce upon German barons, and ease them of their property. The idea of rank, again, exerted itself in him, only to inflame his self-love, to twist and tangle his idiosyncracies. Every thing estimable resides in his view among the great; nobility is a sort of fifth essence; a sacred something, stolen from nature's reserved cabinet, to be imparted only to grandees of the empire. It is easy to foresee how poor simple men and women, dressed in plain cotton, eating rice, drinking little or no wine, and professing obedience to a foreign race, must appear insignificant in such a personage's eyes. And yet we believe Hügel to be a good-natured individual upon the whole. He would have taken more correct views of humanity, had he, in Lord Ellenborough's phrase, been "an innocent traveller," emancipated from the shackles of nobility, and having the burden of no title to bear on his shoulders about the world. But even in spite of these hindrances he often shows to much advantage.

People travel of course for a variety of purposes; but by far the noblest is to acquire wisdom for themselves, and augment the sum of happiness for mankind. The mere chronicler of information has a much lower aim. What he writes may be useful also, but it is immeasurably inferior to what we find in the poetical and speculative traveller, who, whether we accompany him through cities or solitudes, pours into our minds by the way the stores of a sound philosophy. A very peculiar delight is experienced in traversing the high places of the earth, a delight which does not evaporate in mere enjoyment, but exercises a chastening influence upon the character. It is the same with oceans and deserts. Instead of being distracted by innumerable objects of interest, our minds in such situations find themselves alone with the infinite, and dilate to their utmost dimensions, in the effort to become commensurate with it. This effort, however

vain in its general scope, practically produces the most beneficial results. We project ourselves temporarily beyond the sphere of vulgar cares and interests, and enjoy that delicious calm, which springs from a familiar intercourse with the grand and beautiful. Most persons have tasted something of this, though few, perhaps, comparatively, have known what the feeling is in all its sweep and intensity. To reach this enjoyment it is necessary to have strolled among the pinnacles of the Alps or Andes, to have trodden the glaciers of the Himalaya, to have beheld the sun rise and set for months, on the expanse of ocean, or to have travelled by the guidance of the lights of heaven over the sterile waste of the desert, witnessing no life, but that which you yourself and your companions entrust to that infinite grave.

Kashmir has not yet been visited by any one capable of making the most of the subject. Bernier's philosophy cramped his genius. The believer in atoms and a vacuum could hold no profitable colloquy with nature as she appears in those dizzy and glittering solitudes. His fancy, after glancing upwards for a moment at the cold pinnacles of the Himalaya, projected so far aloft that the very heavens, according to the imaginations of the Hindû poets, have been fashioned into a dome on purpose to make room for them—returned shuddering to take shelter in the sunny, smiling valley which nestles so snugly at their bases. If he could not sympathise, however, with the sublimer portions of the picture, for what was purely terrestrial, for what was cheerful, warm, and full of vitality, he had the keenest possible relish. Accordingly, his description of what may strictly be termed the valley is beyond measure charming. It does not read like a production of the seventeenth century, but presents itself to our fancy with all the graces of a modern composition about it.

No doubt Bernier's Epicureanism neutralised considerably his poetical tendencies, and repressed the generous humanity of his nature; but if he was unlucky in his philosophy, he understood the art of writing, not only in its ordinary rhetorical sense, but in that much higher interpretation, which includes the power to fascinate coming centuries, by keeping every thing repulsive out of sight, and dwelling only on those things which are calculated to invest a writer's character with an interest and a charm for the reader. In this respect Baron Hügel is less fortunate. Possibly, when he sat down to write, he felt no desire to make us love him. Satisfied with the delusions of rank and fortune, he may not have experienced the necessity of conciliating the good will of critics or readers. He very likely discovers grandeur enough to satisfy his appetite in his baronial elevation, and has no desire to pass for a hero with the world. At any rate, nothing can be less

heroic than his conduct on most occasions, even as chronicled by himself. We often blush for his pettifoggish littleness in his dealings with the natives; we are vexed to find that any European issuing from British India, and liable, therefore, to be mistaken for an Englishman, should have exhibited so much the aspect of a skinflint, as this bearer of orders and ribands. Hügel tells us himself, that Jacquemont left a bad reputation behind him, which he seems to have earned by positive dishonesty. Of all such delinquencies we cheerfully acquit the German baron. He paid his way we make no doubt, but contrived, in doing so, to exhibit so much niggardliness, that we much question whether, had he cheated the natives in a dashing way, he would not have pleased them better.

We may seem to be taking a harsh view of our worthy baron's proceedings; but we feel perfectly confident that no English reader, of moderately generous sentiments, will arrive, by the perusal of his work, at a conclusion very different from ours. A traveller is, of course, under no necessity of throwing away his money. He may perambulate the world, if his circumstances allow him to do no better, after the fashion of a Jew, taking all he can get, and giving nothing to any one. But then he should be careful to assume no airs, which in Asia people are apt to interpret into determination to distribute cash. For they think, and not perhaps unreasonably, that if they are to be called upon to endure a stranger's folly, some amends ought to be made to them for their forbearance.

Now Baron Hügel travelled like a prince, with a thundering big tent, another lesser one to set it off, and a most ostentatious retinue. Seeing this, the natives naturally expected that his disbursements would be lavish in proportion, and that they should profit considerably by his passage through their country. We fear they were somewhat disappointed, some of them certainly were; and we fear also that many among them, not sufficiently acquainted with our national character, may have mistaken Baron Hügel for an Englishman. It is to be hoped that the poor Thanadar, who figures in the following little scene, was not one of these.

"The Thanadar made his appearance this morning, and demanded my Perwáná, or permission to travel, which I had received from the Maha Rajáh. I found that the man was only doing his duty, and therefore referred him to my Múnshi, that the Perwáná might be produced. It was in the possession of the Chobdár's servant, and he was still snugly lodged in a house, whence, however, he was quickly summoned. When he did come forth, I ordered him to take care in future that he produced the Maha Rajáh's permit wherever it was necessary, that I

might not be importuned by such inquiries; and the man assured me that he had done so the previous day. The Thanadar then came in for his share, and he was asked what he meant by such impertinence. He could only answer that he was entitled to ask a certain sum from any one who went by this mountain pass, and that he hoped I would not refuse to give the accustomed toll. I desired him to be told that he had chosen a wrong method of asking for a present, and that he might turn his back on my tent as soon as possible."

Another instance of hardfistedness deserves to be commemorated. Of course the baron might have suppressed it if he pleased, as we feel convinced he has suppressed a hundred similar, but not foreseeing the inferences that might be drawn from it in his favour, he relates the whole affair with the most bewitching naïveté. We have seen travellers remain all night in a most comfortless and dreary situation, rather than stimulate the industry of their attendants with a single piastre. We have known them to endure sharp hunger, rather than pay half a farthing more for a pile of cakes than the current market value; but we do not recollect to have witnessed any thing so cool as Baron Hügel's style of economy. We think we see before us now the blank looks of the unlucky natives at the conclusion of the transaction, which Baron Hügel is about to describe for us. What they thought of the Burra Sahib may be easily imagined by those who are acquainted with the Hindûs. Doubtless, on their return home, their admiration of his munificence, blossomed into poetry, so that in all likelihood, half a dozen little songs, in praise of Baron Hügel's *savoir faire*, are chanted to this day along the foot of the Himalaya. But let us hear the baron's characteristic little narrative.

"Among the firs on the north side of the mountain I espied a Daphne, at least so I judged from the bud, and a little further on a Vaccinium, much resembling our own; and, still onwards on the other side of a ravine amid some birches, a new shrub like the Rhododendron, whose branches were mostly bent earthwards by the snow. Its hardy appearance, however, convinces me that it would flourish in our cold climates. With infinite fatigue and trouble I reached a clump, but could find neither bud nor seed, and returned quite exhausted to the road. Later in the day I perceived a second and larger group, growing on a steep place on the opposite side of the ravine, and I promised to give a couple of rupees to the man who first brought me some of the seeds. In an instant they were all rushing down the precipice, without heed or precaution, springing from rock to rock until I trembled to look after them; the steep bank was soon gained. My glass showed me they were breaking off all the branches at hazard, but they were gone too far for my voice to reach them, and I could only hope that by good luck they might bring me one ship, at least, on which a fruit might be found. On their

return a small wood was laid before me, but not what I wished, and I retained the rupees, thinking we might be more fortunate presently.'

From these little incidents it may be inferred that Baron Hügel clung with a pretty tight grasp to the good things of this world: he wished the natives to understand that he knew the value of four shillings, and that he had no intention of setting up for the rival of Hatim Tai. No wandering derwish blessed him as he went. The interior of no cottage was illuminated by the glitter of his rupees. Not a Hindû from the mouth of the Hoogly to the sources of the Jhyllum ever dined or supped the better for Baron Hügel's voluntary charity. Sometimes a piece of money was extorted from him by dint of overwhelming importunity, as by the fakir who planted himself before the door of his tent, and vowed he would never desist, night or day, from his yells and screams, till the Satanic Teuton should give him something. That old fellow knew the way to the baron's heart, or rather to his purse, for to purchase quiet slumbers he consented to relinquish some small portion of his beloved property. When rougher methods would do he had recourse to them. Placed beyond the fear of retaliation by the despotic Perwáná of Ranjit Singh, he treated the natives as insolent travellers do the fellahs in Egypt, and when they presented themselves before him to supplicate for charity in the name of God, he directed his servants to drive them away with blows. What religion Baron Hügel professes is more than we can undertake to say—of course it is not the Christian;—but whatever it be, he stands in unfavourable contrast with the Epicurean Bernier.

Much greater severity of language would be justified; but it is better, perhaps, to verge towards the extreme of leniency than towards its opposite. The baron, however, exhibited during his Indian travels one other propensity, upon which we cannot refrain from offering a remark or two. He systematically pursued the plan of shocking the prejudices of the natives by bringing out into the most striking relief his differences from them, by displaying his contempt for their ceremonies, which he would occasionally abstain even from witnessing; by slaughtering their sacred animals, and disturbing the roots even of their most harmless beliefs. We are far from desiring to inculcate the notion that superstition is to be treated with the deference due to religion; but where we can we should always distinguish between erroneous fancies, which in their tendencies are hurtful to mankind, and such as obviously promote their happiness. A traveller has no time to make converts. He cannot change the whole framework of a fellow-creature's thoughts, re-adjust the balance of his under-

standing, and lift him above the mists of error. He should be satisfied, therefore with affording him the benefit of his own better example, and suffer him to draw, if so disposed, his conclusions from that. Baron Hügel thinks differently, as the reader will perceive from the following incident:

"About one-third of the way we came to the abode of a fakir, near several little stone buildings, and a spring called Dendrah, round which a considerable party of the dwellers of the mountains were spending their hours of rest from work. Many were carrying to Jamú large bundles of rose-coloured wood of the Deobasa, which is found about this spot; but I could not find any of the trees, though I went out of my way, with one of the collectors, in search of one. Overcome by the heat, my people lay down by the spring, from which the fakir brought them all water, while multitudes of monkeys were leaping from tree to tree, and flocks of parrots filled the air with their clatter. Gigantic trees, round which climbed many a parasite, rose in the little plain near the spring. When the fakir had administered to the wants of all my servants, I beckoned to him, and he quickly drew near with a vessel filled with water. I then perceived that he was a very aged man—'How old are you?' said I. 'Ninety-two,' replied he. 'And how long have you lived at this spring?' 'Since I grew to manhood.' 'And why do you remain here?' 'Why?' repeated he; 'see you not that I refresh the weary traveller with water, and send him strengthened on his way?' 'But he would find it without you.' 'And when the sand in this lonely spot chokes the spring, who would find the water then?—By serving the poor I serve God.' 'But these same poor feed you, otherwise you could not exist.' 'He who has abundance gives to the needy, if he values his own happiness. I am the rich man here; for the water is mine; and many a great man travelling this way is bounteous to me, in order that I may live until another comes. Truly there are such good men in this world; for many are the years that I have lived without quitting this spring.'

"Poor man! Knowing only one small valley, how narrow and confined must God's beautiful creation appear to thee! To thee a tree must be a forest, a hill a division of the world, the spring thine ocean; and yet, who would not give all his knowledge, every worldly advantage, in exchange for this peaceful mind, this conscientious assurance that he commands every thing that constitutes happiness."

We should better have liked these sentiments, had their utterance been preceded by no attempt to shake the fakir's unfaltering confidence. The disciple of Lucretius and the schoolfellow of Molière, likewise encountered a fakir in these mountains, less gentle and amiable than his modern successor, but still possessed by the persuasion that he was useful to mankind, without which existence scarcely seems to be supportable. He was probably the original of the hermit in '*Rasselas*,' who exercises dominion over

the seasons. No one exactly knew his age or his religion—points, indeed, on which he appears to have been himself doubtful—but he had dwelt among those solitudes from the time of Jehanghir, and enjoyed miraculous powers. He could cause it to thunder when he listed, and rivaled *Æolus* himself in his authority over the winds. The spirits of the four quarters dwelt with him in his cavern, and at his bidding would issue forth to vex the neighbouring regions with tempests of hail, or snow, or rain. In short, he kept the nether world in awe—

“With wildè thunder-dint and fiery levin.”

“His countenance,” says Bernier, “had something wild in its expression, enhanced by his long and ample white beard, which fell negligently over his breast. He asked alms with a haughty air, for which he permitted the passers-by to drink the water which he kept ready for them in earthen vessels, ranged in order on a large stone. He made travellers a sign with his finger that they should pass on speedily without stopping, reprehending those who made the least noise, because, as he observed to me, when I had entered into his cave, and conciliated him by most humbly placing a half rupee in his hand, ‘noise in this place occasions the most furious storms and tempesta. Aurungzèb,’ added he, ‘has acted wisely in following my counsel, and prohibiting all loud sounds. Shah Jehan was always careful to act in the same manner; but Jehanghir having once slighted my advice, and ordered the trumpets to sound and the timbrels to play, nearly paid for this act of temerity with his life.’”

It would have argued a degree of insanity little short of that exhibited by the knight of the rueful countenance, to do battle with this lord of the winds. Bernier heard him patiently, vexed him with no impertinent logic, tortured him with no needless doubts. The imaginary treasures which he possessed on the arrival of the traveller, was not in the slightest degree diminished at his departure. Baron Hügel might have imitated this policy with advantage. Had he done so, he would not only have commanded greater respect from his reader, but would have avoided placing himself in the very ridiculous and humiliating position which he describes in the following passage:—

“It was quite dark as I returned dispirited and alone towards my tent, with my gun over my shoulder. Something suddenly flew past me over the roofs of the houses, and being just in that sort of humour when *the chance of killing any thing is satisfactory to the feelings*, I took good aim, and the next instant a vampire, or large bat, fell on the ground at my feet. The report of my gun had brought all the people out of their houses, and on seeing the creature, which was just able to crawl along,

they set up a piercing cry. These animals, *as I well knew*, are considered holy by the native Indians, and I expected that their fanaticism would break out in some terrible vengeance on the slayer. Such an act of sacrilege has cost many an European his life ; and I confess that the howlings set up on this disaster seemed to predict a similar fate for me. The tragical dénouement of an affair very similar to this, which had taken place recently at Matra, came to my mind. Two officers were attacked there by an old monkey, and instead of conforming to the custom of the country and driving the disgusting creature away with stones, they shot it without the least repugnance. The people instantly pressed on them, in spite of the interference of the magistrate, who protected them until they were enabled to mount the back of their elephant, and pursued them, hurling stones, which wounded them so sorely, that, as the only means of saving their lives, they ordered the Máhút to drive their elephant into the Jamna and let it swim across. He did so, but the waters were then at their very highest, and elephant and rider were drowned together. By an equally sad death, two of my friends, Colonels Combes and Black, had given a convincing proof how dangerous it is to rouse the fanatical fury of an Indian mob. The same destiny seemed very likely to be mine within an hour ; but the traveller who wanders in strange countries, among stranger people, is habituated to look death steadily in the face in all its forms. As for these things, I had resigned myself, on leaving Europe, to the very probable chance of never seeing it again ; at this critical moment I did not feel even a sensation of surprise. They hemmed me closely round, one holding up the wounded creature, whose unearthly cry accompanied the chorus of angry voices, till I gradually gained the shelter of a house, which protected me from assailants in the rear, my gun keeping off the foremost of my complainants. There I remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, until some of the Thanadar's people were seen approaching, as I trusted, to rescue me. Whether, however, they thought their force not sufficient for this purpose, or that, after hearing the crime I had been guilty of, their superstition overcame all compassion, they soon turned their backs on the scene, and left me to my fate.

"The noise then became louder ; the threats grew more alarming. Fortunately, there were no stones to be found, but the task of forcing back my assailants with the gun became more and more fatiguing, until the light of day wholly disappeared. It was then that, quickly availing myself of the known inconstancy of feeling in the Indian character, and of the circumstance of darkness concealing the form of my sacred victim, I harangued the multitude with such happy effect on my sorrow for this mishap, and the precautions I would take in future, that their hearts were gradually softened, and, to my infinite relief, I was permitted to find my way back to my tent, with life and liberty."

We may now return once more to the approaches of Kashmir, which we have all this while been deterred from entering by the idiosyncracies of Baron Hügel. When we

draw near an oasis in the desert, half the charm of the little Paradise is derived from the vast ring of barrenness, in which, like a gem, it is set. The rocks and the sands, bathed in burning light, impart a tenfold value to the cool umbrageous verdure that springs up in the midst of them to soothe the eye and give serenity to the mind. The wilderness seems to wave a flaming sword round its little Eden, but turns away its point from the breast of perseverance. Nearly so is it with Kashmir; we descend into it on all sides from a prodigious wall of precipices soaring here and there into peaks of immeasurable height. Let us place ourselves once at the foot of the Pir Panjal, and climb as speedily as possible the barrier that separates the southern wanderer from the valley.

“The ascent is dreadfully steep. With a volume of Bernier in my hand, I gazed around, and recalled in imagination the time when the gorgeous suite of the Emperor of Delhi clambered up these perilous and difficult paths. In many parts the soil is so loose and crumbling as to afford no safe footing; and large masses falling from above block up the usual road, and force the traveller to find out a new one as he best can. It seems to me impossible that elephants could ever tread such a pass, not so much on account of their unwieldy size, for they climb steep places with incredible facility, but that their weight is so enormous; and I find in Bernier an account of a number of elephants which were precipitated into the depths below, as they proceeded with the Zenana on their backs. A small tower is built on the highest point, where a party of the Maha Rajáh's troops are stationed throughout the year; and hard by is the grave of a Mohammedan fakir, named Pir Panjal, from whom the mountain takes its name. There is a fine prospect in the direction of the Panjáb, and the eye, stretching over unnumbered ranges of hills, loses all further view in the dimmer and warmer atmosphere of the south. A little further on, we passed into a gorge of the mountain. On the north or right side was a vast wall of snow above us; the south was a naked rock. In vain I essayed to catch one glimpse of the long-looked-for valley, the limits of my wanderings in Asia in this direction. Towards the east stretched a barren plain, through which flows the Damdam, a river now partly frozen; and in many spots were deep holes, evidently dug by bears. I saw none of these animals, but their traces were very perceptible. One creature we saw climbing up the naked rock, which I imagine must have been a leopard; it was nearly white, with a long tail, and of large size. Finally, after another hour of toilsome way, my anxious eye descried the huge mountain masses of Tibet, beyond the valley of Kashmir, their highest peaks, Mer and Ser, being plainly visible. I saw them but for an instant; a turn of the road again hid them from my view; but never rose any more proudly than they, with their two pyramids, the one black, the other white, close to one another, and apparently of the same altitude. The road next took us through a deep ravine; and then, just as I expected to get a last glimpse of the valley, came another hill, and another. We skirted for

some time a wall of rock, which was built as a safeguard by order of Shah Jehan. The superstitious inhabitants of these parts have a tale concerning Ali Merdan Khan, the builder of this wall and of all the serais between Lahor and Kashmir. According to this fable, as the architect marshalled his workmen along the road, he came suddenly to a tower, which they one and all refused to pass, because a man-eater, called Lál Gúlam, dwelt there, who was accustomed from the tower to seize upon the passengers, as they stole one by one along the narrow path, and hurl them down the precipice, when he devoured them at his leisure. The brave Ali Merdan Khan went into the tower first, but Lál Gúlam had just quitted it. He found his son there, however, whom he instantly hurled down the precipice. Since that time nothing more has been heard of Lál Gúlam, and the remembrance of the murders he committed is gradually dying away; but the tower still bears his name, and was certainly a fit place for the dwelling of a robber. That the Pir Panjal has ever been dangerous enough, without the needless addition of cannibals, is shown by the countless skeletons of horses and oxen, and the whitened human bones, which remain melancholy evidences of the fate which has overtaken many a wanderer in these terrific passes."

In the foregoing extract, Baron Hügel alludes to a terrible catastrophe which occurred during one of Aurungzéb's visits to Kashmir; the ladies of the imperial court were mounted in mikdembars, or close litters, on the backs of elephants, which climbed in an extended file the steep acclivity of the Pir Panjal, over a road bordered by precipices. The foremost elephant accidentally taking fright—at the terrific ascent before him, according to the Hindoos—reeled backwards, and struck against the next following in succession; this again, thus driven rearwards, fell against a third, and this third again upon a fourth, until the whole line, consisting of fifteen, capsized with their fair burdens, rolled over the precipice, and were precipitated to the depths of the valley. It is easy to conceive what confusion this incident occasioned in the imperial army. Nevertheless, only three or four of the ladies were killed; but the elephants, which, when they fall even on a common high-road, seldom rise again, all perished, though slowly, for Bernier, who passed two days afterwards, saw several of them still moving their trunks.

It is now time we should descend into the valley, which, with wonderful judgment, our German traveller thought proper to explore in winter. During any other season of the year, the genial influences of nature might have inspired even him with something like picturesque power. His phlegm would have yielded to the charm of spring, and summer might have melted him into admiration and charity. Under any circumstances, however, Baron Hügel's style could not possibly have reflected all the grand and varied features of Kashmir. His is no plastic hand,

capable of fashioning out of the elements of language a world of mountains, clouds, valleys, lakes, and rivers, studded with ruins, diversified by groves and gardens, and animated by a population, striking even in its looped and windowed raggedness. To be convinced of this we need only accompany him to the top of the Taht-i-Suliman, and bid him describe to us what he beholds from thence. There is life in the landscape which genius ponders over; the leaves rustle, the brooks leap and gurggle in its periods. Baron Hügel delineates, but does not vivify. Winter's cold hand guided his pen when he wrote, and reined in his sympathies, when he attempted to feel.

"Having with great difficulty," he says, "clambered up the mountain pompously styled the Throne of Solomon, the first object which presented itself was an ancient Buddhist temple (Deval), composed of masses of rock, with a curious doorway, evidently of very high antiquity. The temple was, in later times, converted into a mosque; a Persian inscription, of more modern date, gives no information as to the original temple, but to Solomon is ascribed the honour of being the founder. It is said, moreover, that a very ancient Sanscrit inscription is now buried under ground. At present the Hindûs call the temple Shankar Acharya. The massive construction and peculiar form of this edifice render it well worthy of a visit. The mountain, divided from the Tibetan chain, to which it evidently belongs, is 1200 feet high; the view from it over the whole valley of Kashmir is, indeed, most truly grand and beautiful. Motionless as a mirror, the lake lies outstretched below, reflecting the vast chain of the Tibetan hills, while the extensive city is seen spreading along its shores, and the Jelam winds slowly like a serpent through the green valleys, and, to complete the scene, the lofty Pir Panjal, with its countless peaks of snow, forms on one side a majestic boundary."

Would that we could serve Baron Hügel as Mirabeau once did Volney! The learned and able traveller appeared in the Convention with a written speech in his hand, and Mirabeau, who was his familiar friend, looking over his shoulder, saw that it was full of eloquence. Snatching it, therefore, from him, the fervid sophist exclaimed, 'Let me deliver it!' and forthwith proceeded to electrify the assembly by his vehement and impassioned declamation. With Volney's cold manner, the speech would have produced no effect whatsoever. We do not pretend to treat Baron Hügel after this fashion, but with a better prompter at our elbow, we shall endeavour to make out something like a picture of what the traveller may witness from the Taht-i-Suliman, or pick up here and there, by the careful use of his eyes.

Kashmir is an oval valley, about ninety miles in length, and varying considerably in breadth. As you descend towards it

from the snowy mountains of Tibet, you traverse first a rugged chain, bristling with pine forests, and intersected by ravines of tremendous depth. Many small rivers dash down the rocks in semi-arches of white foam, startling the solitudes with their incessant roar. Descending still further, we arrive at the lowest stage, as it were, of the mountains, where they put on round and gentle forms, and are clothed with groves of lovely green, divided from each other by sweeps of pasturage. Here the empire of life and civilisation commences. Droves of horses and cattle, flocks of sheep and goats are beheld everywhere browsing on the sweet grass, while the thickets abound with game, such as partridges, hares, gazelles, and a delicate species of musk deer. The abundance of wild flowers, which in spring render the air almost heavy with their fragrance, are fed on by countless swarms of bees, whose honey augments the resources of the inhabitants. At the same time, these woods and bosquet shades harbour no noxious animals. The serpents, swarming everywhere else in India, are almost unknown here, as are also the bear, the tiger, the lions; so that it may, like Palestine, be said to be a land flowing with milk and honey.

The pastoral beauties of these hills are enhanced by contrast with the mountains overhead, covered with everlasting snows, and soaring far above the regions of storms and clouds, where they present themselves to the eye serene and luminous, like the fabulous Olympus of the poets.

From among the roots of the mountains on all sides issue a number of springs and rivulets, which the inhabitants conduct into their level rice-fields, and sometimes convey to the tops of the smaller hills, by means of a high causeway of earth. In their descent from these heights, the superfluous waters sometimes precipitate themselves in cascades, contrasting beautifully with the rich verdure between which they tumble down. The streams and brooks thus produced, flowing to the trough of the valley, unite there, and form a large river, which, after many turnings and windings occasioned by the conformation of the ground, issues forth from Kashmir, between two steep rocks at Baramoula.

This abundance of streams renders the plains and hills so green and fertile, that the whole kingdom looks like one vast garden, beautified with luxuriant trees, and dotted thickly with towns and villages, which present themselves through openings in the woods. In one direction you behold a long sweep of rice fields of the brightest green; in another, the eye rests upon broad meadows, or fields of corn or saffron, or various kinds of vegetables. No spot refuses to respond to the labours of the husbandman. The whole prospect reminds the traveller, by its fertility, of the Delta

of the Nile, where hundreds of shining canals diffuse inexhaustible plenty on all sides. Here nature, however, if less prolific, is more beautiful. Fancy can imagine nothing softer than the forms which she puts on, when in the morning the white mists that have been brooding all night upon the field and waters, rise slowly from their beds to meet the glowing rays of *Súrya*, and becoming impregnated with rosy light, float away to conceal themselves amid the inaccessible snowy valleys of Tibet. A nobler panorama can nowhere be beheld on the surface of the globe; and when, weary of contemplating its grandeur, we descend to minuter and more familiar objects, our imagination is no less gratified. In the midst of rills, and winding canals, and small lakes, we observe tasteful gardens and orchards of apple and pear, and plum, and apricot, and walnut trees, now covered with blossoms, and now with fruit. Here and there, on the sunny uplands, are vineyards,—

“Where the grape,
In bacchanal profusion, reels to earth;
Purple and gushing.”

In the private gardens all the vegetables of Europe, together with some peculiar to the East, are cultivated, among which we may notice the melon and the water-melon, which are here raised in the greatest perfection. Owing to a deficiency of horticultural knowledge, many species of the fruit continue to be less exquisite than they might be rendered, though the mere influence of the sun and air, unassisted by art, sometimes ripens peaches and apricots, inferior to none in the world in flavour. Under the direction of English gardeners, Kashmir might be converted into a real Paradise, and made to furnish India with an inexhaustible supply of all the delicious fruits of the temperate zone.

There is one question connected with Kashmir, upon which it may be expected that we should not be altogether silent; we mean that of climate. The discussion of it, however, is attended by some difficulties, as not one of the travellers who have visited the country can be regarded as a competent authority, none of them having resided in it long enough to have himself witnessed all the various phenomena which nature presents infinitely diversified in a series of years. Almost as a necessary consequence we have very contradictory accounts; some affirming the air to be salubrious, while others consider it remarkably unhealthy; some maintaining that there exists an almost perpetual calm, while others, speaking from their own personal knowledge, describe the atmosphere of the valley as subject to the purifying visits of tremendous hurricanes. On the subject of salubrity or

insalubrity, travellers are generally too apt to arrive at their conclusions hastily. If they themselves suffer inconvenience either from heat or cold, if their spirits are depressed, if unseasonable exposure produces fever or agues, why, then, they give a country a bad name, and cause it to pass for unhealthy. Baron Hügel proceeds very reasonably in regard to this matter, though he falls, naturally enough, into some mistakes. He saw no storms, and therefore, he says, none ever take place; but when he comes to give his testimony on the comparative salubrity of the air, his decision is favourable.

It seems highly necessary, however, in weighing a traveller's testimony respecting the dryness or moisture, the bracing or relaxing qualities of the air of any region, to inquire whence they came. For the last country they have visited will constitute to them, whether they be conscious of it or not, the standard of comparison. Thus Hügel, ascending from the humid plains of the Panjab, found the climate of Kashmir dry, bracing, and elastic; while Moorcroft, descending into it from the lofty table lands of Tibet, where the air is almost as destitute of moisture as that of the great Sahara, imagined it to be overloaded with watery vapours. The imaginations of both these writers were sick. Sorrow had soured the one, and disappointment and persecution the other. We cannot, therefore, without examination, adopt their views; still less can we rely on Jacquemont, who, relying on the easy fertility of his pen, determined to sport as many paradoxes as possible. He was apt to discover wonders, where wonders there were none. To him the governor-general going to church, at Calcutta, with his wife on his arm, was a phenomenon to be marvelled at. His notions of heat may have been like his notions of dignity, a little peculiar; otherwise we should be led to conclude that neither Peshawur, Shikarpoor, nor Bander-a-Bassi, is hotter than the banks of the Kashmir Dal. Often have we seen a buffalo, oppressed by heat and tormented by flies, take refuge in a river, or even in a stinking pool, where, with his nostrils just above water, he has lain or stood enjoying himself, and laughing, we dare say, at his persecutors. We should have liked to see Jacquemont imitating the buffalo, and immersing his philosophical person in the Dal to escape the heat. Unfortunately, however, he found it useless; for, as the gods once churned the ocean, having previously, we suppose, converted it into milk, so Surya had now made a hot bath of the lake. Nothing was to be gained by getting into it.

Heat like this, however, is seldom experienced in Kashmir. The inhabitants regarded it as something out of the course of nature, and offered up public prayers to Heaven for deliverance

from it. But a high temperature by no means necessarily supposes unhealthiness. For while Bander-a-Bassi is one of the hottest and most unhealthy places in the world, Peshawur, which experiences an equal degree of caloric, ranks among the healthiest. One single fact, however, admitted by all travellers, completely, in our opinion, upsets the notion of Moorcroft and others, that the air of Kashmir is insalubrious. It is said that the women of the country have very large families, and rear them, which is nowhere, we believe, the case, where the climate is bad. One of the most unequivocal signs of an ungenial atmosphere is its unfavourable effect on the genius of animal life; for where these quicken and come to maturity, there can exist nothing hostile to the vital principle. We shall here borrow from Mr. Thornton a passage bearing on the point we have been discussing.

“In consequence of the great elevation of Kashmir, the cold in winter is considerable, being, on an average, much more severe than in any part of the British isles, and this in a latitude lower than that of Sicily. Snow usually begins to fall early in December. Night frosts set in as early as the middle of November, and by the end of that month the trees are stripped of their leaves, and all animal vegetation is cut off. A thick haze overspreads the whole valley, and the lakes and rivers send up clouds of vapour. Every movement of men or beasts raises great quantities of dust, and the haze becomes so great that, even at mid-day, and under a cloudless sky, no object can be seen at a mile's distance. This murky state of the air extends for about 200 feet above the level of the valley, and those who ascend beyond that height, see the snowy mountains of a dazzling whiteness, and the sun shining clearly in a cloudless sky, whilst the low country lies hidden in dim obscurity. The first fall of snow restores the clearness of the air. Though snow lies to the average depth of two feet from the early part of December to the middle of April, the cold in general is a few degrees only below the freezing point. The Jailum is seldom completely frozen over, though ice invariably covers the surface of the lakes to a considerable distance from the banks. The snow begins to disappear in March. The end of March and beginning of April are distinguished by the popular term of dirty spring or mud season, and these appellations in regard to the mire of the surface, and the rapid succession of gusts of wind and hail, with short gleams of sunshine, are well deserved. Up to the beginning of June much rain falls, though Kashmir is beyond the influence of the periodical monsoon, which so extensively deluges parts of Asia.”

Every country, however, has its drawbacks. In Kashmir the principal pest may be said to be the inhabitants, who contrive by their filth to spoil one of the loveliest regions upon earth. Cities everywhere in the East are deformed by mounds of rubbish, and filled, more or less, with pestilential effluvia. In Cairo, a man can scarcely walk through the Jews' quarter without requiring an ounce of civet to sweeten his imagination, for, as he proceeds from

street to street, stench in every variety assails his nostrils; and, if he be a stranger, most probably enriches his mind with some new ideas of what is noisome and abominable. The Neapolitans sometimes swear, by all the smoke that circulates through the streets of Constantinople; but would find a more potent oath, if they swore by all the stink. Even their own beautiful city does not always smell like essence of roses. Ispahan and Bagdad, El Basrah, Damascus, and Tabreez, encircle their inhabitants with foetid odours, which may partly explain their partiality for pungent perfumes and tobacco smoke. We need not, therefore, be greatly surprised at finding the capital of Kashmir somewhat less fragrant than its meadows. Probably the Orientals have no olfactory nerves, or such as are affected only by pleasant smells. At any rate, the dwellers in the city of Kashmir appear to encounter their share of unsavoury scents, and that, too, voluntarily; otherwise nothing would be easier than to effect their own deliverance.

In Bernier's time, this picturesque and striking little capital was the abode of greater wealth and comfort than it is at present, and consequently some little more attention was paid to cleanliness. But a Frenchman's nose is not so easily offended as an Englishman's. Paris is a tolerably good introduction to the East, so that any one who has accustomed himself to sniff the matinal odours of the *Cité* and the *Quartier St. Antoine*, will stroll in greater comfort along the *Kalish* at Cairo, or through the Armenian suburb at *Julfa*, in Ispahan. As Bernier, however, was an Epicurean, he may be supposed to have cultivated his nose, so that we lay some stress on his testimony in this particular. Still, it is rather negative than positive. He does not say that the city of Kashmir was fragrant, but he omits to dwell so vehemently on its stench, as later travellers have done. All, however, agree that it is a pretty place, prettily situated. But they find the houses to be built of wood, and adduce different reasons to account for this phenomenon. One observes that wood is cheap, and assigns that as the cause; another has recourse to the laziness of the people; while a third discovers an explanation of the whole in the violent earthquakes to which, like Lima, the city is liable. Thus, in 1828, twelve hundred houses were overthrown, and upwards of a thousand people destroyed. Nevertheless, in various parts of Kashmir, we find numbers of stone temples, which have probably resisted the earthquakes of a thousand years, together with the neglect of centuries, and are still tolerably entire.

"The city," says Forster, "which in the ancient annals of India was known by the name of *Siringnaghur*, but now by that of the province at large, extends about three miles on each side of the river *Jalum*, over which are four or five wooden bridges, and occupies in some parts of its

breadth, which is irregular, about two miles. The houses, many of them two and three stories high, are slightly built of brick and mortar, with a large intermixture of timber. On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the buildings from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-chequered parterre. The streets are narrow, and choked with the filth of the inhabitants, who are proverbially unclean. No buildings are seen in this city worthy of remark ; though the Kashmirians boast much of a wooden mosque called the Jummah Musjid, erected by one of the emperors of Hindostan ; but its claim to distinction is very moderate."

Bernier, who had an eye for what was grand and striking, mentions two or three circumstances, which the more modern travellers overlook : he says that the mountains advance to within about two leagues of the city, and expand themselves in the background in the form of a half-moon. From the north-eastern quarter of the city extends the Dal or lake, which is about six miles in length and four in breadth. It is thickly interspersed with small islands, which being converted into so many gardens, adorned with innumerable fruit-trees, contrast strikingly with the azure of the surrounding waters. On the edge of these isles you see rows of aspens, planted close to each other, with their large leaves for ever trembling and twinkling in the sunshine. Their smooth slender trunks, as tall as the mast of a ship, terminate above in one tuft, like a palm-tree, these throwing their long shadows over the lake, which towards evening is all alive with pleasure boats, greatly enhance the beauty of the prospect. The rising country beyond is thickly covered with villas, which enjoy a salubrious air and a magnificent view of the lakes, fed perpetually by innumerable brooks and springs.

At one season of the year the surface of this lake, as well as of every other in Kashmir, is thickly studded with clusters of the nymphæa, or lily of the Nile, which, with its pink-coloured flowers reflected in the glassy mirror on all sides, seems to communicate to the waters a rosy blush. The Hindoos, observing that this plant always keeps its leaves above the waves, regard it as a mystic symbol of the world reappearing after it had been submerged beneath the ocean.

Another very curious feature of the Dal is the number of floating gardens which the inhabitants launch upon it. In many other parts of the world, islets of a light spongy texture, agglutinated with bitumen, have been known to swim, and use, we believe, has been made of their surface for horticultural purposes.

Here, however, it is a regular practice, though the gardens are of the most diminutive kind, and ought more properly, perhaps, to be called melonries. When it is intended to manufacture an isle—

“Choice is made of a shallow part of the lake, overgrown with reeds and other aquatic plants, which are cut off about two feet below the surface, and then pressed close to each other without otherwise disturbing the position in which they grew. They are subsequently mowed down nearly to the surface, and the parts thus taken off are spread evenly over the floats, and covered with a thin layer of mud drawn up from the bottom; on the level thus formed, are arranged, close to each other, conical heaps of weeds, about two feet across, and two feet high, having each at top a small hollow filled with fresh mud. In each hollow are set three plants of cucumber or melon, and no further care or trouble is required but to gather the produce, which is invariably fine and abundant. Each bed is about two yards wide; the length is variable; the bed is kept in its place by a stake of willow sent through it at each end, and driven into the bottom of the lake.”

Baron Hügel has entered, in his account of the lake, into several very interesting details respecting its environs, and islands, and the gardens wherewith the latter are covered. We could wish he had possessed a more graphic method of delineating what he undertook to place before the reader; but even in his hands the celebrated Dal of Kashmir preserves much of its original beauty.

“I took advantage,” he says, “of this afternoon’s leisure, and with my new European companions went to see the famous Lake Dal. It is partly surrounded by a ditch, to prevent its waters mingling with those of the Jelam, and causing an inundation, for the houses near the lake are built on the same level with it. Exactly under the Takt-i-Suliman is the sluice called Drogshub, the only outlet of the lake, which flows into the Zand, an arm of the Jelam. A channel, which is lined with stone, connects this great river with the lake, and is the only means of getting at the latter, without making a circuit of more than two miles by water from the inhabited part of the town. In olden times the flood-gate was much nearer to the city, but was removed to the place where it now is in consequence of the water of the lake discharging itself too rapidly from the direction it was allowed to take. A large white stone, lying in the great canal which leads to the Shalimar Bagh, is of much importance as a mark; when the water covers it there is danger from the waters of the lake; and the flood-gate is so constructed that it then shuts of itself. It is about two or three miles from the Dilawar-Uhan-Bagh, under the Takt-i-Suliman.

“The lake is divided into several distinct parts. Gagribal, the first and least division, is separated from the rest by a narrow tongue of land; the second, called Ropelang, has a little island in the middle, on which we landed. A building, now levelled to the ground, formerly stood on it, and the regular form of the whole certainly shows that it was the

work of human ingenuity. In many parts the lake is shallow enough to allow of similar contrivances. There is a charming view of the mountains from the first small lake, and in a semicircle a branch of the inferior ridge comes down to the very edge of the stream. High up on the first of these hills, going from the city, stands a very extensive building called Kulimar, founded by Achan Mullah Shah, the major-domo of the Emperor Jehanghir, as a school for Mohammedans. It was never completed, and is now in ruins. The next prominent object is of interest to every Hindú, being a place of pilgrimage, called Kali Sangam, built on an eminence projecting far into the lake. Kali signifies *black*, and sangam, *the confluence of two rivers*. These spots are always sacred to the Hindús. With this exception the mountains encircling this lake gradually decrease to a gentle plain, on which villages and pretty gardens have been laid out. There is a beautiful garden in the Ropeland lake, called Nishad Bagh, or Garden of Bliss, made by Jehanghir after his first visit to Kashmir. The garden is entered by a fine terrace near the shore, leading into an avenue, adorned with fountains and basins. Over these are raised small and fanciful buildings on large arches, so as not to shut up the view down the avenue, which is so contrived as to appear much larger than it really is. From the highly-ornamented pavilion the view of the more distant buildings in the background is exceedingly picturesque. The beautiful plane-trees are the chief ornaments of this garden at present, which is now almost in other respects a perfect wilderness. The gardener presented me with a bouquet of the Indian chrysanthemum, yellow, white, and pink, for which he asked me a rupee, as an enam, or present. Mr. Vigne, who was in this garden during the hot season, found among its tenants a fine hooded snake.

"A wealthy Hindú Pandit once built a causeway from Kashmir to this point, which has naturally much impeded the free course of the waters, and only a narrow line was left for our boat to be rowed under a bridge from the Nishad Bagh to the most admired division of the lake, where is the island of Char Chunar. Under this bridge the water is twenty-four feet deep; in every other part it is but from six to eight feet, allowing the majestic Nelumbium to overspread the whole surface of the lake with its expansive foliage, and rich white and red flowers.

"Arrived in the Char Chunar lake, we were first rowed to the Shalimar garden, which, with its famous palace, was one of the great works of Jehanghir. I do not think he chose the prettiest part of the lake, but the high mountains are here softened down to the plain, and a broad valley afforded more space than elsewhere. A canal half a mile long, but now only capable of admitting a small boat, leads from this lake to the wooden entrance of the building. This entrance has been completely disfigured by the successive Patan governors, who have erected an ugly flat roof over it, for the convenience of smoking their pipes. According to the style of the period, six inferior buildings, in the midst of an avenue of colossal plane-trees, lead at considerable intervals to the principal though not very extensive palace.

"A small building is erected over a spring, the roof of which rests on twelve massive black marble columns. The whole forms a square of

twelve fathoms, consisting of two covered walks or terraces, between which are the halls, having on either side partitions of lattice-work, through which were to be seen the once-ornamented chambers. It is kept in good repair, as the governors of Kashmir have always made it an occasional resort. The garden is 376 paces long and 220 broad. Compared with the Nishad garden, the view from the hall is very poor. The fine planes are beginning to decay from age, and one had already fallen to the earth. The wood of this tree is highly esteemed by the Kashmirians, who think it the best for their gun-stocks. I admired also the corn-flag and jonquil, the syringa Persica and chrysanthemum, and a wild plum, which in the spring has a flower of delicious fragrance. A little hamlet is gradually extending itself to this royal wilderness.

"About a mile and a half from the garden, and near the centre of this division of the lake, the island Char Chunar, celebrated by Bernier and Thomas Moore, rises from the waters, a skilful monument of the reign of the Mogul emperor, who named it from the four plane-trees he planted on the spot; two of them are still standing. It has also its building in the centre, surrounded by a deserted garden, and consists of a single open hall, with a little tower commanding a fine prospect of the lake. Under one of the plane-trees is a water-wheel, in perfect preservation, made of the incorruptible Himálayan cedar, the invaluable deodara. It raises the water from the lake to the terrace. Ducks without number live in this lake, feeding on the roots of the water-caltrop, but it is difficult to come within gunshot distance of them. Formerly, the taking of these creatures afforded a livelihood to numbers of men, but, for some reason best known to himself, the present governor has discountenanced the practice; his protection of the ducks, however, does not extend to a prohibition of the amusement of Europeans, on the strength of which one of the boatmen produced a matchlock about fourteen feet long, and begged my permission to take one shot for me. With this I readily complied, and furnished him with some powder and shot. At the first discharge with a single barrel he brought down eight ducks.

"We did not fail, while here, to visit the beautiful wood of plane-trees planted by Akba, called Nazim, or Salubrious, to the number of 1200 trees. They are still in fine preservation, though planted more than 200 years, forming beautiful walks, whose refreshing shade in summer must be delicious. Near this is a large garden built in successive terraces, but now altogether in ruins. They say that it was the fancy of Nur Begum, the wife of Jehanghir."

We will now permit Baron Hügel to take us through a portion of the city, his account of which is in many parts extremely interesting.

"I visited," says Hügel, "the seven bridges which span the Jelum, at once the most enduring and the most dangerous I ever saw. The date of their construction and the material are evidences of the first quality, their appearance and the experience of every passenger sufficiently attest the last. The piers are composed of large cedar-trees,

fifteen or twenty feet long, and three feet in diameter, which are placed one over the other in the form of a funeral pile, while large lime trees, the seeds having been carried to the place by birds, grow from this foundation, and shadow a part of the bridge. The cross-beams on which one treads are everywhere in a condition to afford an excellent view of the river beneath; and huts and booths have been thrown up at different periods on this slippery ground, although nothing is clearer than that one storm would involve houses, bridges, trees, and piles in one common overthrow. A storm, however, or even a wind, of any great violence, is a thing altogether unknown in Kashmir.

"These bridges were found already laid across the river by the Mohammedans, which gives them an antiquity of at least 500 years. Since the dominion of the last Hindú sovereign, or more correctly, of the last Queen of Kashmir, Rani Kotadevi, which, according to the *Ayin Akbari*, terminated in 1364, the last partial restoration was undertaken by the governor, Ali Merdan Khan, in the reign of the Emperor Jehanghir. The Shah Hamedan Musjid is a modern-looking building, the prototype of every mosque in Kashmir, and if not exactly resembling a Chinese temple, is certainly unlike Indian architecture in general, though some of the same form may be occasionally seen in the British Himalaya. It is nearly square, and within, the roof is supported by slender pillars. Without, and about half way up the wall, are balconies, ornamented with finely-carved wood, and small columns. The roof of the temple projects over the outer walls, and is finished at the four corners with hanging bells; while, on the summit, which rises in a pyramidal form, is a golden ball, instead of the Mohammedan crescent. This form is common throughout the valley of Kashmir, from the simplest village temple to the richly ornamented mosque of the capital. This, as well as all the other mosques, is built of cedar.

"The fine stone steps, which in every Hindú city lead down to the river, are in Kashmir without any extensive ornament; but I remarked one novelty in the river in this city, viz., large wooden cages, for I know no more fitting name for them, which stood in great numbers close to the shore, for the convenience of the female bathers. The Jelam is also covered with boats of every size, which give a pleasant stirring appearance to the whole city. The numerous canals on the right shore of the river,—on the left there is but one,—have no communication with it, although so close, except through the Drogshuh gate; and hence, from the Dilawer-Khan-Bagh, to the Shah Hamedan mosque, the first being on the great canal, and the last on the Jelam, we were one hour and a half going by water, the distance by land being only a few hundred feet. . . . At some distance is the Jama Masjid. It is a pity that it is now in a ruinous condition, having been once a beautiful edifice built of cedar, so far back as the time of their own native princes. It forms a large square, each side measuring sixty-three fathoms, and in the centre is an open space with a small building upon it. The roof is supported by large columns, hewn out of a single piece, and with a florid capital and base. The small building in the centre of the court is open on all sides and raised a step."

A Greek comic writer having occasion to discuss the scientific attainments of Agamemnon, supposes him to have been so ignorant of arithmetic as scarcely to be able to count his own feet. Baron Hügel has evidently a very little better opinion of Bernier's acquaintance with Cocker; for though our worthy physician states positively that there were but two bridges in his time over the Thylum—'cette rivière a dans la ville deux ponts de bois, pour la communication d'un côté à l'autre:'—the baron makes no account of this moonshine, but speaks of his seven bridges as of an antiquity anterior to the Mohammedan conquest. George Forster had made some progress in reckoning beyond Bernier. He had attained to that knowledge of arithmetic possessed by certain savage nations of counting by fives; but beyond this he was unable to get. He proceeded as far as the fifth bridge, but there his powers of computation deserted him, and because he could reckon no more, maintained that there were no more. Baron Hügel, however, by that sort of intuition which a fortnight's residence in a country bestows, is positive that there were seven bridges all the while, though five of them were invisible to Bernier, and two to Forster. We like this style of writing. It renders one's mind easy on difficult points, and puts an end to the nuisance of inquiry.

Of the deodar, or Himalayan cedar, which differs in many respects from that of Lebanon and Western Asia generally, the reader may not, perhaps, be displeased to find some account here. It constitutes an important element in the botany of these Indian Alps. Eschewing the plains altogether it is found to flourish at elevations varying from seven to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Where it finds a genial soil and a favourable exposure it attains to a vast height, and is not unfrequently thirty feet in circumference. In the earlier stages of its growth it bears some likeness to the real cedar, though afterwards the resemblance ceases, as its branches never spread, but shoot upwards. The cone is preceded by a catkin of a bright yellow colour, so that the whole tree, when in full blossom, appears to be covered with a rich mantle of gold. These catkins, observes Dr. Hoyle, are loaded with a golden dust, which the wind shakes from the branches in such profusion, that the ground, to a considerable distance, becomes sheeted, as it were, with gold.

With respect to the durability of its wood we may observe that it is a quality which it possesses in common with that of many other trees. The Egyptian sycamore will last for many thousand years. We have a piece now in our possession, which was probably cut and buried in a tomb before the Exodus of the Israelites, yet it is still as firm and as fresh-looking as though it had only

been severed from the tree some half-dozen years or so. This would render credible the stories told by the elder Pliny for the purpose of illustrating the durability of wood, were there not some particulars in his accounts which, as the journals say, require confirmation. It may, however, be worth while to hear what the old naturalist has to advance on this point. After discussing at some length several circumstances connected with the temple of Diana at Ephesus, he says, 'A famous and memorable temple there is of Apollo at Utica, where the beams and the main pieces of timber, made of Memidian cedars, remain as whole and entire as at the day when they were first set up, which was when the city was founded; by which computation they have continued already 1188 years. Moreover, it is said, that at Saguntum, a city of Spain, there is a temple of Diana still standing, a little beneath the city: and yet as King Bacchus, mine author saith, two hundred years before the ruin and destruction of Troy, the same men who brought the image of the said Diana from the island Zacynthos, founded the temple aforesaid. For the antiquity and religion whereof, Hannibal made some conscience to demolish it, and would not once touch it, and therein are to be seen at this day the beams and rafters of juniper, sound and good.'

But Kashmir is celebrated for other productions than those which have betrayed us into quoting Pliny. We allude to those shawls which once constituted its riches and its pride. We say once, because the glories of the Kashmir loom have also departed; because beauty no longer delights either in Europe or Asia to adorn itself with the spoils of the Tibetan goat; and because the Persians, the Osmanlis, and the Memlooks, formerly the lavish customers of the ingenious weavers of the valley, have now seen their wealth departed from them, or have departed themselves, so that the trade of the merchant languishes, and many a shuttle is still. In years gone by, every inmate of every harem in Western Asia bore about her person two or three Kashmir shawls at once; one twisted round her waist as a girdle, another on her head as a turban, and another cast loosely round the figure to set off the beauty of the silks and furs and cloths of gold, with which its variegated colour contrasted. Now, general poverty has introduced a more sober taste. The inferior Osmanli ladies are fain to content themselves with the fabrics of Manchester or Glasgow, which can in many cases be obtained for less than a hundredth part of what their mothers gave for a Kashmir shawl. A similar revolution has taken place in India. British goods flood the land and find their way into all the courts and zenanas, driving the more gorgeous productions of Asia out of the market. Even in central Asia the doctrines of political economy are finding practical

advocates and throwing open wide channels for English industry. The various Khans and Amirs are learning to calculate; to apply arithmetic to the affairs of the purse, to scan the costumes of their wives with an eye jaundiced by Adam Smith, and to draw the conclusion that a woman looks quite as well in finery value ten tomanas, as in what costs enough to stock a bazaar.

Through the operation of all these influences, the poor weaver of Kashmir stands a very good chance of being extinguished. But to complete the measure of his misfortunes, he has to struggle with something far worse still. His infidel rulers, the Sikhs who know nothing of Malthus, or Ricardo, or Huskisson, imitate most punctually the policy of the owner of the goose that laid the golden eggs; they rob the master manufacturers of their capital one after another, and thus throw the weavers out of work and forcibly close more rapidly than they would have dried up of themselves the sources of the wealth which they covet. Kashmir, therefore, both in town and country, exhibits all the saddening tokens of a kingdom in decay. Agriculture is carried on more slovenly than formerly; the people are poorer and fewer; and their depressed spirits reconcile them with dirt and unsavoury effluvia in their streets and houses. Nevertheless, the pride of their industry is not yet entirely extinct. Even Ranjit Singh, or his more tyrannical and doltish successors, could not deprive them of the native cunning of their hands, and if they were not Mohammedans, we should not be surprised to find the shawls they now produce illustrated pictorially, like the web of Helen, with the woes of Kashmir.

When Bernier visited the country, the shawl manufacture seems to have attained its most flourishing state, and he beheld with admiration the brilliant colours, and the rich, fanciful, and delicate ornaments with which the weavers adorned their work. The number of shawls then produced and exported was prodigious. The Moguls, barbarians as they were, still knew how to encourage the industry of their subjects by purchasing at liberal prices the creations of their handiwork. All the great Omrahs of the court of Aurungzéb repaired annually to the valley with its beautiful productions on their heads; and, when they again descended to the plains, bore away with them an amount of purchases which made glad the heart of the subtle artisan. In consequence of this patronage the natives affirm that there were, at that period, 40,000 looms constantly at work, which towards the close of the eighteenth century had diminished to about 16,000. The number at present is far less. The prices, however, under the Moguls, were not any thing like so high as they are at present; for even the finest shawls cost no more than 160 rupees. Now

they fetch extraordinary sums. The charge for completing a pair of shawls is calculated to be nearly as follows: for the labour of twenty-four weavers during twelve months, 80*l.*; for wool and dyeing materials, 30*l.*, duty 20*l.*; for the current expenses of the establishment, 20*l.*: total, 200*l.* Far more costly fabrics, however, are occasionally brought into the market, some being valued as high as 700*l.* In Moorcroft's time the total annual value of the shawls manufactured in Kashmir, amounted to about 300,000*l.*; but from the causes to which we have alluded above, the sum has now dwindled to something much less considerable. Baron Hügel was told in the country that no less than 13,000 weavers had, in the course of a very few years, perished of famine and cholera. Others, to avoid the intolerable oppression of the Sikhs, had expatriated themselves, while others again had adopted different occupations.

The wool used in the manufacture of the shawl is of two kinds, one called *pashm shal* (or shawl wool), and obtained from the tame goat; the other, the fleece of the wild goat, wild sheep, and other animals, named *asalit*. In all instances it is a fine down, growing close to the skin, under the common coat, and is found not only on the animals just mentioned, but also on the *yak*, or grunting ox, and on the dog of the intensely cold and arid tracts of Tibet. The greater part is supposed to be produced in Chan Than, a tract in the west of Tibet, and is in the first instance sold at Rodokh, a fort near the frontier, towards Ladakh, to which it is conveyed on the backs of sheep, there usually employed as beasts of burden. It is purchased by the Kashmirians at Le, the chief place of Ladakh, and carried thence to Kashmir, either on men's shoulders, or on the backs of horses. There is also some brought by Moguls from Pamir, or from the vicinity of Yarkund. About a third of the quantity imported is dark-coloured, and the price of this is little more than one-half that of the white, in consequence of the latter being better suited for dyeing. At the time of Vigne's visit, the white sort sold at the rate of about four shillings the pound. The long hairs are picked out by the hand, and this is, of course, a very tedious process. The residue is carefully washed, rice-flour being used as an abstergent, instead of soap, and then hand-spun by women, who are stated by Moorcroft not to earn more than one half-crown a month by incessant toil. There is much division of labour in this manufacture: one artisan designs the patterns, another determines the quality and quantity of the thread required for executing them, a third apporions and arranges the warp and woof (the former of which is generally of silk) for the border. Three weavers are employed on an embroidered shawl, of an ordinary pattern, for three months; but a very rich pair will occupy a shop for eighteen months.

They are dyed in yarn, and carefully washed after the weaving has been finished. The Kashmirian dyers profess to use sixty-four different tints, and some of these are obtained by extracting the colours of European woollens, imported for the express purpose. The embroidered border of the finest shawls is generally made separately, and joined skilfully by sewing it to the field, or middle part. According to Hügel, shawls of this description are altogether patchwork, consisting of as many as fifteen pieces, joined by seams.

The picture drawn by the baron of a shawl factory and its inmates is any thing but flattering:

"I paid," he says, "a visit to one of the shawl manufactories; and was conducted through one of the most wretched abodes that my imagination could well picture. In a room at the top of the house sat sixteen men huddled together at their work, which at this time was shown to me as a *Dúshula*, or long shawl, valued at three thousand rupees the pair. I made several inquiries as to the nature and extent of their trade, but the master seemed ill-disposed to gratify my curiosity. However difficult it may be to arrive at the truth in India, it is still more so here, though for a very different reason. The Indian always accommodates his answer to the supposed pleasure of the inquirer: the Kashmirian is trained to practise the art of concealment, which naturally leads to falsehood on every occasion. The workmen handled the threads with a rapidity which surprised me, moving their heads continually the while. They work in winter in a room which is never heated, lest dust or smoke might injure the material. Generally speaking their features are highly intellectual and animated."

Kashmir has long been celebrated, also, for other sorts of manufactures, most of which have of late much declined in excellence, though some still continue to retain their reputation. Its palankeens were once considered the best in the East; as were its bedsteads, its coffers, and indeed its cabinet-work generally, large quantities of which were annually exported into the countries of the plain. Its cabinet-makers addicted themselves especially to the imitation of a particular species of wood, whose veins they represented with singular truth, by the inlaying of fine threads of gold. The surface of the work was then finely polished and coated with a shining and durable varnish. The lapidaries of the valley are said to excel all others in skill. They work exquisitely in chalcedony and rock crystal, of which latter substance they have been known to turn out vases so large as to be a burden for four men.

The arms, and more particularly the pistol-barrels of Kashmir, are highly valued throughout Asia. They are manufactured of iron brought from the Eusufzai country, which is tough, pliable,

and of the highest excellence. The barrels are of all kinds, plain, twisted, and damaskeened, but even this branch of industry has declined under Sikhs who appeared determined to effect the utter ruin of Kashmir. Baron Hügel paid a visit to an armourer, which he describes with his usual unsatisfactoriness. "This armourer," he says, "was the most celebrated in Kashmir. As this is a trade in which they are believed to excel, I was disappointed at finding nothing in a sufficiently forward state for my inspection. The appearance of this armourer himself was most venerable; he reminded me of the days of chivalry, when the trade he followed was so honoured in all lands, with more real politeness than I had met with for a long time, he prayed me to be seated, and brought me several half-finished muskets and pistols, an Indian matchlock, and some poniards, all elaborately ornamented. Nothing could be much worse than the implements he worked with, particularly his bellows, which consisted of a little box of wood, that forced the wind in, as well as out."

During the last century when the Kashmirians were under the rule of the Affghans, they renounced Father Matthew, and took to manufacturing and drinking abominations. Of the Koran and its prohibitions they, in fact, made so light, that wine was as common in the valley as if it had been inhabited by Christians. This wine in colour and flavour resembled Madcira, and when ripened by age was of an excellent quality. Exhilarated by liberal potations of this nectar, the good people proceeded a step still further, and manufactured a potent spirituous liquor from the grape, which wonderfully assisted them in bearing the weight of Dúráni yoke. Of these curious facts we find no mention in later travellers; but George Forster, who was probably himself a worshipper of Dionysos, carefully records them in his authentic travels.

This same able writer remarks, that the Kashmirians fabricated then as they do still the best writing paper in the East, and carried on in it an extensive traffic. Of this paper Thornton says:—

"Its superiority consists in its great smoothness and whiteness. The inferior qualities are made of rags, ropes, and sacking; the finest, the filaments of wild hemp. These materials are reduced to a pulp, under hammers worked by water-power, and the sheet of paper is formed on a fine mat, instead of wire-work; it is then pumiced, receives a thin coat of rice-paste, and is finally polished very carefully with an agate. It is very dear, a quire of twenty-four sheets of the finest coating, from five to six shillings. There are seven or eight hundred copiers of MSS. in Kashmir. They are wretchedly remunerated, the best not earning more than threepence a-day, and the results of their labour may be had for a very low price. Thus, a copy of the Shar Nameh, which contains sixty thousand distichs, costs only seven or eight pounds sterling."

Another branch of industry is thus described by the same writer:—

“The Kashmirians manufacture excellent leather for saddlery. Moorcroft describes it as strong and solid, heavy and pliable, without any disposition to crack; some of the pieces had been in use eighteen or twenty years, and were none the worse for constant wear.”

From him, too, we shall borrow our account of the attar:—

“The essential oil, or celebrated attar of roses (vulgarly called otto of roses), made in Kashmir, is considered superior to any other; a circumstance not surprising, as, according to Hügel, the flower is here produced of surpassing fragrance, as well as beauty. A large quantity of rose-water, twice distilled, is allowed to run off into an open vessel, placed over night in a cool running stream, and in the morning the oil is found floating on the surface in minute specks, which are taken off very carefully by means of a blade of the sword-lily. When cool, it is of a dark green colour, and as hard as resin, not becoming liquid at a temperature below that of boiling water. Between five and six hundred pounds’ weight of leaves are required to produce one ounce of the attar. It is never an article of commerce, being reserved for the use of the Sikh court; and that which is known in Europe under the name of Persian, is a very inferior article to the produce of Kashmir. The species used for distillation is the *rosa biflora*.”

It might be treating the good people of Kashmir somewhat uncereceremoniously to quit the country without saying any thing of their habits and character. But how shall we venture upon the topic? Our own experience of the race has not been favourable, and travellers generally unite in giving them a bad character. Bernier, considering their figure and physiognomy, imagined them to be descended from the Jews, and supposed it was in this valley that the lost tribes took refuge from the persecutions of mankind. Other writers have not been indisposed to adopt this fancy, deluded, probably, by the aquiline noses and bright black eyes of the Kashmirian dancing-girls so common throughout the whole of Northern India. But where have the lost tribes not been located? We find them in Affghanistan, and in Turkistan, in the burning deserts of Mehkran, and in the lofty table lands of the Caspian. When people don’t know what to make of any race, they say they are descended from the Jews.

For our own part, we consider the Kashmirians to be a genuine offshoot from the Hindú race. Their language, physiognomy, habits, and ancient religion, all concur in confirming us in this view. In much that is said to their disparagement, we put no faith. It is quite customary among travellers to underrate the nations through which they pass, a fault into which they were betrayed by the necessary accidents of travel. Every day brings

them into contact with the least reputable part of the community, and, at best, with persons engaged in the pursuit of gain, who consequently endeavour to make as much out of them as they can. On the other hand, travellers are apt to count their rupees as well as most other persons, and he, therefore, who makes an inroad on their purse, whether legitimately or illegitimately, is viewed in no very favourable light. Again and again have we seen Asiatics libelled and denounced as knaves, for demanding what was strictly due to them. If nothing worse could be said of them, they were duns and bores, and woe be to him who bores a traveller! Sure he is of being pilloried in his pages, together with the whole of the unlucky nation to which he belongs.

Hügel disliked the Kashmirians, because they grumbled at being required to carry burdens too heavy for so many jackasses. He might have found them more willing, had *they* found the mouth of *his* purse a little opener. But Asiatics have a knack of being weary when they are scantily paid. Your gold is a rare inspiriter of men; it gives strength to their limbs, animation to their countenances, volubility to their tongues, buoyancy to their animal spirits. Hügel reckoned his *anas* too exactly to please the Kashmirians, and the Kashmirians became too sullen and dispirited to please Hügel. Other travellers may perhaps have exhibited a taste of the same quality, and found the pleasures of their journey considerably diminished by it. Not that we mean to write the apology of the Kashmirians. We dare say the men are all rogues, and the women no better than they should be. But it might be as well not to be dogmatical on the point, to indulge a slight leaning towards scepticism, and to allow them all the benefit of our doubts. It is just possible—we merely put the thing hypothetically—that there may be such a *rara avis* as an honest woman in Kashmir. It is also within the limits of possibility that a man might be discovered who was neither a thief nor a liar. We throw ourselves on the mercy of our adventurous travellers who think differently; but philanthropy is our failing. And this leads us to fancy—miserable *homunculi* as we are!—that virtue is not utterly extinct, even in this secluded corner of the Himalayas.

Besides, there appears to be some discrepancy between the facts and the inferences of some of our travellers. They inform us that the Kashmirians are a handsome and almost Herculean race, and that the women are remarkable for their beauty and the elegance of their figure; and yet they ascribe to them the habitual practice of vices peculiarly inimical to the healthy development of the human frame. We request them to choose between their statements, and to inform us which they would rather that we should believe; for to swallow both at the same time, is a stretch of complaisance of which we are incapable. We have lived long

years among foreigners, and applied ourselves diligently during the whole period to the study of their national character; speaking their language fluently, and associating with them without reserve; and yet we should hesitate to decide dogmatically respecting them. How, therefore, do we envy travellers who, like Baron Hugel, possessed the secret of getting at a nation's character in a fortnight. This is an art of which we can form no idea. It is more rapid in its operation than physiognomy; it divines people at once. In vain do they envelope themselves in the mantle of reserve. In vain have they recourse to hypocrisy; in vain do they put in practice all those harmless little artifices which dazzle and bewilder the common observer! The traveller is not to be deceived; he reads their nature with unerring precision, and proclaims them to the world exactly for what they are. To this frightful sagacity we have nothing to oppose, but a sort of kindly incredulity. We shrug our shoulders, and, as French lovers phrase it, persist in cherishing *nos douces illusions*.

Still, as our readers may like to learn what sort of devils inhabit Kashmir, according to the testimony of our most philosophical travellers, we shall present them with an extract or two on the subject from Mr. Thornton:—

“Lively, ingenious, and good-humoured, the Kashmirians are much addicted to the never-failing vices of slaves, lying and trickery, and inordinately addicted to amusement and pleasure. Moorcroft, engaged against them in a course of commercial rivalry, shows no mercy in delineating their moral qualities:—‘In character the Kashmirian is selfish, superstitious, ignorant, subtle, intriguing, dishonest, and false; he has great ingenuity as a mechanic, and a decided genius for manufactures and commerce; but his transactions are always conducted in a fraudulent spirit, equalled only by the effrontery with which he faces detection.’”

Hugel, of course, reiterates the accusations of Moorcroft, adding other circumstances to render the picture more revolting. It seems to be admitted, however, on all hands, that the Kashmirians are not a cruel people. If they cheat the traveller, therefore, they, at all events, do not cut his throat. The war they make is upon his rupees, not on him; and when they have got possession of a little cash, do they hoard it in a way to assist us in tracing their pedigree to the ten tribes? On the contrary they are, according to Forster, very Catilines, greedy of other men's treasures, but lavish of their own.

“No people,” he says, “devise more modes of luxurious expense. When a Kashmirian of the lowest order finds himself in possession of ten shillings, he loses no time in assembling his party, and, launching into the lake, solaces himself till the last farthing is spent; nor,” adds he, “can the despotism of an Affghan government, which loads them with

oppression and cruelty, eradicate their strong tendency to dissipation. Yet their manners, it is said, have undergone a manifest change since the dismemberment of their country from Hindústan. Encouraged by the liberality and indulgence of the Moguls, they gave a loose to the pleasures and the bent of their genius. They appeared in gay apparel, constructed costly buildings, and were much addicted to the pleasures of the table. The interests of the province were so strongly favoured at court, that every complaint against its governors was attentively listened to, and any attempt to molest the people was restrained or punished."

This run of good fortune, however, at length came to an end, and Kashmir passed under other rulers. Some idea may be formed of the different treatment which Kashmir met with under the Moguls and under the Affghans from the amount of revenue exacted by each government. The emperors of Delhi were contented with the moderate tribute of three lakhs and a half of rupees, while the ferocious and insatiable Affghans habitually extorted twenty lakhs. Their tyranny effected a change in the very character and deportment of the people. From being cheerful, talkative, and ostentatious, they became gloomy, silent, and penurious in their habits, lest the least show of hilarity or ease in their condition should bring the tax-gatherers on their backs. Even the Sikh conquest, therefore, can scarcely be said to have deteriorated their condition. The government of Lahore, indeed, receives considerably less than was raised by the Affghans, ten lakhs being the utmost that for many years was supposed to reach the coffers of the Maharajáh, but the people of Kashmir profited little by this seeming moderation. For the actual amount of their tribute fell little short of twenty-two lakhs, and sometimes exceeded that sum, though twelve of them were absorbed by the spongy nature of the channels through which they flow towards the capital.

This may be regarded as a much higher rate of taxation than is known anywhere else in the East, and if the statement be correct, will lead us inevitably to conclusions respecting the character of the people very different from those of Moorcroft and Baron Hügel. The population of Great Britain, incomparably the wealthiest and most industrious on the globe, are taxed at the rate of about £1 17s. per head. No other people in Europe, it is believed, could support such an impost. But in Kashmir we find the people are taxed at the rate of about £1 2s. per head, for the whole amount of the population is said not to exceed 200,000. Now let any man acquainted with the principles of political economy ask himself whether a people universally libertine and profligate could supply such a revenue to the state? If they were not exceedingly industrious they could not possibly possess the means; and if it be granted that they are exceedingly

industrious, we shall beg leave to regard as a strange paradox the notion that they are at the same time exceedingly dissipated and depraved.

Connected with this question of population are some curious facts which have scarcely any parallel in history. They, perhaps, who relate them, may have aimed a little at rhetorical effect. But allowing for this; granting even that there may be considerable exaggeration, enough will still remain strongly to excite our astonishment. It is said that, in the course of twenty years, the population of Kashmir shrank from 800,000 to 200,000, through the united effects of misgovernment, famine, pestilence, and earthquake. Seldom have calamities so dire overtaken a people. What the sword of the Sikhs had spared was in part swallowed by the earth, or destroyed by hunger, or swept off by the cholera. An unseasonable fall of snow annihilated four-fifths of the rice in the blade, and presently there came a famine which strewed the streets and high-roads with corpses, and drove mothers to sell their children for a rupee, or even to slaughter and eat them! Such horrors are not perpetrated voluntarily. Madness supervenes before human nature lapses into crimes like these. But, be assured, whatever the horrors perpetrated by the Kashmirians may have been, the infamous misgovernment of the Sikhs acted as a powerful cause. The people of this beautiful but unhappy valley have good reason, therefore, to pray for the annexation of the Panjab, which will enable them, for the first time during nearly three centuries, to taste of internal tranquillity, and enjoy their property in peace. Of course an outcry will be raised by discontented and unprincipled demagogues in Europe against the grasping policy and boundless ambition of England. But while those sophists are fabricating their well-turned periods, and expressing their hypocritical indignation, the people of Kashmir will be humbly returning thanks to Heaven for their good fortune. The 200,000 impoverished and dispirited wretches who now languish under Sikh oppression, and fear to put on a decent garment lest it should be taken from them, will once more apply themselves to profitable industry, to the rearing of families, to the re-peopling of their deserted towns and cities. The passion for magnificence will return to them. They will again dress gaily, construct costly dwellings, and cultivate their old hereditary taste for music and song. It was once the pride of Kashmir that every inhabitant of the valley loved and understood something of music. There has been a woful pause in their enjoyment. But if once the British drum be heard on the Pir Panjal it will kindle the ancient appetite for music and festivity, and the people will possess wherewith to indulge it.

ART. XI.—*Les Petits Manéges d'une Femme Vertueuse.* Par H. de BALZAC. Paris. 1845.

THE 'world' is incorrigibly greedy of gossip; but what always surprises us is the difficulty with which this same 'world' can be made to believe any thing redounding to some one's credit, and the preposterous credulity with which it adopts and circulates any thing discreditable. The 'rumours' that are current about public men are, some of them so absurd, as to fall to the ground the instant the least doubt of their truth is raised. The fact is, they are never, or scarcely ever, reflected on. People hear them, believe them, repeat them. Why this credulity? Because there is a *fibre scandaleux* in the human heart; there is an innate or connate love of gossip, especially of defamatory gossip, which seeks to gratify itself on all occasions. Women have the credit of possessing this instinct in a greater degree than men; all comedies, novels, and satires, proclaim this as a fact, and the assertion is credited by most people, in conformity with the very instinct itself. We believe the fact to be otherwise. Men are quite as largely endowed; but *it is men who write books!* If women write, they write like men, and but too often echo men's prejudices and errors.

If we wanted a striking, immediate proof of our assertion, we might simply refer to the odious success which attends all 'personalities' in literature. Who are the readers of the 'Satirist,' and such productions? Not women, assuredly. What made 'Coningsby' succeed, but its satirical sketches of contemporary characters? Men who never look into a novel were eager to read that, in order to enjoy the 'spicy' portraiture of the Rigbys, &c. Women read it, of course, as they read all novels; but they did not give it its celebrity, and they were not among its great admirers.

We will not pursue the argument. Every one who reflects an instant will bear us out when we say, that in love of personalities, men are quite as largely endowed as women. We do not excuse the women; we only inculcate the men. That this instinct is a low, unworthy instinct, no one will deny; and the efforts of moralists and educationists should be directed towards deadening it. How is it that the Press has done so little towards reprobating those who foster this instinct, and give it food?

There is at present a bit of scandal current in Paris, and which will soon find its way here, that amusingly illustrates the credulity with which suppositions, in themselves extravagant, are speedily converted into deliberate assertions. It is this:

Franz Liszt, it is pretty generally known, has separated himself from the Countess d'Agoult, with whom he has lived some years, and by whom he has had children. Madame d'Agoult being a very accomplished woman (she is the writer of the articles in the '*Révue de Deux Mondes*,' bearing the signature of 'Daniel Stern') is a *celebrité*; her *liaison* with the great pianist makes her a sort of public character. The cause or causes of this separation we know not, and do not care to repeat here the various conjectures which gossip converts into facts. The separation, however, is no rumour; it is a generally known fact. Now mark the ingenuity of scandal!

Honoré de Balzac, as all his readers are aware, is in the habit of introducing the personages of one novel into that of another; he is also somewhat prone to end a novel without finishing it, and to give the conclusion in some subsequent novel. Conformably with this practice, some time ago he published '*Beatrix*,' and he now publishes the conclusion in '*Les petits Manéges d'une Femme Vertueuse*.' In '*Beatrix*' the heroine has left her husband to live with Conti, a celebrated Italian singer and composer. In '*Les petits Manéges*,' she is abandoned by Conti, somewhat disgracefully. Here is a coincidence scandal could not overlook! *Beatrix* is a *Marquise*, and Madame d'Agoult is a countess. Conti is a musician, and so is Liszt. Can any thing be plainer? Nothing. Accordingly '*Les petits Manéges*' is greedily read by those anxious to see how Balzac has treated his subject; and those who have not read it, are informed that it contains 'the whole d'Agoult affair.'

Now we may inform our readers that the assertion is entirely groundless; and that if they open the novel in any expectation of finding their love of personalities gratified they will be mistaken. In the first place Balzac, the friend of George Sand, who is the intimate friend of Liszt, is hardly the person by whom such ground would be wrought by choice; in the second place there is in his novel very little more mentioned than the mere fact of Conti's abandoning la marquise.

The story is simply this. Sabine de Grandlieu has married Calyste with a full knowledge of his indifference for her, and his ill-requited passion for *Beatrix*, la Marquise de Rochefide (she was *Rochevude* in '*Beatrix*;' but this by the way). But Sabine adores him; and trusts to her charms and time to bring him at her feet. She succeeds. Calyste loves her; they are very happy together. A son is born; Sabine *fit la folie de le nourrir*, says Balzac; and one evening, to escape from the cries of the infant, Calyste goes to the theatre, where he meets *Beatrix*—his long-loved *Beatrix*. His old feelings return; he is again her slave; he neglects his wife, and spends his days with *la marquise* who, abandoned by Conti, is now very willing to accept hi

homage. Sabine soon perceives her situation, and endeavours to struggle against Beatrix; endeavours by kindness and every little *manège* which *une femme vertueuse* can employ, to regain the affection of that worthless nincompoop her husband. At last she calls in her parents to her aid, and they call in Maxime de Trailles (whom the readers of 'Pere Goriot' will remember), and Maxime undertakes to separate Calyste and Beatrix. This he does by first separating le Marquis de Rochefide from his mistress, and inducing him to wish to take back his wife; secondly, by making Beatrix fall in love with Eduard la Palférine, who insists on her returning to her husband; and thus Calyste, deprived of his Beatrix, returns to his wife! We pass over the intrigues by which this stupid result is brought about. The whole novel is very unworthy of Balzac's talent, and we should not have noticed it but for its illustrating our subject: that subject is the 'personality' allowed in English novels.

And in drawing attention to this subject, we cannot help remarking how sensitively alive the good moral mothers of England are to the impurities of French novels, and how very blind they are to the impurities at home. Let us be understood. We have more than once touched on this matter, because we cannot submit to accept indignation at a neighbour's fault's, as an excuse for our own. We willingly admit that profanity is not frequent in English novels, because the English public would not tolerate it. The French public is more lax. We admit, also, that seldom can there be found, in English novels, passages so 'warmly' coloured, or so recklessly free-spoken, as we find in most French novels. From these two blots we are tolerably free. But how many others are there from which we are not free? How many which the "immoral French" leave almost entirely to us?

Amongst these is the shameless personality which defaces and gives a zest to so many 'slashing novels.' Think of such novels as 'Chevely,' 'The Bubble Family,' 'Coningsby,' and 'Anti-Coningsby'; think of their unblushing ridicule and malice; think how slight the screen which separated the persons *meant* from the persons *named*, (and for country readers "keys" were readily furnished), and then ask what becomes of the morality which delights in and applauds such works! People, indeed, expressed themselves 'sorry for the personalities.' Oh! of course they were sorry! it was the grief of a Mrs. Candour at a reputation stained.

The evil has spread far, and it continues to spread. Has any one asked himself when and where it is to stop? At present it is enough for you to be the friend of a man who is separated from

his wife, to be held up before the world in that wife's book, painted with all the wife's powers of caricature, your foibles or vices (or such as her charitable imagination may attribute to you), exaggerated and made odious, your conduct explained in the most malicious manner ; and you, harassed by insinuations and exaggerations, have no means of reply, no power of explanation, because you are not *named*—you are only indicated. This has been done ; where is the exercise of such a power to stop ? Enough unhappiness is already caused by the misrepresentations and insinuations current in society ; but against these there is always the power of explanation directly they become distinctly charged to you ; against the misrepresentations of the novelist there is no such check ; no explanation is possible, because no charge is made.

We have no wish to inflict a sermon on our readers. We have thrown out a hint, and must trust to its falling upon good soil. Meanwhile, neither for its own sake nor for scandal's sake, can we greatly recommend '*Les petits Manèges d'une Femme Vertueuse.*'

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Taschenbuch für Vaterländische Geschichte, herausgegeben von JOSEPH FREIHERRN VON HORMAYR. Jahrgang. 1843. Leipzig.

WE direct the attention of our readers especially to this number of Hormayr's 'Historical Annual,' as containing a life of the Austrian general, Chasteler—a name familiar now even to the common English reader, who has followed Mr. Alison through his sympathising accounts of the late Austrian wars. The biographer is the same patriotic Tyrolese nobleman whom we lately introduced in these pages as the author or editor of that instructive historical conglomerate, called the 'Lebensbilder.' As the warm champion of Tyrolese liberties, and as the diligent investigator of native history, no less than as the personal friend and fellow-labourer of the Austrian general, Hormayr's claims to appear publicly as the biographer of Chasteler are of the highest order.

Johnl Gabriel, Marquis of Chasteler Courcelles, according to the information here given, was born on the 22nd of January, 1763, in his ancestral castle of Mulhais, near Mons, in Hennegau. He was thus, like so many other famous Austrian generals, not a native Austrian, but a Walloon. In 1788, he took an active part in the Emperor Joseph's war against the Turks; but the breaking out of the French Revolution soon brought his enthusiastic and chivalrous genius into a more prominent and truly European field; he distinguished himself greatly in all the Austrian wars against France, and was instrumental particularly in achieving the deliverance of Mainz, under Clairfait, in 1795. Afterwards he had the good fortune to share in the triumphs of that most effective of barbarian soldiers, Marshal Suwarrow, in the Italian campaign of 1799; from this scene of glory, however, both he and the Muscovite were recalled by Thugut, the Austrian minister, who, however, had the highest respect for Chasteler's talents, and honoured him on all occasions with peculiar confidence. In 1801-2-3-4, he was principally employed in organising the Tyrolese militia, which played such a distinguished part in the events of 1809; and that it did not appear with the same efficiency in the year 1805, was not, Hormayr says, the fault either of Chasteler or of the Tyrolese people, but of paltry personal relations, and bureaucratic jealousies, in a country like Austria quite the thing to be looked for. In the famous mountain campaign of 1809, Chasteler and Hormayr himself had as much to do with the Tyrolese triumphs as Hofer and Speckbacher, the native peasant captains, and, therefore, more romantic and poetical heroes of those

memorable days.* Chasteler's services in particular, on this occasion, have been memorised by Napoleon; who, in one of those unchivalrous and ungentelemanly outbreaks, in him so frequent, from his headquarters at Ens (6th of May, 1805), declared 'one Chasteler, bearing the character of a general in the Austrian army, an OUTLAW, and authorised him to be seized and executed, wherever he could be found, as a CAPTAIN OF BRIGANDS.' In the year 1813, Chasteler was engaged in fortifying Prague, a precautionary measure, which the happy issue of the battle of Culm rendered unnecessary, but to which, in a different event, Austria, after the battle of Dresden, might have owed her salvation. He was also present, personally, at the battles of Dresden and Culm. In 1814, he was at Vienna; and in December of the same year, he went to Venice, which he considered a most important point for the safety of the Austrian monarchy; and here, accordingly, we find him occupied with completing the fortifications of the lagoons, and with nautical matters, till his death, which happened 7th of May, 1825, in the 63rd year of his age.

"Chasteler," says Hormayr, "was of a tall stature, of delicate features, of a pleasant amiable expression, of noble, dignified, and chivalrous manners. He was very short-sighted; and this defect of vision brought him into many very dangerous situations in war; he was very often wounded, and that severely; but within a convenient distance his eyesight was keen and penetrating. He often looked through spectacles and an eye-glass at the same time; and had a way of bending his head a little sideways, partly from short-sightedness, partly that he might look confidentially into the eye of the person he addressed, and speak softly into their ear. Chasteler possessed great strength of body, and could stand an incredible amount of fatigue. He was moderate, indeed, in nothing, except in eating and drinking; but this abstinence only seems to have made him so much the more mad in the service of Aphrodite, where, indeed, his activity was such, that a whole book of his erotic campaigns might be written. I think, also, his excesses in this way contributed not a little to undermine his bodily constitution, and made his mind also not so vigorous in the last sixteen years of his life, as it might otherwise have been. In all knightly exercises he was, from his youth upwards, eminently distinguished. All arts and all trades he endeavoured to lay hold of with his own hands. He served the guns in the artillery personally, with a passionate ardour; and among the pontonneers he was always the first. He

* The present volume of the 'Taschenbuch,' contains portraits, not only of Chasteler, but also of Hofer and Speckbacher; and these two last seem to us to correspond admirably with the characters of the men, as we know them from history. Andrew Hofer appears an honest, broad-faced German boor, and nothing more; Speckbacher, on the other hand, has a face full of strength, decision, quickness, and enterprise. The character of Hofer is well depicted in the 'Lebensbilder' (vol. ii. p. 381); as for Speckbacher, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure here of inserting the following passage from Menzel's 'History of the Germans.' "Joseph Speckbacher, from the Trunthal, was a strong-bodied, frank, noble fellow, the best marksman in Tyrol, whose keen eye could distinguish the bells on the neck of the cattle at two miles distance. When a young man, he was once surprised by four Bavarian Jäger, as he was roasting a Chamois goat; on the instant he dashed the fat of the chamois into their faces, and laid the whole four on the ground with his club." This is something in the old classical style of Hercules and Theseus!

wielded the pencil admirably; and in his early years composed many beautiful battle pieces. He was uncommonly susceptible of every new influence; and his dexterity in appropriating and applying knowledge of all kinds, was truly encyclopædic. He was no less of a lion in a sword-in-hand attack, than of a learned soldier with book and compass. He understood and spoke twelve languages, an accomplishment more useful, and even necessary, in the Austrian army than anywhere else. Brilliant, however, as were his mental endowments, he wanted that calmness and equanimity which are so necessary for the command and control of a comprehensive whole. Chasteler had read an astonishing quantity, and always continued reading. He was naturally better qualified for quick apprehension, than for retaining what he read and brooding over its depths. He was never content with what was good, he always saw something BETTER twinkling in the background. His fiery courage was a proverb in the army. In his last days he was a real Henry Percy, and a Bayard, a cavalier '*sans peur et sans reproche*.' Disinterested and magnanimous; with hatred, envy, jealousy, and revenge, as unacquainted as a child; gentle, and overflowing with human kindliness, a soldier with body and soul, full of glowing enthusiasm, and of never-sleeping activity, devoted to the house of Austria, and to the service of the Imperial family; a warm friend to his friend, and ready to help every man: so accomplished, Chasteler is a name that will ever be dear to the military heart, and stand as the worthy keystone to that bright succession of fiery and chivalrous Walloons—Ligne, Abremberg, Clairfait, Boneguay, Dampierre, and above all, the old Tilly—that have added so much lustre to the Austrian arms.' "

King René's Daughter. A Lyric Drama, from the Danish of HENRIK HERTZ. By JANE FRANCES CHAPMAN. London. Smith & Co. 1845.

THE translator informs us that this drama was first acted in the Theatre Royal of Copenhagen, in April last, that its reception was enthusiastic, and that its success with the reading public was so great as to carry it to a fourth edition within a month from its first publication in print. So much for facts; as to the reasons for those facts, we confess ourselves still in the dark. We have not yet been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the original drama, and must therefore hold our judgment in suspense as to its real merits. Twice have we, with that patience and fortitude granted only to reviewers, read the translation through from end to end; and the only fruit we have gathered from our arduous labour is this unsolved dilemma: Either enthusiasm is a ridiculously cheap commodity in the Danish capital, or Henrik Hertz has sore cause to complain of his translator. It may be that truth sits equally on both horns of the dilemma.

German Anthology. A Series of Translations from the most popular German Poets, by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. 2 vols. Curry. Dublin.

THIS is a reprint of poems that have appeared from time to time within the last ten years in the 'Dublin University Magazine,' and contains spe-

imens of the lyric poetry of Schiller, Uhland, Tieck, Kerner, Bürger, Göthe, Rückert, Freiligrath, &c. &c. The following lines from Uhland are a fair sample of the merits and defects of the collection:—

AUF DER UEBERFAHRT.

Ueber diesen Strom, vor Jahren,
Bin ich einmal schon gefahren.
Hier die Burg im Abendschimmer,
Drüben rauscht das Wehr, wie immer.

Und von diesem Kahn umschlossen
Waren mit mir zween Genossen :
Ach ! ein Freund, ein vatergleicher,
Und ein junger, Hoffnungs reicher.

Jener wirkte still hienieden,
Und so ist er auch geschieden,
Dieser brausend vor uns allen,
Ist im Kampf und Sturm gefallen.

So, wenn ich vergangene Tage
Glücklicher, zu denken wage,
Muss ich stets Genossen missen,
Theure die der Tod entrissen.

Doch was alle Freundschaft bindet
Ist, wenn Geist zu Geist sich findet.
Geistig waren jene Stunden,
Geistern bin ich noch verbunden.

Nimm nur, Fährmann, nimm die
Miethe,
Die ich gerne dreifach biete,
Zween die mit mir überfahren,
Waren geistige Naturen.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

A many a summer is dead and buried
Since over this flood I last was ferried;
And then, as now, the noon lay bright
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest
Two companions, the best and dearest.
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn with care and illness,
Sought the grave of the just in stillness ;

The other's shroud was the bloody rain,
And thunder-smoke of the battle-plain.

Yet still when memory's necromancy
Robes the past in the hues of fancy,
Me dreameth I hear and see the twain
With talk and smiles at my side again.

Even the grave is a bond of union,
Spirit and spirit best hold communion.
Seen through faith, by the inward eye,
It is *after* life they are truly nigh.

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee,
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee,
For though thou seest them not, there stand

Anear me two from the Phantomland.

There is much to commend in these lines, but they are disfigured also by no slight faults. Not to dwell on the pleonasm, not authorised by analogy or custom, that occurs in the first line, we have here examples of a radically vicious system of translation, which runs through the whole work. Mr. Mangan in his preface speaks of his translations as 'faithful to the spirit, if not always to the letter, of their originals.' They are very often neither the one nor the other. He takes many unwarrantable liberties with his authors, mutilates and interpolates, and falsifies them by an exaggeration that not seldom produces a burlesque effect where a grave one was intended. In the poem before us Mr. Mangan (not Uhland) lays down the strange doctrine that the death of our friends not only does not prevent all companionship between their souls and ours, but that it even brings us into closer communion with them ! The following is a literal version of the fourth and fifth German stanzas :

" Thus ever, when I venture to think on bygone happier days, must I miss

companions, dear ones snatched from me by death. But what binds all friendship fast is when spirit meets spirit. Spiritual were those vanished hours : with spirits I am still connected."

The sentiment here expressed is natural and touching; that which the translator has substituted for it is extravagant and false. Uhland says he has lost friends, but not wholly lost them, for memory still makes them present to his spirit: Mr. Mangan asserts that the death of friends is no loss at all, but an absolute gain to the affectionate survivor.

Seeing how grossly the translator has misrepresented the leading idea of the original poem, it is perhaps superfluous to remark on the bad effect of the phrase 'outworn with care and illness,' introduced for the rhyme's sake into the third stanza. There is nothing like it in the German, which merely states that the elder friend's way of life had been quiet, and his departure consonant with the calm tenor of his days. Why cloud this image of serenity with thoughts of bodily and mental suffering, and thereby weaken the contrast between the respective lives and fates of the elder and the younger man? A true artist would have seen the value of this contrast, and how it helps the imagination to realise more distinctly each of the two portraits presented to it.

One more specimen of what Mr. Mangan understands by fidelity to the spirit of his original. In our number for January last, and in 'Tait's Magazine' for the following February or March, will be found versions of Freiligrath's celebrated poem, entitled 'The Lion's Ride,' both of them tolerably close. A perusal of either will enable the English reader to guess whether or not Freiligrath's canvass errs on the side of tameness, and needs to have its effect heightened by the addition of more glaring colours. Here is a literal translation of the first verse :

"Desert-king is the lion. Is it his pleasure to speed through his domain ? He betakes him to the lagoon, and lies down in the tall sedges. Where gazelles and giraffes drink he crouches among the reeds. Trembling above the mighty one rustles the leaf of the sycamore."

Mr. Mangan's improvement upon the verse is as follows:

"What ! wilt thou bind him fast with a chain ?
Wilt bind the King of the Cloudy Sands ?
Idiot fool !—he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain.
See ! he crouches down in the sedge,
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore boughs to quiver.
Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river."

This is not gilding refined gold, but plating it with copper; not painting the lily white, but plastering it with red ochre.

Œuvres choisies de E. Scribe. 5 vols. Firmin Didot. Paris, 1845.

THE vaudeville is the most exclusively national thing in France. It was born in France, and only in France can it be produced. Other nations rival and surpass France in all branches of literature, except this; in this it is without a rival. *Esprit* is the genius of France; and a vaudeville is this *esprit* in a dramatic shape.

When, therefore, we say that M. Eugène Scribe is the first vaudevillist of the day, we bestow on him a title of no mean significance; and when we say that his comedies are but vaudevilles in five acts, we are still bestowing on them no mean praise. That his comedies are not of the same stamp as those of Molière, is true; but they are not without merits of their own. All the higher qualities of the dramatist are absent, but all the arts of the vaudevillist are present. If he has not the riotous fun or the deep irony of Molière (who has?), he is not deficient in quick repartee, and a slight but effective mockery of the vices and follies of mankind. His works abound in *esprit*.

In England he is treated with indiscriminating contempt. In France he is the spoiled child of the public, and an eternal butt for the critics. For twenty years he has almost monopolised the stage. Paris and the provinces are supplied by him with their nightly amusement. His fecundity is only equalled by Lope de Veya. Whether vaudeville in one act, or vaudeville in five acts, whether drame or *proverbe*, whether *opera comique* or grand opera, Scribe is the great purveyor. And these pieces succeed; not only do they succeed in France, but they are immediately translated into German, English, Italian, and Spanish. The European stage lives upon Scribe! He is the great magician who alone can feed the public's hunger for novelty.

Is this a man to meet with nothing but contempt? The French critics, who are purists by profession, never forgive him, because he does not adhere scrupulously to grammar. They all eagerly point out how 'il cravache la langue qui lui resiste;' and deny him any merit because he has not the merit they demand. In the same way they refuse to admit Paul de Kock to be a literary man. 'He does for the English and Germans!' Now it may be true that Scribe is not a great writer; true that as Gustave Planche says, "son imagination vaut bien assez par elle-même, et n'a pas besoin des fastueux ornemens de la syntaxe; and yet Scribe remains the first vaudevillist of his day. If the critics sneer, the public applauds, and nightly applauds. All the joyous solecisms in the world would not rob Eugène Scribe of his power to conduct a plot, to devise situations, to provoke a laugh, and sometimes a tear. If his plays are not critical, they are eminently successful, and successful because amusing.

We are glad to see Messrs. Didot issuing the *chef-d'œuvre* of Eugène Scribe. It will doubtless serve in a great measure to counteract the prejudice against him. So amusing a writer cannot fail to have

a place in any dramatic library ; and the reader will be often surprised at finding the originals of pieces which have delighted him on the English stage. His works, too, form a useful study for all dramatic aspirants, as in them the *art of the stage* is carried almost to perfection. The present publication forms a part of Messrs. Didot's collection of *chefs-d'œuvre*, the handsomest and most useful of all cheap collections extant. In five volumes you have here the cream of the most voluminous author of the day. We need say no more!

Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family; or, a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Highlands and Woodlands of the Interior, during the Years 1843 and 1844. By A. H. PATON, Esq. Longman. London. 1845.

THIS is an interesting and instructive volume, though it does not fulfil the promise implied in the first clause of its long title. It is not a treatise on Servia, nor does it aim at giving any thing like a methodical account of that country and its inhabitants. It is little more than a traveller's description of what he saw and heard, during his wayfaring and sojourn in a noble region, and among an interesting and hopeful people ; and though not a complete picture of Servia, it is a collection of sketches from the life, struck off with a free and firm hand, and bearing on the face of them a strong warranty of their truth. Mr. Paton is the least prolix of travel-writers ; he does not weary his readers with long dissertations and ponderous inductions ; but, moving about with his eyes and ears well open, he is peculiarly happy in seizing and recording pregnant instances. For example, he halts at a road-side tavern to dine :

" A booby, with idiocy marked on his countenance, was lounging about the door, and when our mid-day meal was done, I ordered the man to give him a glass of *šljivovitsa*, as plum-brandy is called. He then came forward, trembling as if about to receive sentence of death, and taking off his greasy fez, said, ' I drink to our prince, Kana Georgovich, and to the progress and enlightenment of the nation.' I looked with astonishment at the torn, wretched habiliments of this idiot swineherd. He was too stupid to entertain these sentiments himself, but this trifling circumstance was the feather which indicated how the wind blew. The Servians are by no means a nation of talkers ; they are a serious people ; and if the determination to rise were not in the minds of the people, it would not be on the lips of the baboon-visaged oaf of an insignificant hamlet."

The following admirable passage needs no preface or comment :

" On the day of departure a tap was heard at the door, and enter Holman [the blind traveller] to bid me good-bye. Another tap at the door, and enter Milutinovich, who is the best of the living poets of Servia, and has been sometimes called the Ossian of the Balkan. As for his other pseudonyme, ' the Homer of a hundred sieges,' that must have been invented by Mr. George Robins, the Demosthenes of 'one hundred rostra.' The reading public in

Servia is not yet large enough to enable a man of letters to live solely by his works; so our bard has a situation in the ministry of public instruction. One of the most remarkable compositions of Milutinovich is an address to a young surgeon, who, to relieve the poet from difficulties, expended in the printing of his poems a sum which he had destined for his own support at a university, in order to obtain his degree.

"Now it may not be generally known that one of the oldest legends of Bulgaria is that of 'Poor Lasar,' which runs somewhat thus:—

"The day departed and the stranger came, as the moon rose on the silver snow. 'Welcome,' said the poor Lasar to the stranger; 'Luibitza, light the faggot and prepare the supper.'

"Luibitza answered: 'the forest is wide, and the lighted faggot burns bright, but where is the supper? Have we not fasted since yesterday?'

"Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"Art thou a Bulgarian,' said the stranger, 'and settest not food before thy guest?'

"Poor Lasar looked in the cupboard, and looked in the garret, nor crumb, nor onion were found in either. Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"Here is fat and fair flesh,' said the stranger, pointing to Janko, the curly-haired boy. Luibitza shrieked and fell. 'Never,' said Lasar, 'shall it be said that a Bulgarian was wanting to his guest.' He seized a hatchet, and Janko was slaughtered as a lamb. Ah, who can describe the supper of the stranger?

"Lasar fell into a deep sleep, and at midnight he heard the stranger cry aloud, 'Arise, Lasar, for I am the Lord thy God; the hospitality of Bulgaria is untarnished. Thy son Janko is restored to life, and thy stores are filled.'

"Long lived the rich Lasar, the fair Luibitza, and the curly-haired Janko.'

"Milutinovich, in his address to the youthful surgeon, compares his transcendent generosity to the sacrifice made by Lasar in the wild and distasteful legend I have here given.

"I introduced the poet and the traveller to each other, and explained their respective merits and peculiarities. Poor old Milutinovich, who looked on his own journey to Montenegro as a memorable feat, was awe-struck when I mentioned the innumerable countries in the four quarters of the world which had been visited by the blind traveller. He immediately recollected having read an account of him in the Augsburg Gazette, and with a reverential simplicity begged me to convey to him his desire to kiss his beard. Holman consented with a smile, and Milutinovich, advancing as if he were about to worship a deity, lifted the peak of white hairs from the beard of the aged stranger, pressed them to his lips, and prayed aloud that he might return to his home in safety.

"In old Europe Milutinovich would have been called an actor; but his deportment, if it had the originality, had also the childish simplicity of nature."

Mr. Paton's reminiscences frequently assume a dramatic form. He is fond of noting down snatches of dialogue,—an excellent method, which enables him to preserve much of the native hue of his facts.—*e. g.*

"I think,' said I to the entertainer, as I shook the crumbs out of my napkin, and took the first whiff of my chibouque, 'that if Stephen Dushan's chief cook were to rise from the grave, he could not give us better fare.'

"*Captain.*—God sends us good provender, good pasture, good flocks and herds, good corn and fruits, and wood and water. The land is rich, the climate excellent; but we are often in political troubles.

"*Author.*—These recent affairs are trifles, and you are too young to recollect the revolution of Kara Georg.

"*Captain.*—Yes, I am; but do you see that Bolak Bashi, who accompanied you hither? His history is a droll illustration of past times. Simco Slivovats is a brave soldier; but, although a Servian, has two wives.

"*Author.*—Is he a Moslem?

"*Captain.*—Not at all. In the time of Kara Georg he was an active guerilla fighter, and took prisoner a Turk called Sidi Mengia, whose life he spared. In the year 1813, when Servia was temporarily reconquered by the Turks, the same Sidi Mengia returned to Zhupa, and said, 'Where is the brave Servian who saved my life?' The Boluk Bashi being found, he said to him, 'My friend, you deserve another wife for your generosity.' 'I cannot marry two wives,' said Simo; 'my religion forbids it.' But the handsomest woman in the country being sought out, Sidi Mengia sent a message to the priest of the place, ordering him to marry Simo to the young woman. The priest refused; but Sidi Mengia sent a second threatening message; so the priest married the couple. The two wives live together to this day, in the house of Simo, at Zhupa. The archbishop, since the departure of the Turks, has repeatedly called on Simo to repudiate his second wife; but the principal obstacle is the first wife, who looks upon the second as a sort of sister. Under these anomalous circumstances Simo was under a sort of excommunication, until he made a fashion of repudiating the second wife, by the first adopting her as a sister."

Here is a ludicrous, but very excusable blunder, at which those may laugh who have never fallen into any similar absurdity.

"The major of the town [Prassova] after swallowing countless boxes of Morison's pills, died in the belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The consumption of these drugs at that time almost surpassed belief. There was scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates, who had not taken large quantities of them. Being curious to know the cause of this extensive consumption, I asked for an explanation.

"'You must know,' said an individual, 'that the Anglomaniia is nowhere stronger than in this part of the world. Whatever comes from England, be it Congreve rockets or vegetable pills, must needs be perfect. Dr. Morison is indebted to his high office for the enormous consumption of his drugs. It is clear that the president of the British college must be a man in the enjoyment of the esteem of the government and the faculty of medicine; and his title is a passport to his pills in foreign countries.'

"I laughed heartily, and explained that the British College of Health and the College of Physicians were not identical."



FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, *July 30th*, 1845.

No mortal, says the Tuscan proverb, would wish to live in Florence in the winter, or out of it in the summer. Such is the Italian's notion on the subject. Our countrymen, however, are of a precisely different opinion. Fair Florence becomes almost an English colony every winter, and is again left all but entirely to the peaceful occupation of its own more quiet citizens, as soon as the genial life-gendering Italian sun begins to awaken his own children from their period of hybernation.

Now, though I must protest, dear Mr. Editor, against that part of the Italian dictum which pronounces my favourite Florence uninhabitable during the winter—inasmuch as, despite bleak winds now and then from the Apennines, I hold our winter socialities and carnival revelries, enlivened by a pleasant gathering of our countrymen and countrywomen, all come to enjoy themselves and be pleased, to be mighty agreeable times—yet I do think that our friends are wrong to take fright and run off one and all at the first gleams of real Italian sunshine. Not quite one and all, however. There are a few of us here still, and exceedingly pleasant weather we find it. Thermometer never higher than a hundred, rarely so high; just warm enough to make a siesta enjoyable at noon, with delightfully fresh mornings, and such delicious nights! such nights, with their dry, soft, cool, fragrant breezes, cloudless, blue, starry skies, shooting meteors, and myriads of fire-flies, as those have no conception of who always run away from the sun in his strength and glory. It is curious, too, to observe how much more essentially and strikingly Italian Italy becomes in the summer months, partly, perhaps, from the more out-of-doors nature of the pursuits and habits of the people, but partly also from the very fact of the absence of the crowd of English, who in the winter literally, in a great measure, overpower and hustle out of sight the native society. All the Tuscan families are now in Florence, and yet it seems so quiet, so noiseless, so tranquil, in comparison with the gay whirl of busy pleasure and bustle that fills its streets, when they are thronged by their annual inundation of migratory islanders.

At the 'Ventiquattro' or 'Ave Maria,' at sun-down, that is, all the population come forth to enjoy the cool hour: the rich in carriages, which take them their daily drive to the 'Cascine;' the poor on foot to throng the streets of the city. But still all are so quiet, so tranquil;—unlike the Neapolitan population, so little *bruyant* in their enjoyment.

But most charming of all is the villa life in the thousand and one delightful châteaux, which crown each knoll, and niche themselves into every corner and recess of the hill sides around the city. It was the inconceivable number of these villas, all commanding prospects over the Val d'Arno, each more beautiful than the other, that led to the well-remembered assertion of Ariosto, that if the buildings around Florence were collected within walls, 'two Romes' would not equal the city they would form. The Italians, as I have said, are not at their villas at this season. Their *villeggiatura* is later in the autumn, at the period of the vintage. Not the less, however, *amico mio*, am I enjoying my present position, as I pen you these lines. Time—half-past

eight, p. m., on the 30th of July, 1845. Place—a magnificent terrace, paved with flagstones, and surrounded by a stone balustrade, lined with a thousand gay and odorous plants. Beneath my eyes, the whole of the Val d'Arno, with its superb city, and its teeming riches of corn, wine, and oil, springing all of them together from the munificent soil of the same field. In my ears, the drowsy, reverie-breeding song of a myriad of *cicale*, making the whole air vocal with their melody. An empty coffee-cup stands beside my writing-case, and the last fumes of an exquisite Havannah have just dissipated themselves in the balmy air; a genuine Havannah, long life to the grand duke! for though he manufactures execrable cigars for his lieges, he lets us import good ones for ourselves for a consideration. Then besides all this—but I am forgetting that it is 'Mr. Editor' I am writing to, and that the 'gentle public' is to be our confidant; truly I fear me I have already been chattering somewhat indecorously in such a reverend and revered presence.

But the weakness is past; now for a broad-nibbed pen, and Aristarchus is himself again. 'Opuscoli inediti o rari di Classici o Approvati Scrittori, Tomo primo,' is the title of a closely-printed little volume of some 370 pages, which has recently made its appearance here. It is issued by a knot of scholars, who call themselves 'Società poligrafica Italiana;' and other similar volumes are to follow. The idea is a good one, and if it is worthily carried out, many scattered writings of value, some nearly vanishing from the knowledge of the bibliophili, and others perishing unknown amid the dust-covered MS. collections of libraries, will be preserved and rendered accessible. An idea, in many respects similar, was some time ago acted on by the publishers of 'The Pamphleteer' in our country, with useful results. But in Italy an undertaking of the sort is far more wanted. An incredible quantity of small fragments of history, brief chronicles, written in the days when almost every citizen had some share in managing public affairs, or at least took an interest in their management, or interesting autobiographical scraps are preserved among the family papers of almost all the old Florentine families. The monastic and public libraries contain many more. And nothing but judiciousness of selection can be necessary to make a series of some twenty or thirty such volumes as the present a most interesting and useful collection. I am not sure that the present volume exhibits quite all the severity of exclusiveness which should preside at the choice of the articles to be published, but, perhaps, a foreigner is hardly a fair judge of this. Much of historical, antiquarian, and literary lore may fairly be supposed to interest an Italian, which to a foreigner, who necessarily measures its importance by a different scale, may seem scarcely worth the time and toil of perusal. Could an Italian be expected to deem all the publications of our Shakspeare, or other society, sufficiently important to merit the honours of the press.

Perhaps the most important piece, now first printed, which the publication contains, is a fragment of a second volume of Marco Foscarini's work on Venetian literature, the first only having ever been published.

The volume closes with a selection of five-and-twenty letters, chiefly unedited, of Italian literati—popes, cardinals, doctors, and professors. The most interesting of these is one from Cardinal Domenico Passionei to that Marco Foscarini mentioned just now. Passionei was born in 1662, was engaged in several diplomatic employments under Clement XI. and XII., the latter of whom created him cardinal. He was one of the most learned men of his day. The letter before us is dated Rome, 1758, the writer's 71st year, and the occasion of it was the publication of Foscarini's 'History of Venetian Literature.' It is interesting from the tone of dry caustic humour in which it is written, and from a most violent attack on a far more celebrated man than either the sender or receiver of the letter—Fra Paolo Sarpi. This is

curious, as manifesting the contemporary feeling of the orthodox high church party of those days, respecting the Venetian radical monks' great work, the 'History of the Council of Trent.'

'I guess, my friend,' begins the humorous old septuagenarian cardinal, 'that you are expecting my answer (to Foscarini's letter sending him his newly-published work) more anxiously than the priests are waiting for Easter.' He goes on to award him high praise, but cannot refrain from a Roman sling at the Venetians. 'Then an author,' says he, 'must be judged with reference to his public, that is, in your case, to the *Pantaloons*,* who would at any time rather be dangling at a woman's apron-string than sitting over their books. . . The passages have not escaped my notice in which you have praised me, or rather in which you have done me justice, yet not so much as I deserve, for the *Arciprete* (i. e. himself) is unique in this world, and occupies himself solely with his books, notwithstanding all the examples to the contrary which he sees now-a-days.'

Of Father Paul he says:—'What you have said of Father Paul is little in comparison with what I have frequently pointed out to you. But taking into consideration your rank and position, I suppose that, perhaps, you did not feel yourself at liberty to say all that ought to have been said. Those letters of his printed at Geneva, with the date of Verona, are perfectly genuine and authentic, as I will prove to a mathematical certainty some of these days, if God grants me life. The scoundrel friar's notion, learned as he must, however, be allowed to have been to the highest possible degree, was to introduce Calvinism into Venice, and to this end tended every line he wrote. And this is another truth, which shall be not only proved by me, but demonstrated more evidently than a proposition of Euclid. Your great uncle, Sebastian Foscarini, has often told me, that if I had harangued the senate on this subject, the zeal of the senators would have caused the monk's bones to be disinterred and burned in the piazza of St. Marc. What I am saying is neither conjectures, nor inferences, nor interpretations of passages, but authentic and irrefragable facts. I am Catholic before being a Roman priest, and, therefore, do not speak from prejudice. Please God to grant me life, and you shall see by the proofs that I advance here even less than I know.'

God *did* grant the irate old gentleman eight more years of life after he wrote the above wrathful lines. But I do not find that he kept his word by employing any portion of them in bringing forward the threatened proofs of Father Paul's abominations. Indeed, the only specimen he gives us of his argumentative powers, in the above-cited 'therefore I do not speak from prejudice,' would not incline us to consider his notions of the cogency of '*mathematical*' or other proof, as very accurate. The passage, however, is a curious one, and the controversy, as well as the writer to which it refers, are still sufficiently interesting to make it worth preserving. His eminence, who very clearly does not in anywise think small beer of himself, concludes his epistle by reproaching his correspondent playfully for having forgotten to send from Venice certain glasses for the use of some friars, who, in consequence of his neglect, are 'forced to drink from the bowl like parson Arlotto.' 'If you were to send all the glass in Murano,† he ends by saying, 'you would never send enough to pay the value of this letter.'

So much for his learned and once far-famed eminence Domenico Passionei.

There is one point of view, however, in which I cannot help feeling that such publications as the praiseworthy little volume before me, are flat, stale,

* *Pantalone*, the representative of Venice in the old Italian farce.

† The island at Venice, where the celebrated glass was made, and where glass-making, now chiefly of coloured beads, is still carried on to a considerable extent.

and if not wholly unprofitable, yet unsatisfactory and unwelcome. Curious, interesting, valuable as these fragments and gleanings in antiquarian and historical by-paths may be, it is not of such stuff that the staple of a people's literature should be formed. This is the mint and cummin, but where are the weightier matters? Where is that which is to feed, form, and educate the public mind? You go to your bookseller and ask him if he has any thing new? Si, Signore! ecco!—a *translation* of Louis Blanc's 'Ten Years;' ecco!—a *translation* of Thiers' 'Consulate'—a *translation* of 'Juvenal,' just published here. But what Italian books? what original works have appeared? 'Um! ha!'—a long shrug—'c'è poco! ecco'—a pamphlet on mad dogs! another on the law of mortgages! and, perhaps, the libretto of a new opera! And these and such like are nearly all that the iron-hand of the censorship will permit Italian thought to produce. The most powerful and valuable intellects either risk ruin, imprisonment, and exile, and most fortunate, though miserable, in the latter, speak their bitter thoughts in the safety of a foreign country, or writhe in compulsory silence, or finally fall back on the past, and finding themselves forbidden to think of the present, take refuge in the comparatively useless dilettanteism of historical research. Mere dilettanteism! For history in its strength and its truth must above all else be muzzled and kept silent. The genuine history of Italy's past is too palpably and too pungently the satire of her present day, to be allowed to speak. And it is, therefore, that men, who ought to be speaking trumpet-tongued to the present generation of their countrymen, the stirring lessons which their historical researches must have taught them, are compelled to content themselves with doling out such dry insipidities as the darkness-loving evil-doers who rule may judge to be *harmless*.

Yet the sun can *not* be stayed. Progression—the God-appointed order of the world—*will* have way, though it may be retarded. And as the creepers of the ivy will pass through a stone wall, even so do ideas and lessons of progress force themselves through the wall of the censorship. And the ivy ever ends by destroying the wall.

But it is high time to close this long letter. I had intended to have chatted a little on matters artistical; but they must stand over till my next. They would not *keep* so long in London; but here we go *andagino andagino* in that as in all else. Adio! I am going to enjoy a moonlight stroll to 'the top of Fesole.' Do not envy me more than you can help.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Baron Achille de Maynard, author of two volumes of poems, and a contributor to the 'Gazette de France' and the 'Nation,' committed suicide on the 31st of August last, by precipitating himself from the top of one of the towers of Notre Dame in Paris. He was about twenty-five years of age, possessed a handsome fortune, and but a fortnight before his death, had married the daughter of the Comte d'Espagnac. The motives that led to this dreadful act have not been ascertained.

Extract of a letter from Rome, July 16 :—"In the early part of last month, some workmen employed in making a road, three miles from Ostia, dug up three statues and some bas-reliefs, which were afterwards taken charge of by Cardinal Tardini, dean of the sacred college. One of the statues, formed of Greek marble, is regarded as a *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture: it represents a female figure, the outlines of which are scarcely disguised by the fine drapery that covers it; the two others, though extremely valuable, are of less merit. Further search made on the spot by the cardinal's order, led to the discovery of sepulchral urns of white marble, two of which exhibit bas-reliefs wrought with admirable delicacy. The figures, though very small, are so highly finished that the veins, muscles, tendons, &c., are distinctly visible. Several ancient fragments of green and yellow marble were also discovered, one of them bearing this inscription: *Menutius CC. triginta in agro et vigintiquinque in fronte posuit*; which some suppose to mean that the spot was formerly the site of a villa, in the interior of which Menutius set up thirty statues, and twenty-five in the façade. But this explanation is disputed.

The 'Journal des Débats' reports that the receipts of the Belgian railways for the second quarter of this year exceed those of the corresponding quarter of 1844, by 230,461 francs, or more than eight per cent. This increase affects particularly the carriage of goods, of which there were conveyed 40,000,000 of kilogrammes more than in the second quarter of 1844. The gross receipts of the first six months of this year amount to 5,482,960 francs, whereas the first six months of 1844 produced only 4,938,463 francs. The increase is, therefore, 544,477 francs, or eleven per cent. It is thought that the receipts of the Belgian railways will by the end of this year have risen to the sum of 12,000,000 of francs (480,000*l.*).

German Railroads.—There are no fewer than six railroads open in the Duchy of Baden, namely:—1. The road from Mannheim to Heidelberg, four and a quarter leagues in length, opened on the 12th of September, 1840. 2. That between Heidelberg and Carlsruhe, twelve and a quarter leagues long, opened on the 10th of April, 1843. 3. That from Carlsruhe to Oos, seven and a half leagues, opened on the 1st of May, 1844. 4. That from Oos to Offenburg, nine leagues, and from Appenweiler to Kehl, two and three quarter leagues, on the 1st of June, 1844. 5. The road from Oos to Baden, one league; and, finally, that from Offenburg to Friburg, fourteen and a quarter leagues, on the 31st of July last. The travellers on the German railroads in June last amounted to 1,103,000, or 87,000 more than in the

corresponding month of 1844. The largest circulation was on the Baden line, which conveyed 172,000 passengers. Next came the Bavaria and Northern lines, which carried, the first 88,000 passengers, the second 84,000.

MM. Gebhart and Gerber, members of the mathematical section of the Royal Academy of Science of Hanover, have completed the examination and arrangement of the MSS. of Leibnitz, belonging to the Royal Library of Hanover, and have sent in their report to the ministry. A selection of these MSS. is to be published at the expense of the government.

A new Springe to catch Woodcocks.—Dittmarsch, the bookseller of Stuttgart, announces that he will publish a rebus every month in his journal, and grant a reward of 100 florins (about 10*l.*) for its solution.

M. Royer Collard died on the 4th of September, at his estate of Chateauvieux, in his 82nd year. The Duke de Broglie is talked of as his probable successor at the French Academy.

Jules Janin recounts with great pleasure that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, after the *fête* at Bonn, set off arm-in-arm through the streets, in despite of the bad weather, to visit his old tutor, his college, and his friends. This was truly entering into the spirit of the country, and recalling to us an anecdote of the late lamented Duke of Orleans. He called one morning to see Ary Scheffer, the artist. On asking the porter if Scheffer was at home, the *junior* replied, "You'll find him on the third story, and since you are going up, will you be kind enough to take up, at the same time with yourself, this coat that I have been brushing for him?" The prince walked up to Ary Scheffer with the latter's coat upon his arm. If our great people could have the courage to keep when at home a small fraction of the ease and *bonhomie* which they learn when abroad, what an improvement it would be to our everyday—ay, and to our holiday—life!—*Examiner*.

The Orkney correspondent of the 'Edinburgh Advertiser,' writing in September, says, "We have been much astonished here at a very extraordinary phenomenon which took place two nights ago—a great fall of dust, which continued many hours. The men at the herring fishing describe it as being like a thick shower of snow-drift from the north-west. It began to fall before daylight, and continued very thick for a few hours, and afterwards more slightly till about mid-day. Those who had clothes out bleaching had them completely blackened, and it seems very difficult to wash off. The only way of accounting for it is, by supposing that Mount Hecla has had an eruption, as the wind was exactly from that quarter, and it is quite evident that the dust is volcanic. Dr. Barry, in his 'History of Orkney' says, that in 1783, the last dreadful eruption of Mount Hecla, the dust fell here in the same manner; though it does seem surprising that it could be carried so far—upwards of 400 miles. It will be some time before we hear if an eruption has really taken place."

The 'Journal des Débats' indignantly denounces a new shape which Belgian literary piracy has lately assumed. The works of the celebrated caricaturist, now in course of publication at Paris, under the title of 'Œuvres Choies de Gavarni,' have been reproduced in Belgium, plates and all, in a wretchedly inferior manner, and on the cover of the pirated edition, the Belgian thief has printed: 'Paris, Aug. Ozanne, Editeur, Rue Richelieu.' The results aimed at by this trick are greater than may at first sight be suspected. It is intended to pass off the spurious edition as the original and genuine one; thereby to drive all other Belgian editions out of the market, greatly to facilitate its contraband sale in France; and, above all, to enable it to command a high price, instead of being sold at the usual reduction of sixty per cent. Of course there was no such publisher as 'Aug. Ozanne' in Paris; it may

then be asked, why the Belgian stopped short in his theft, and did not usurp M. Hetzel's name as well as the rest? Simply because if he had done so the foreign orders would have gone direct to M. Hetzel—who would scarcely have handed them over to the pirate. So the latter did all he dared—stopping short just where he should (one of the most difficult tests of genius): not venturing on the name of the French publisher, he assumed, at any rate, that of the street in which the latter carried on his business as a bookseller. In the name of common honesty, how long are such practices to be carried on under the approving eyes of the governments of Europe?

Letters from Christiania of the 5th of September mention that upon the motion of the Norwegian minister of justice, the Storting has voted a sum of about 640*l.* to defray the expenses of two lawyers, MM. Rosenstand-Goiske and Socrensen, who are to visit France, Belgium, and England, and inquire minutely into the working and effects of the system of trial by jury. They are to report the results of their investigation to the next session of the Storting.

The graves of the two greatest German composers of the last century, Gluck and Mozart, have long been lost sight of, and their very site has been unknown. Mozart's still continues in that condition, but Gluck's has just been discovered by accident. In repairing a wall in the village of Mutzleindorf, near Vienna, there was found, leaning against the foot of the wall, below the surface of the ground, a small tablet of gray marble, with the following inscription in the German language, and in Roman characters:—" *Here rests a worthy German, a pious Christian, and an affectionate husband, Christopher von Gluck, Knight, a great master in the sublime art of music. He died November 15, 1787.*"

On the authority of the 'Madrid Globo,' we give the following instance of atrocious cruelty, as an appendix to our article in the present number, on 'The Spanish People.' A short time back, as a dealer in leeches was travelling on a by-road in Estremadura, he was stopped by a band of thieves, who demanded his money. He assured them that he had none about him, having expended all that he had brought with him. Having ascertained that he had told the truth, they, in revenge for their disappointment, thrust his head into the sack in which he carried his leeches, and bound it tightly round his neck. Some country people passing by not long afterwards, found him dead, he having been bled to death by his own stock.

The Indian papers report that experiments have lately been made in Fort William on the effects of firing guns in casemated batteries, in order to ascertain how the smoke could be removed, so as to allow of the gunners remaining at their posts for any protracted time, without being suffocated. These experiments were made with a view to the construction of batteries for the defence of Aden, which it is proposed to form by hollowing out the rock as at Gibraltar, Dover, and Corfu.

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ON THE CONTINENT.

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 Tholuck, A., Predigten. Vol. V. Ueber die Leidensgeschichte, über christliche Tugenden, am Todtenfeste. 8vo. *Halle.* 6s.
 Winterfeld, T. v., der evangelische Kirchengesang. Vol. II. 4to. *Leipzig.* 3l. 4s.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Abelard*. Par CHARLES DE REMUSAT. 2 vols.
Paris, 1845.

It was on a bright sunny day, when, with a volume of Lamartine in our hands, and a thousand vague and dreamy thoughts, passing like evanescent shadows over the mind, we first wandered into Père la Chaise, and anxiously sought out the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Our romantic expectations were soon shattered. The tomb itself disappointed us; and although the withered garlands, with which it was strewn, spoke of a generous sympathy—told us that others before us had visited it with romantic feelings—yet, when we saw the base and pillars scrawled over with those commonplaces, and still more odious common names, which desecrate all sorts of spots and monuments, from the pyramids of Egypt to the oak trees of Kensington Gardens—when we saw these, our mood was changed. The imperturbable, imperious egotism of men! Even in the presence of *such* a record of exalted self-sacrifice as the tomb of Heloise, these scribblers could not forget themselves and their paltry pretensions—could not resist the temptation of announcing to the astonished universe the supremely uninteresting fact of their existence. There was, however, one inscription which was crowded with meanings; an inscription, which, by itself, would have sufficed to fill the mind with exquisite reveries. It was that of the names of Abelard and Heloise, alternately graven on the plinth, and interrupted only by these words,

ΑΕΙ ΣΥΜΠΡΗΛΑΕΤΜΕΝΟΙ

Eternally united! Yet these names, and these words, suggestive of so much, are robbed of their charm, by being side by side with the names of the Smiths and Browns, who desecrate the tomb.

And yet, if one considers it, beneath this desecration is respect; shown, perhaps, in a rude manner, but still respect.

If we are to take offence at this manner, what shall we say to those desecrations committed by cultivated men—we mean by the Popes, Collardeaus, and Bussy Rabutins, who have turned the passion and sincerity of Heloise's letters into coarseness and gallantry: who have made the greatest woman that ever lived, talk like a wanton, and a *précieuse*?

The truth is, this tomb at Père la Chaise is an emblem of their fame. Its garlands and scribblements are but the symbols of that deep interest, and that coarse interpretation, which the world has always manifested for these lovers. The feeling of interest has remained consistent—the interpretations have varied with varying ages. 'There is no memory so popular in France,' says Michelet, 'as that of Heloise. That oblivious people, in whom the traces of the Middle Ages seem so completely effaced—that people, in whom the remembrance of the gods of Greece is more vivid than that of our national saints, has not forgotten Heloise.... That is the only legend of love which has survived.'

The same eloquent historian says that Heloise owes her fame to Abelard, '*sans le malheur d'Abailard, Héloïse eût été ignorée; elle fût restée obscure et dans l'ombre.*' The reverse of this seems to us the truth.* Abelard is immortal, because he inspired that deep and exalted affection which triumphed over all suffering, over all obstacle, and hence has triumphed over edacious Time. Heloise draws none of her lustre from him. Her fame is built out of her own heroic acts; and it is from his connexion with her that Abelard has descended to posterity; his own claims are slight, and have been greatly overrated. He made more noise in his day; but she has had the admiration of posterity. His popularity was rapid, loud, and scandalous. He was made for it; he lived for it, and for it only. But many a name, as great, has faded from the memories of mankind; many a fame, as noisy, has failed to awaken a single echo in posterity; many an intelligence, far more rich and fruitful, has failed to occupy succeeding generations. Looked at closely and steadily, he presents nothing but the most superficial attractions: a quick memory, a ready eloquence, and subtle dialectical skill. His soul is neither deep nor wide. He discovers nothing; he improves nothing. He can only dazzle and confuse. His intelligence is in nowise to be called great; it is, at best, but that of a fluent Sophist, such as Plato has represented in his *Euthydemus*. If there was nothing in his intelligence to excite our veneration, there was little in his character to moderate

* It is obvious that in no case could such a woman remain in obscurity; since, as Abelard tells us, she was already the most celebrated woman in France (*in toto regno nominatissimum*) when he first met her. M. Michelet himself has previously told us that she was *déjà célèbre*.

our scorn. M. de Remusat, though not positively suffering under the common malady of biographers—the *furor biographicus*—has nevertheless a tenderness for Abelard; dwells gently on his faults, and tries to extenuate them. We are disposed to be tolerant of tolerance; but we really think that Abelard's character is too contemptible to be spared, even by the most benevolent charity; and that not even the fact of having been loved by Heloise, ought to shield him from the just scorn of mankind. Viewed in its proper light his story is a lesson; viewed in its ordinary light it is a mere romance. We will endeavour to place this story before our readers, as it stands written out before us.

But first a word respecting the book before us. M. de Remusat is the son of the well-known Oriental scholar, and is himself favourably known in Parisian society, as one of the quondam contributors to the 'Globe,' and as the author of two volumes of 'Essais Philosophiques.' His present work consists of a life of Abelard, written with great care and diligence; and an analysis of all his philosophical writings, which are now known to be extant. It is on the whole a useful book; more we cannot say. This life contains nothing new; but it is full of details about contemporary matters. It is written with occasional eloquence, but also with an occasional obscurity, which is rare amongst French authors. The analysis is fairly done; and, to those curious in the questions agitated in the scholastic philosophy, will be found very valuable.

At the close of the eleventh century, on the confines of Brittany, in the town of Palais (*Palatium*), Béranger or Bérenger, the seigneur, had a son born to him, whom he christened Pierre. This child was Abelard. His father, who to the accomplishments of war, had also joined the cultivation of literature, caused him to be sedulously educated, both as a warrior and as a poet. But the youth renounced the career of arms, renounced his birthright, to pursue the career of a dialectician. He devoted himself exclusively to philosophy, and philosophy in those days meant dialectics. Having acquired great art in this exercise of ingenuity, he travelled through various provinces while yet a youth, disputing with all comers. 'I emulated,' says he, 'the peripatetics.' And M. Remusat adds 'Philosophy, in those days, had its knights-errant.' True enough;—and before those days, such men had existed; in old Greece, there had been that vehement thinker, Xenophanes. 'For three-quarters of a century, 'did he, the great Rhapsodist of Truth, emulate his countryman Homer, the great Rhapsodist of Beauty, and wander into many lands, uttering the thought that was working in him.'*

* 'Biographical History of Philos.,' vol. i., p. 75.

But what comparison can be made between such a man and Abelard? Xenophanes having, as he believed, 'attained a clear recognition of the unity and perfection of the Godhead, it became the object of his life to spread that conviction abroad, and to tear down the thick veil of superstition which hid the august countenance of truth.*' Abelard had no conviction to spread abroad; he was simply impelled by a love of disputation and a love of notoriety.

This love of notoriety was his curse, as it is the curse of all minds framed like his. He came to Paris at the age of twenty, hoping there to find a fitting opportunity of display. He attended the school where William de Champeaux, the most renowned master of disputation, lectured to a numerous class of students from all quarters of Europe. This new pupil excited attention. The beauty of his person, the ease of his manner, his marvellous aptitude for learning, and still more marvellous facility of speech, distinguished him amongst all. The master was proud of his pupil, and loved him. He looked on him, perhaps, as a fit successor. But this pupil, so acquiescent, so quick at learning, did not sit there to learn; he sat watching for an opportunity of attacking the venerable master. He had learned where lay the strength of his master; he had also learned the secrets of his art. Confident in his own ability he rose up one day, and attacked William de Champeaux in his own school, provoked him to a discussion, and vanquished him. Rage and astonishment seized his fellow disciples. Rage and terror seized the master. The disciples, while aware of Abelard's ability, saw clearly enough that he only led William into a discussion for the purpose of embarrassing him, and drawing from him humiliating avowals; and their respect for him engendered indignation for his assailant. Abelard dates from this the origin of all his woes. The enemies he created then pursued him through life. But this is the common sophism of such men as he; instead of looking deeper, and in his own inordinate selfishness, vanity, and cowardice, seeking the causes of his woes, he chooses to attribute them to the enemies raised by his ability.

After this rupture with his master, he aspired, though only two-and-twenty, to a chair of philosophy where he might astonish the world. He succeeded. His school at Melun was numerously attended, and his fame as a teacher was carried far and wide. William of Champeaux was naturally terrified at the ascendancy his former pupil was gaining, and used all his power to prevent the establishment of the school at Melun. In this he failed; and Abelard, emboldened by success, brought his school still nearer

* 'Biographical History of Philos.,' vol. i, p. 73.

Paris, to Corbeil; in order, as he frankly tells us, that he might be more importunate to his former master. But he had to struggle against a powerful rival, and one aged in science; so that the intensity of his study and application ravaged his frame, and he was ordered by the physicians to repose himself from the fatigues of his school, and to seek restoration in his native air. In two years he returned, and saw, with delight, that his reputation had not been weakened in his absence, but that his scholars were eager for his return.

He returned in health and spirits; ambitious of notoriety, unscrupulous as to means. His old antagonist, William de Champeaux, had renounced the world and retired to a cloister. Hildebert, Bishop of Mans, wrote to him congratulations, and called his act the act of a real philosopher; but he exhorted him not to renounce his instructions because he renounced the pomps and glories of the world. William followed this advice, and opened the school of Saint Victor, afterwards so celebrated. His reputation, though suffering from the attacks of Abelard, was still great, and his school was crowded. One day, as he was lecturing to his numerous disciples, he was startled by the appearance of Abelard amongst them, who came, he said, to learn rhetoric. William was troubled, but he continued his lecture. Abelard waited until the question respecting Universals was brought forward, and then suddenly changing from a disciple to an antagonist, he so harassed the old man with the rapidity and unexpectedness of his assaults, that he left him no other refuge than the confession of defeat. William retracted his opinions; and in that retraction lost for ever his reputation. His audiences diminished rapidly. They would hardly listen to the minor points of dialectics from one who had confessed himself beaten on the capital point of 'universals.' The disciples passed over to the victor; just as when a combat is engaged between two stags, the hinds stand quietly watching the issue of the contest, and if their former respected lord and master is worsted, they pass over to the care of the stronger without a moment's hesitation. Abelard's school became the first of all; and as if to give still greater effect to his triumph, the professor to whom William had given the chair of Notre Dame, either discouraged by Abelard's audacity or convinced by his arguments, offered the chair to the victor, and ranged himself amongst the admiring disciples.*

He was now the undisputed master in dialectics. He had

* We know but of one parallel case of modesty, and that was when Antisthenes was so captivated by the wisdom of Socrates that he ceased to teach, and became once more a pupil; nay more, he persuaded all his pupils to come with him to Socrates, there to learn true wisdom.

argued with the great Nominalist, Roscelinus, and had discomfited him ; he had argued with the great Realist, William de Champeaux, and had defeated him. The cardinal question of philosophy in those days he alone had known how to answer so as to save himself from the heresies of Roscelinus, and to avoid the absurdities of William de Champeaux. And what was that question to which so much importance was attached ? It was one, which though to the modern reader apparently trivial, was in truth fundamental in all systems of philosophy, from Plato downwards. Stated briefly, the dispute was this : Is there an object corresponding to every abstract idea ? The question was answered affirmatively by the Realists, who declared that Man, Virtue, &c., had a real existence, quite irrespective of any individual concrete determination, such as Smith, Benevolence, &c. It was answered negatively by the Nominalists, who said that all abstract ideas are but general terms, and, as such, are but the creations of human ingenuity, designating no distinct entities, but merely used as *marks* of aggregate conceptions. The one party declared that General Ideas were also Existences ; the other declared that they were nothing but General Names applied to individual things.

Nominalism is so universally accepted in modern times that it is not without difficulty the force of the Realist argument can be conceived. And yet the Realist said, plausibly enough, as our ideas are copies of objects, whatever we think of must exist ; and as we have an idea of Man which is not the idea of any individual man, but of Man in general, *ergo* there must be such an existence as Man in general. It is by no means necessary in this place, to expose the fallacy of Realism, inasmuch as it is a discarded tenet ; but from its supposed connexion with the dogmas of religion it was only by great skill that Abelard could refute it, without the appearance of heresy. Abelard was not content with his glory. As long as there was anywhere in France a celebrated teacher he could not be tranquil. There was one at Laon, a certain Anselm, who taught theology with immense success. This was enough to trouble Abelard's repose. He repaired to Laon, ridiculed the style of Anselm, laughed at the puerile admiration of his scholars, and offered to surpass him in explanation of the Scriptures. He was at first laughed at, next listened to, and he departed leaving anarchy in the school, and desolation in the heart of the old man. Having satisfied his envy, he returned to Paris.

His career at this period was most brilliant. His reputation was higher than that of any living man. His eloquence and subtlety found echos in the breasts of hundreds of serious students,* who thronged beneath the shadows of the cathedral, for ever

* M. Guizot computes them at not less than five thousand.

disputing with each other, and thinking more of the dispute than of the truths disputed for. There amidst those crowds he might be seen stalking along, with a certain imposing haughtiness in his manner, not without its careless indolence, which the confidence of success had given to his bearing; handsome, manly, gallant-looking, the object of incessant curiosity and admiration. The multitude reverentially made way for him; women peeped at him from behind their window-curtains; all Paris was proud of him. His name was renowned in every city in Europe, and the pope himself sent men to hear him. He was at the acme of his glory. His inordinate vanity was appeased. He reigned, and he reigned alone. He believed himself to be the only philosopher in the world: 'Cum jam me solum in mundo superesse philosophum astimarem.'—(Épist. i., p. 9.)

If he had been, as he fancied himself, the noblest specimen of man living, then would he have deserved the love of that noblest specimen of woman, Heloise. She was at this time very young, an orphan and poor, living with her uncle Fulbert, studious, learned, and sweet of face. Beautiful she was not, though the world has persisted in cherishing the idea that she was; but Bayle's assertion, that she was ugly, is preposterous. Abelard tells us that she was by no means of the lowest order of beauty—(*per faciem non infima*); and the description of her in the 'Roman de la Rose' (if indeed it does mean Heloise) is that of an exquisite beauty:

"El ne fu obscure ne brune,
Ains fu clere comme la lune,
Envers qui les autres estoiles
Ressemblent petites chandoiles, &c. &c."

She was a brunette, with, as we picture her, deep, passionate eyes, clear, massive brow, and voluptuous mouth: a face in which passion was irradiated with intelligence. Whatever deviation from the standard of symmetry there might be, was, we may be certain, amply compensated by the fascinating expression. She might say with Sappho (in Ovid)

"Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ."

Her talents and her learning had rendered her celebrated. Her helpless position, no less than her charms, attracted Abelard. It would not be unreasonable to suspect that her popularity was to him her greatest charm. He resolved to seduce her; resolved it in cool blood, and after mature calculation. He thought she would be an easy victim, and he who had lived hitherto in ab-

horrence of libertinage (*scortorum immunditiam semper abhorream*) felt himself arrived at such a position that he might indulge with impunity. 'I thought, too,' he says, 'that I should the more easily gain the girl's consent, knowing as I did to how great a degree she both possessed learning and loved it.' He tells us how he 'sought an opportunity of bringing her into familiar and daily intercourse with me, and so drawing her the more easily to consent to my wishes. With this view I made a proposal to her uncle, through certain of his friends, that he should receive me as an inmate of his house, which was very near to my school, on whatever terms of remuneration he chose; alleging my reason that I found the care of a household an impediment to study, and its expense too burdensome. Now, on the one hand, he was very covetous, and on the other most solicitous that his niece should continue to advance in literary attainments: so that he was easily brought to agree to my proposal in his eagerness for gain, and his persuasion that his niece would thus have the benefit of my instruction. On the latter point he used such earnest entreaty with me, as promoted my wishes and favoured my passion far beyond my hopes; committing the maiden wholly to my charge, in order that whenever I should be at leisure from the school, whether by day or by night (*tam in die quam in nocte*) might take the trouble of teaching her; and should I find her negligent use forcible compulsion. Hereupon, I wondered at the man's excessive simplicity, with no less amazement than if I had beheld him attend a lamb to the care of a famishing wolf; for in thus placing the girl in my hands for me not only to teach but use forcible coercion, what did he do but give full liberty to my desires and offer the opportunity, even had it not been sought, seeing that should enticement fail I might use threats and stripes in order to subdue her (*ut quam videlicet blanditiis non possem, minis et verberibus facilius flecterem*).'

The crude brutality of this avowal could not be mistaken, one would think, by any reader; yet M. de Remusat, with a biographer's partiality, will have it that Abelard himself was mistaken as to his intentions. 'In reading Abelard's own confession,' he says, 'one would almost say that he loved only on premeditation, that he became her lover upon calculation, and that he fixed his regards on her as the most worthy of his passion, and, shall I say it? the most easy of conquest. But it is often the illusion of reflective and reasoning minds to mistake their *penchant* for a choice, and to believe their enthusiasms have been acts of calculation.' The remark is not without justice, but it is ludicrously inapplicable to Abelard, the whole course of whose life was a display of intense selfishness.

Abelard was her master ; but what did he teach her ? She was a better scholar than he ; in some respects better informed. She was a perfect mistress of Latin ; knew Greek and Hebrew enough to form the basis of future proficiency.* He was well read ; a consummate dialectician ; but it is a mistake to suppose that his scholarship was remarkable. All his biographers, except M. de Remusat, assume that he knew Greek and Hebrew. M. Michelet goes so far as to say that he was the only man who then knew Greek and Hebrew. But that he was ignorant of Hebrew—except of a few words current in theological discussions—is beyond all doubt ; and that he knew no Greek beyond a few philosophical terms is evident from two facts : 1st. If he had known it, he was too vain and ostentatious a man to have concealed what was then thought one of the highest accomplishments. 2dly. He has expressly told us, in more places than one, that he was forced to read the Greek authors in the Latin translations.† We conclude, therefore, that he instructed her in philosophy only ; the more so, as that is the sole science which he mentions.

Thus, then, in giving lessons in his arid dialectics did he manage to give her lessons in love ; not by his dialectics, but by his accomplishments did he fascinate her. What a picture is presented by this remarkable couple ! The one well versed in all the arts of seduction : reciting and singing to perfection ; gifted with marvellous facility in illustrating arid subjects by passages from the poets ; having the serpent's wile and the serpent's tongue ; handsome, gallant, renowned above all men for wisdom, he would have been dangerous to all women ; but to a simple, credulous, single-minded girl, passionately fond of literature and easily dazzled by renown, he was framed to fascinate. He succeeded in intoxicating that noble and affectionate heart which loved but once : a heart which was dedicated to him, even when her life was dedicated to God. It has been matter of wonder how so great a creature could ever have worshipped so contemptible an idol ; but there is nothing whatever wonderful in it. Heloise saw in Abelard the symbols of greatness ; she was charmed with him, with his manners, with his intelligence, and her own direct truthful heart made her credulous of the directness and truthfulness of his.

Study threw them together, and in its dangerous solitude her passion ripened. Day and night they were together, 'talking of lovely things that conquer death,' and steeped in that vague and dreamy delight which is produced by the spectacle of grand things, and by

* Abelard, later in life, in addressing the sisterhood of which Heloise was abbess, says, that 'she alone possessed the same thorough proficiency in these three languages, which was extolled as a gift in St. Jerome.'

† *Vide* 'Œuvres Inédites,' Introd. p. 43.

contact with great intelligences; and thus, as the Spanish translator of her letter says, 'buscando siempre con pretexto del estudio los parages mas retirados,'—they forgot the world in the delights of passion. 'The books were open before us,' says Abelard, 'but we talked more of love than of philosophy, and kisses were more frequent than sentences.*' And to prevent suspicion, when Fulbert was present, we presume, 'blows were often given, but out of love, not rage.' It is painful to read his account, and to see in it the gross sensuality which alone dictated his actions; the more so when we compare it with the passionate ardour of Heloise, who in her letters, as Madame Guizot excellently remarks, is so much more chaste even in her vehemence: 'elle rappelle mais ne détaille point.'

We come now to an act which reveals the character of the man. He had written love songs to Heloise, as a lover should do; but he had the immeasurable egotism of a bad poet and an indelicate lover: he could not be content that these productions should be read by no admiring eyes except those for whom they were written; nor could he refrain from divulging his conquest. Accordingly, his songs were soon bandied about the streets; all Paris was let into the secret of this love. That which the least delicate of lovers would, for his own sake, have hidden from the world, this wretched coxcomb allowed to be profaned by being bawled by idle and indifferent mouths. While she worshipped him, he let her name and her affections be dragged through the mire.

And what says M. de Remusat to this? His defence is curious. 'Thus the affair which ought to have remained the tender mystery of his whole life, became a public scandal, and passed from his avowal into that state of popular romance which it has preserved till our times. There was in that man something of the insolence of all natures made for command and royalty. He exhibited himself unveiled before the world. He seemed to think that every thing which interested him became worthy of general attention; that his actions were beyond common appreciation, and that every thing in him should be shown as a spectacle to the world.' We accept the judgment with one reservation; Abelard has not the 'insolence of natures made for command,' but the vanity of natures made for display. That he imagined every thing which interested him should be made public is true; but this, not because he was great, but because he was little. Victor Cousin says, somewhere, that 'every individuality is full

* He adds, with his usual crudity, when speaking of these times, "Et sæpius ad sinus quam ad libros reducebantur manus." *Epist. i.*, p. 11.

of pettinesses, and that great men, seen closely, are often very little; and this phrasing of the vulgar proverb, that 'no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre,' has been applied to Abelard, and used as an excuse for him. Now the proverb is not only vulgar, it is trivial. It has its truth, not, as Hegel epigrammatically remarks, because the hero is *no* hero, but because the valet-de-chambre is a valet-de-chambre—*weil jener der Kammerdiener ist!* Great men, looked at closely, and with eyes that can recognise greatness, do not seem little, but the contrary. If they have their infirmities, it is that they are human. They are great *men*; not adjectives of greatness. If they have their littlenesses, it is not that they themselves are little, but that weakness *accompanies* the greatness. Look closely at Abelard, and the closer you look the more contemptible will he appear. Look closely at Heloise, and you may see, perhaps, some traces of human weakness, as stains upon the splendour of her greatness, but the closer you look the more will this greatness fix your attention. We must, therefore, protest against M. de Remusat's selecting one infirmity of human nature which great men have sometimes displayed, and, because Abelard shares that infirmity, assuming that he, too, possessed the greatness.

To return to the lovers. Abelard has himself told us how this love affair engrossed his thoughts, and prevented his studies.

"These pleasures so engrossed me, that I could apply but little to philosophy, or to my scholastic business. It was insupportably irksome to me to repair to the school, or to remain in it when there; and excessively laborious, too, I found it, to give my nightly vigils to love, and still devote my daily ones to study. So negligently and tepidly were my lectures now gone through, that I uttered nothing by dint of invention, but all by force of memory, and in repetition of my former lessons. . . . What sorrowing, sighing, and lamenting came upon my scholars when they perceived my mind to be so occupied, or rather so disturbed, is almost beyond conception."

It is somewhat curious that Fulbert should not have been aware of that which was known all over Paris. He seems to have had the proverbial blindness of a husband for that which strangers could perceive. Abelard has remarked this; and told us that the fact had been repeatedly suggested to Fulbert, who could not bring himself to credit it. He attributes this blindness partly to Fulbert's affection for Heloise, and partly to the well-known purity of her lover's former life. They were at length discovered and separated. 'O, how great was the uncle's grief! how great the lovers!' What confusion overwhelmed *me!* What anguish at *my* disgrace! exclaims Abelard very characteristically: and he continues, 'This separation of our persons

did but unite our hearts the closer; this privation increased our passion. The fit of shame once over, made us the more insensible to shame; *actum itaque in nobis est quod in Marte et Venere deprehensis poetica narrat fabula.*'

Shortly afterwards Heloise found herself pregnant, and, in the exaltation of her heart, she wrote to Abelard, informing him of it, asking his advice. He visited her in Fulbert's absence, and arranged an escape to Brittany. There Heloise resided with his sister, till she gave birth to a son. When her uncle was aware of her flight, he became almost frantic; and that which rendered his state still worse, was his being forced to suppress the motives of his rage. How did Abelard behave? contemptibly, as usual. He was evidently in great fear for his life; and though bold to insolence in debate, he was a coward in action. Audacity in speculation and timidity of character are often united. Some of the most daring thinkers have been as weak in resolution as they were strong in speculation. It would seem as if they were eager to make up for a constitutional deficiency by the temerity of their pens. Abelard was one of these. He had strong polemical tendencies, but the only war he liked was the war of words. Insolent, aggressive, and reckless in argument, he was always weak and irresolute in act. He could attack a Roscelinus, or a William de Champeaux; he could harass an aged teacher, and having driven him from his school, pursue him even to the cloister, and there cover him with shame; or he could by his ridicule and dialectics destroy the peace of Anselm; but he could not face an outraged uncle. He came trembling before Fulbert, 'greatly compassioning his excessive anguish,' he says, but greatly fearing his excessive wrath, as we believe; implored his pardon, and recalled to his mind how many of the greatest men had been cast down by women; accused himself of treachery, and offered the reparation of marriage, provided it were kept secret. His marriage, if made known, would be an obstacle to his advancement in the Church—and the mitre had glimmered before his ambitious eyes. Thus, on the one side, stimulated by fear, and, on the other, by ambition, he had neither sufficient force to sacrifice his ambition to his fear, nor sufficient courage to despise the danger; and so he proposed a compromise. To this Fulbert consented.

But Heloise, heroic heart! in the self abnegation of her love, would not consent to that reparation which fear had extorted from Abelard. She did not believe her uncle's vengeance would be thus assuaged; and if it were, what excuse could *she* have for thus robbing the world of its greatest luminary! What maledictions and what regrets would follow such a step! What a

shame and what a calamity that a man created for all mankind should consecrate himself to one woman! 'I should hate this marriage,' she exclaimed, 'for it would be an opprobrium and a ruin!' She recalled to Abelard the various passages in Scripture, and in the ancient writers, wherein wives are accursed; and pointed out to him how impossible it would be to consecrate himself to philosophy unless he were free. How could he study amidst the noise of children and the domestic confusion of a household. How much more honourable it would be for her to sacrifice herself to him—to be his mistress, his concubine! The more she humiliated herself for him, the more claims should she have upon his love; and in so doing she would not be an obstacle to his advancement—in so doing she would not have prevented the free development of his genius. 'I call God to witness,' she said many years after, 'that if Augustus, the emperor of the world, had deemed me worthy of his hand and would have given me the universe for a throne, the name of your concubine (*tua meretrix*) would have been more glorious to me than that of his empress.'

This was the passion and these the motives which prompted her refusal. For herself, of course, no happiness could be greater than that of calling him her husband; but if, in so doing, she must destroy his hopes of advancement and stultify the growth of his sublime intelligence, she 'could not but hate that marriage as an opprobrium.' For his sake she would glory in sacrificing herself if only to convince him of the boundless love she bore him. Having read her own words, let us turn to those which Pope has lent her.

"How oft when press'd to marriage have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame;
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all these views remove:
Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to love?"

This is the extravagance of a wanton, not the passion of Heloise. It was from no abstract preference for 'lawless love' that Heloise spurned marriage; it was simply because she was afraid of sacrificing her lover's interests to her happiness; and as she loved him far more than herself, she opposed the sacrifice.

Abelard felt the force of her arguments; gladly would he have accepted them; but fear was stronger than interest, and he had not the courage to brave Fulbert. He, therefore, endeavoured to answer Heloise's arguments; and finding that she could not con-

quer his resolution—a resolution which, by the way, he himself calls a bit of stupidity (*meam stultitiam*)—she burst into tears and consented. This scene is characterised by M. Villenave as a contest between love and duty, in which, he adds, Abelard did not allow himself to be conquered in generosity. Really the benevolence of biographers is infinite. A scene in which Abelard figures as a contemptible coward, is christened a struggle between love and duty; and the terror which overcomes his interests, his ambition, and her passionate entreaties, is converted into a desire not to be outdone in generosity. May we have such a biographer!

“Having committed our little boy,” says Abelard, “to my sister’s charge, we returned privately to Paris, and in a few days, after going through the vigils of prayer secretly and by night, there also, very early one morning, in the presence of her uncle and some of his friends as well as mine, we received the nuptial benediction.”

From this time they only met in secret; but all precautions soon became useless, as Fulbert and his servants divulged the secret ‘in violation of their word.’ But Heloise loudly denied that she was married. Violently provoked at this denial, her uncle loaded her with reproaches, and made the house quite insupportable to her. Abelard removed her to a nunnery, named Argenteuil. There she assumed the monastic dress, but without taking the veil; and there her husband furtively visited her, not always respecting the sanctity of the spot.* Fulbert regarded this seclusion in the nunnery with suspicion. He thought it was but the first step towards her taking the veil, and that Abelard would thus rid himself of her. His projects of vengeance revived; and having bribed a servant, who admitted him and his friends into the chamber where Abelard was sleeping, they there inflicted on him that atrocious mutilation, which Origen, in a fit of spiritual exaltation, inflicted upon himself. All Paris was struck with horror and surprise; and in mingled curiosity and consternation crowded round Abelard’s house, redoubling his agony by their noisy pity. There, as he lay on his wretched couch, he reflected on his sad condition. Henceforth the world was shut against him. What path was open to him? With what face could he again present himself before men? Condemned to be pointed at by every finger—to be lacerated by every tongue—to be to all a monstrous spectacle! He, so lately the gay and gallant, to whom women, no less than men, were

* Nosti...quid ibi tecum mea libidinis egerit intemperantia in quadam etiam parte ipsius refectorii. Nosti id impudentissime tunc actum esse in tam reverendo loco et summæ Virgini consecrato.—Abelard, *Epist.* v., p. 69.

proud to show allegiance—he was an outcast and a mark for scorn. How his enemies would triumph!

His resolution was easily fixed. He would find refuge in the cloister; he would become a monk, and renounce the world. To this he confesses that he was impelled by shame rather than by devotion. But the intense selfishness of this man would not permit him to renounce the world alone; he demanded that Heloise also should renounce it; and she renounced it. Obedient to his commands (*ad imperium nostrum*), she took the veil: thus once more sacrificing herself to his will, whom, with regret, she had accepted as a husband, and whom she abandoned in trembling, to devote herself, without faith, without hope, and without love, to her divine husband. Pope is here equal to his subject:

“Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day
When victims at yon altar’s foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss’d the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.”

Heloise submitted without an inquiry, without a murmur; it was enough for her to know that Abelard desired it. In renouncing the world thus in the plenitude of youth and passion, she was actuated by no devotional fervour. She was, heart and soul, a great woman, and, as such, clung tenaciously to life, and to the world, which she was made to adorn. She had no mystic aspirations, no ascetic ideas. Her harmonious being was free from all such dissonances; it was bounding with life and love, with activity and enjoyment. Yet she relinquished the world, at an order from her lord; cruel and tyrannical as that order was, she saw nothing in it but the expression of his will, and was content to obey. Her friends endeavoured in vain to dissuade her, and to their tears and entreaties she replied, in a voice broken by sobs, with the words which Lucan places in the mouth of Cornelia, after the disaster of Pharsalia:

“O maxime conjux,
O thalamis indigne meis, hoc juris habebat
In tantum fortuna caput? Cur impia nupsi,
Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe pœnas,
Sed quas spontè luam.”

This quotation is remarkable, as showing how, in those days, pedantry was mixed up with the purest passion; as showing how masterly was her command over the classics, that, in such a

moment, she should have selected so apt a passage; and, finally, as showing how completely her love absorbed her soul, and how little religion could occupy it.

Before closing the door of the convent upon this singular creature, let us ask what could be Abelard's motives for thus secluding her? We have already hinted that his intense selfishness could not allow him to think of her some day belonging to another. The author of the admirable article on Abelard, which appeared in the 'London and Westminster Review' (December, 1838), has suggested that, inasmuch as Abelard was so cruelly punished because Fulbert suspected him of wishing to make Heloise take the veil, "probably the chief satisfaction that he found in commanding Heloise to final seclusion, was that he thereby carried into effect the intention for which her relatives had so violently punished him. As regards his second motive, feeling himself now dead to her, he supposed she would soon be dead to him, and felt a selfish, at least, if not malignant satisfaction, in remorselessly exercising his all-powerful influence over her, before, as he unworthily thought, her consideration of his altered state should have time to diminish it: to place her warm and blooming youth under that lasting combination of physical and religious restraint, which, in spite of any change in her own inclination, should keep her dead to others as well as to himself." To one so vain, so selfish, and so fond of power, this exercise of his imperious will afforded a diseased delight. Reckless of consequences, he thought only of proving that he still possessed resistless power over the fond girl: and so, at the age of twenty, Heloise quitted the world. MM. Villenave and Remusat pass over this episode without a comment: excuse it they could not, and they would not blame their hero.

The doors of the convent have closed on Heloise. She retires to her cell to doat upon the image of her lord; to recall the hours of rapture spent with him, and to feel that

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

And he upon whom her sorrowing thoughts were fixed, scarcely ever bestowed a thought on her, and never wrote to her. He entered upon a new career; he was a monk at St. Denis, and had resumed his studies, now, as he says, no longer disturbed by the provocations of his senses. 'Mais il lui arriva,' remarks M. Villenave, 'lorsqu'il ne put plus être un sujet de scandale dans le monde, de vouloir bannir le scandale de son convent.' The monks were dissolute; their monastery was wealthy; and they had no one willing to curb their licentiousness, for the abbot

himself was as bad as they. Abelard, unable to share their debaucheries, reproved them; the seducer of Heloise became a preacher of chastity. He who had long been accustomed to dictate to the world, felt a peculiar pleasure in reprimanding the monks; standing on the lofty ground of virtue, and armed with piety, he looked down upon his fellow monks, and made them blushingly bow to his superiority. They could not defend themselves; he had them at his mercy, and we may guess with what forbearance he used his advantage. His presence became intolerable; and to divert his attention elsewhere, they joined his former scholars in entreating him to resume his lectures; even the abbot joined in this request. Abelard resisted for some time. He shuddered at again appearing in public; he who had never appeared there but triumphant, could not bear to present himself humiliated as he was. But entreaties were so pressing, and aided, perhaps, by his natural love of display, he consented again to exhibit his talents. He established himself in the priory of Maisoncelle, where he opened a school. Students flocked thither in immense numbers. His adventures had only increased his notoriety, while nothing had affected his reputation for learning and subtlety. His lectures were also novel; they were eminently religious, at the same that they were dialectical. He was the first man, since Origen, who had united sacred and profane sciences; and the success of this attempt was so great as to rouse the jealousy both of theologians and philosophers. They declared that it was quite contrary to all monastic rule for a monk to teach profane sciences; nor, on the other hand, could he teach the sacred without having first been the disciple of some accredited teacher.

Abelard, always insolent and aggressive, replied to these attacks with vehemence and contempt. Supported, as he thought, by three thousand students, he could assume an attitude not simply of defence, but also of disdain. Unconscious of the real danger of his position, he consented to publish the substance of his lectures. This was the '*Introductio ad Theologiam*,' which is still extant. In it he undertook to demonstrate by reason that which was accepted by faith. He for the first time promulgated the then audacious doctrine that dogmas should be presented under a rational form; that what we believe we should also understand; and, therefore, that dialectics should be reconciled to our religious beliefs, if we would not have it shake them to their foundations. One consequence of this doctrine was to place philosophers almost on the same level with saints; under the pretence that reason, as an internal revelation, had conducted

the philosophers to the same conclusions as the saints, respecting the nature of the Deity, and especially the Trinity.

This 'faith of reason' which existed confusedly in Plato and became more developed, more authentic, in the Christian thinkers, is the dogma of the unity of God, the only uncreated, the only creator, the infinite perfection. But in God are distinguished his power, his wisdom, and his goodness; the first engenders the second, and the third proceeds from the two first. Such are the distinctive attributes which are personified in the Father as the Omnipotent, in the Son as the Word of God, the *Logos*, the Eternal Reason, the supreme intelligence, and in the Holy Ghost as the divine source of all grace, all charity, and all love.

Now, although this doctrine was not altogether new, and was not without orthodox precedents, it was, nevertheless, suspicious from the temerity of the speculations, the subtlety of many of the distinctions brought forward to support it, the general character of liberty in discussion which it seemed to proclaim, and also from the notoriety of the author, who had always placed himself without the ordinary circle of men's ideas; who was known to be as bold as subtle, and as captivating to the students as he was bold. The spirit of the age was with him, and yet not frankly with him. It was curious, active, restless, yet obedient to the letter of the rules of faith. It was fond of discussion, was proud of its powers of reasoning, and yet was anxious to believe. Hence the tentative of Abelard was in accordance with the spirit of the age. Confined to his lectures this tentative was crowned with success; but attempted in a published work the latent heresy became apparent. His enemies called upon the ecclesiastical authorities to interfere. He replied with insults, and defied them. With that impetuosity which is so paradoxical in timid men, he braved his enemies, hoping, perhaps, by showing a bold front, to intimidate them; perhaps, also, actuated by that singular impulse, which makes the same man who dares not face a single individual, recklessly insult a mass.

The defiance was accepted, and the combat began. It ended in the convocation of a council, in which it was decided, that Abelard's doctrine was a denial of the reality of the three persons of the Trinity. He was condemned to cast the book into the flames with his own hands :—

"When, however, I rose to deliver a profession and exposition of my faith," he says, "and express my real opinion in my own words, my adversaries declared that nothing more was necessary than that I should recite the Athanasian Creed, which any schoolboy could as easily have done. And lest I should seek to be excused through ignorance, as one to whom these sentences were not familiar, they had a copy of it

brought to me to read. I read it out accordingly, as well as I was able, sighing, and sobbing, and weeping the while. Then, like a convicted culprit, I was delivered into the custody of the Abbot of St. Medard; was led away to his cloister as to a prison; and immediately the council was dissolved. The abbot and brethren of that monastery, thinking I was thenceforward to remain with them, received me with the greatest exultation, and by treating me with every attention, endeavoured in vain to console me.

"So blind and cruel a proceeding (as that of the council) met with such vehement reproach from all who heard of it, but every one who had taken a part in it strove to shift the blame from himself upon others, so that even my two rivals denied that the thing had been done by their advice, and the legate expressed before all men his abhorrence at the malignity of the French. Thereupon, moved by repentance, at the end of a few days, after having through momentary compulsion gratified their animosity, they sent me back to my own monastery—where I had as many enemies as ever, seeing that their vicious lives and shameful behaviour made them look with constant suspicion upon one whose censures they could ill endure."

The monks were not long in finding a means of ridding themselves of this intolerable censorship. He accidentally discovered that the Dionysius whom the monks claimed as the founder of their monastery was not, as they believed, Dionysius the Areopagite. A furious discussion arose. The abbot, of course, sided against Abelard, condemned him to be whipped and placed under strict surveillance. He escaped to the priory of St. Ayoul, where he was received with kindness. Here he had the cowardice to write to the Abbot of St. Denis a letter, which is still extant, condemning his own discovery, and concluding that the venerable Bede (on whose authority Abelard had spoken) must have been mistaken: a concession as useless as it was cowardly.

He contrived to get himself freed from all obligation to live at St. Denis. The world was again open to him. He was poor, but he was free. He chose a lonely spot in the territory of Troyes, on the banks of the Ardisson, where he had once been wont to wander deep in his meditations and studies. There he built an oratory of osiers and thatch, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. As he had been persecuted for his heresies on the Trinity, there may have been some *arrière pensée* in this dedication. He was now rather more than fifty. Since the time of his quitting the world for a monastery, that is to say for ten or twelve years, he had neither seen Heloise, written to her, nor spoken of her. In his 'Confessions' no word escapes him which would imply that her image was ever present to him during that period. M. de Remusat also notices, as he could not fail to do, this silence and this oblivion, and in the genuine spirit of a biographer says, that

the remembrance of Heloise was 'enseveli et scellé comme dans la tombe au plus profond—de son cœur.' This is truer than he suspects: Abelard's heart was indeed a *tombe*, and there was Heloise buried.

"Strange are the vicissitudes of the life we are narrating," says M. de Remusat. "They multiply like the restless movements of Abelard's soul. Audacious and sad, adventurous and plaintive, he has not succeeded in mastering fortune, and he knows not how to live in humble repose. No regular and ordinary situation pleases him long. Wherever he appears he seems to seek a quarrel, to provoke oppression, and when he encounters resistance he is astonished at it and bewails it. After great misfortunes come the petty miseries; victim of serious passions, he is also tormented by puerile passions; he engages in a domestic quarrel with the monks, and after being condemned, prostrate as he appears, he mixes princes and kings up in his quarrels, obtains his liberty, and as soon as he obtains it, being unable to submit to the monastic life, he becomes a hermit."

His repugnance to face the public after his disgrace we have already related. *That* once conquered, we may be sure that he fervently desired again to occupy the position which accorded so well with his motives of display and with his powers as a speaker. Of all men that ever entered the hermit's cell and endeavoured to forget the world by peopling solitude with his own 'thick coming fancies,' perhaps no man was ever less fitted for that mode of life than Abelard. No deep devotion stirred his soul. No unspeakable thoughts drove him to solitude, there to wrestle with them. No distorted views of man—no misanthropic scorn goaded him. His was a nature that sought the glare of day. The admiration of men was necessary to him; applause was his reward, his object in life. And this object could not be long unattainable to such a man, with such talents. The fascination of his teaching, though doubtless somewhat aided by the notoriety of his life, was such as now appears marvellous. It is only by the utmost efforts we can conceive how he could have exercised such an influence by mere dialectical and rhetorical skill, employed on subjects which appear to our age little better than verbal quibbles. But in those days these verbal quibbles were the intellectual bread of thousands. The avidity of newly-awakened inquiry was almost exclusively absorbed by theology and dialectics. A passion for knowledge was diffused, and the only knowledge then prized was that of philosophy. Hence it is that Abelard, who had no original genius, nevertheless ranks high in that age, which was singularly deficient in genius; hence it is that the fluent, subtle sophist could command an age that mistook dialectical subtleties for profound

truths. As all the worthless and ambitious youth of Athens would flock around a Gorgias, from his lips to hear the true methods of haranguing a populace or conducting a bad cause; so would all the inquiring minds of the twelfth century flock around an Abelard, from him to learn the subtle art of distinctions—the art of mastering the reasoning faculty, which was to guide them to eternal truth.

In his retreat Abelard again taught numerous scholars. They built themselves cabins in the neighbourhood, and lived more like hermits than disciples. ‘Insupportable poverty,’ says he, ‘now above all things urged me to resume the business of teaching; since to dig I was not able, and to beg I was ashamed.’ Pretty confession this for a hermit and philosopher! ‘My scholars, too, of their own accord, provided every thing that I needed, as well in food and clothing as in tillage of the ground and expense of building, in order that no household care might divert my attention from study. My oratory being found too small to contain even a small part of their numbers they enlarged it, and rebuilt it more solidly of stone and timber. Although it had been founded in the name of, and afterwards dedicated to the Holy Trinity, yet, as there, whither I had come all fugitive and despairing, I had by the grace of Divine consolation, breathed for a while in peace, I now, in remembrance of this benefit, called it the *Paraclete*.’

With his returning popularity revived the ancient suspicions and enmities which had pursued him. But now he had two new enemies; the one no less a person than Saint Bernard; the other Saint Norbert. These two were powerful and implacable. They spoke so vehemently against his conduct and his doctrines that his principal friends deserted him, and many bishops and seigneurs turned from him in contempt; and ‘even those,’ he says, ‘who preserved for me their ancient affection and respect, concealed it with all possible care, so great was the terror inspired by my enemies.’

His spirit sank. He who when surrounded by scholars could accept with insolence the attacks of his enemies, could not maintain his bearing when he saw his scholars fall off. It was not for the truth he fought; it was always for display. No conviction had he to fight for; no touch had he of that which makes a martyr. Terrors beset him; he was always dreading lest he should be dragged before the councils as a heretic; visions of St. Athanasius pursued by the Arian bishops, haunted him. ‘God knows I often fell into such great despair, that unable to find peace amongst Christians, I meditated seeking out some distant country

where the Gospel had not penetrated, and there to live Christian amidst the enemies of Christ.'

Deliverance from these fears was at hand; but it was only a deliverance *into* evil. On the promontory which stretches to the south of Vannes, in Lower Brittany, along the Bay of Morbihan, may still be seen the ruins of the ancient monastery of St. Gildas de Rhuy; it is on the summit of a steep rock whose base is washed by the sea. There, in this wild spot, amongst a wilder race, did he expect to find a refuge. The Abbot of St. Gildas having died, Abelard was chosen his successor. This was a dignity to which he could hardly have aspired, and it is unknown by whose influence the offer was made to him; M. de Remusat suspects it was through the Duke of Brittany, Conan IV.

The new abbot miscalculated his powers when he fancied that he could reduce the wild licentiousness of those monks into any thing like order. At St. Denis we saw him, though a simple monk, assume the office of censor; how much more readily would he assume it as an abbot! The monks of St. Gildas, however, were not so patient. To them an abbot was only a superior in debauchery; and they with their concubines laughed at him because he was unable to imitate their example. Here for the first time we pity him. For the first time his sufferings seem as intolerable as they were undeserved. In such a place what could he do? In a barbarous country, ignorant of the language, the chief of a community which knew no sacred obligations, and put no check on their riotous debaucheries, men as ferocious as they were uncultivated, what occupation could he, the splendid sophist, find? what sympathy with his cultivated tastes, what admiration for his subtle skill? There, upon those solitary rocks, in the presence of the immensity of the ocean which roared at his feet, he would sit and meditate in inexpressible sadness on the vanity of all his endeavours. 'Often in my prayers,' he says, 'did I repeat that sentence, 'From the ends of the earth have I cried to thee, O Lord, in the anguish of my heart.' For with what anguish that same undisciplined congregation of brethren tormented my heart both by day and night, when I reflected what perils beset my soul as well as my body! I held it indeed for certain that should I attempt to make them observe that rule of life which they professed, they would not let me live; and if I did not perform this to the utmost of my power I incurred damnation.' It is during this period that (as M. de Remusat believes) he composed his elegies, '*Odes flebiles*,' which, with the music, are still preserved.

While matters were in this state 'It happened,' he says, 'that the Abbot of St. Denis, in virtue of some ancient right which

his abbey possessed over the monastery of Argenteuil, where my sister in Jesus Christ, rather than my wife, had taken the veil—drove all the nuns violently (*violenter*) from the monastery, and dispersed them in many places. On hearing this I set forth from Brittany, and invited Heloise, and such of her companions as were willing to follow her, to retire to Paraclete. I made them a present of this monastery with all its dependencies. The bishop gave his consent, and the pope soon afterwards confirmed this donation, and added thereto certain privileges.’

Thus was founded the renowned institution of Paraclete, of which, in her twenty-ninth year, Heloise was the first abbess. The piety, the winning grace, the divine intelligence, and still diviner humanity, which characterised Heloise, made her loved and respected as a saint, and the Church regarded her with pride: ‘The bishops loved her as a daughter, the abbots as a sister, and the laymen as a mother: and all alike admired her devotion, her prudence, and in all things her incomparable mildness and patience.’ And yet this brave and gentle woman was bearing a burden to have tasked the stoutest. This incomparable mildness and patience covered a seared and sorrowing heart—a heart not fixed on Heaven, not yearning for another world, but fixed on the image of one man, too deeply loved, and yearning but for his happiness. The wise, mild abbess, was a sorrowing woman; but her sorrows never dimmed the brightness of her soul, never wore her goodness down, converting it to irritable peevishness. And yet

“ — O’er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.”

It is believed that Abelard scarcely saw Heloise during this period, when he was exerting himself in settling her at the Paraclete; but, as it has been remarked, ‘cold as he was to his heroic wife, even his frigid spirit felt a pang, *for himself*, in finally relinquishing the communion of the sagely and gracefully taught virgins of the Paraclete, for that of his cowed savages of St. Gildas.’ ‘Satan,’ he exclaims in his anguish, ‘hath cast so many obstacles in my way, that no place can I find wherein to rest in quiet or to live in safety; but wandering and fugitive am I driven about, as if the curse of Cain were upon me.’*

* ‘London and Westminster Review,’ No. lxii., p. 185.

His life was in constant danger at St. Gildas; several attempts had been made to assassinate him; and in spite of excommunications, and other strong measures, he saw that safety was not possible for him in his abbey. He was obliged to fly. But even in his new asylum he did not feel himself secure; he fancied he always saw the sword suspended over his head. It was at this time he wrote to a friend that long letter known as the '*Historia Calamitatum*,' from which we have largely quoted, and which remains almost the only authentic source of his biography. This is often compared to the '*Confessions*' of Rousseau; in our opinion with great injustice to Rousseau; the spirit which runs through it is only like that of Rousseau's in its egotism. It has neither his eloquence, nor his unscrupulous analysis. It is egotistic, pedantic, and cold. But to it we owe the splendid letters of Heloise. It was not meant for her eye; it came by accident into her possession. The emotions raised by its perusal may easily be divined in the passionate letter she addressed him on the subject. It was with bitter anguish that she read this history of his sorrows, a history not confided to her who could best sympathise with it; to her who had the best right to his confidence; and this neglect made her aware of how coldly he had behaved to her for so many years in preserving an entire silence. While she could imagine him absorbed in his religious duties, or in those studies which were to nourish his intellect and strengthen him for his philosophic mission, she, in her unselfishness, could be content that he should forget her, or at least neglect her. Why should she occupy his precious time? Why should that life, so precious to mankind, be wasted upon a woman? Heloise never for a moment thought of it. But when she found him pouring forth lamentations—when she found him consuming some portion of his time in retracing the history of his life and the story of his love—retracing them, not out of any incontrollable grief, nor out of any lingering affection for the by-gone days, but out of a purely didactic (or, more properly speaking, egotistic) motive, to show a sorrowing friend that he, Abelard, had suffered more deeply—when she found this, it did occur to her that, if any one had a claim to such confidence, it was she—if any one should occupy his time, and should receive his letters, it was she. The letter she wrote to him will never be forgotten by any one who has read it. She begins with telling him how the recital of his woes has touched her; she then gently reproves him for not having written to her, and implores him not to forget Paraclete and its inmates, who would be so delighted to participate in his sorrows. In the style of the period, she quotes Seneca as an authority for the friendship of letters.

She urges him to think of Paraclete as his creation, and therefore needing his care; thus, as has been well said, 'in approaching the fatal topic that lay most painfully deep within her breast, we see her, with softly-stealing and gracefully-reluctant step, advancing towards it through the medium of an appeal to the religious conscience of Abelard, against the indifference he had shown to the welfare of his spiritual daughters in general.' Her heart swelling with tenderness and sadness; half ashamed of being forced thus to upbraid him, by recalling to him her constancy and sacrifice, she breaks forth into these words:—

"Long ago, in the weak trembling commencement of my religious calling, it gave me no small surprise to find you forget me so far, that, neither moved by duty to God, nor by affection for me, nor by the example of holy fathers—agitated as I was, and wasted by continual sorrow—did you seek to console me by word in your presence, or by letter in your absence. To whom, nevertheless, you know that you are bound in the stronger obligation, inasmuch as you are engaged in the solemn compact of the nuptial sacrament; and that the duty which you owe me is the greater, since, as is manifest to all the world, I have ever loved you with a boundless affection.

"None can avail me but yourself, who, as you are the only subject of my sorrow, have sole and undivided power to console me. You alone it is that have power either to sadden, to rejoice, or to comfort me. You alone, too, it is that fully owe me this; the more fully, as every thing which you required I so amply performed; and that, unable to offend you in any thing, I consented, at your command, to sacrifice myself. Nay, more, and wonderful to tell—such was the very madness of my love, that what alone it relished, that did it cast away without hope of recovery, when, at your desire, I changed both mind and habit, that so I might show you to be sole possessor of my person and my heart."

How touching is her reticence! She speaks of this sacrifice because she is forced to justify her reproaches, but she speaks of it in the gentlest manner.

"And much as I have injured you," she continues, naively referring to herself as the cause of his misfortune, "yet well you know how much I am innocent."

When women upbraid, it is seldom that they use such language; it is seldom they accuse themselves and extenuate their lovers. But Heloise, though forbearing, has one galling thought, which would have made the letter of any other woman acrid, vehement, and resentful. She who has done so much for him, suspects at last that his love for her was never better than mere animal desire.

"Tell me," she exclaims, "tell me, if you can, wherefore, since my

seclusion from the world, a seclusion which you required of me, you have so neglected and forgotten me, as to have denied me the happiness of your presence and conversation, no less than the consolation of your letters, being absent. Tell me, then, if you are able : otherwise I must tell you what I think, and what all the world suspects—it was concupiscence rather than friendship, the desire of pleasure rather than love, which attached you to me. From the moment that you ceased to desire, all your demonstrations of affection suddenly disappeared.

"This, my dearest one, is not so much a conjecture of mine as that of every one else; the opinion is public, not private. Would to God that I alone held this opinion, and that your love could find some one to make its apology, whereby my grief might be assuaged ! Would to God that I could imagine occasions for your neglect, to excuse you and convince myself."

We know of few things more pathetic than this. The horrible nature of the suspicion which forces itself upon her, and which is unfortunately justified by the general opinion, produces not the mere agony of a woman finding her lover unworthy and herself his dupe; to her it was a suspicion which, if true, struck at the very root of her existence, which made her life worthless, her heroic sacrifices useless or worse. In the conviction of his love she had found strength to bear any thing; and now was this conviction baseless? She begs him to deceive her; entreats him to forge any lying excuses, in order that she may once more believe. This is not said in words, but her anguish at the suspicion, and her wish to be deceived, plainly suggest to Abelard the course he ought to take. The close of her letter we must give:—

"Consider, I beseech you, what it is that I ask ; you will see that it is little, and most easy for you to give. While I am deprived of your presence, do, at least, by the offering of words, which you so abundantly possess, afford me the sweetness of your aspect. Vainly may I expect you to be liberal in deeds, if I find you a niggard of your words. So much, too, as I had believed myself to have merited from you, by complying with every thing for your sake, and devoting myself so constantly to all your wishes ! It was no religious devotion that impelled my tender youth to embrace the austerity of a monastic life, but simply your command. If, then, I have hereby merited nothing from yourself, think but how vain has been my labour; since no reward on this account can I expect from God, for love of whom, it is plain, I have hitherto done nothing.

"When, indeed, you hastened to devote yourself to God, I followed you in the religious habit, or rather went before you. For, as if remembering Lot's wife, who turned to look behind her, you bound me to God by the sacred vesture and the monastic profession, before you bound yourself. In that one thing, I own, I deeply grieved and blushed to find your confidence in me shaken. I, Heaven knows,

would, at your desire, have followed or preceded you, unhesitating, even to the realms of Vulcan. My heart dwelt not with me, but with yourself. And now, above all, if it be not with you, it is nowhere; for without you there is no existence for it. But then, I beseech, let it find itself happy with you; and happy it will be, if you do but indulge it by returning kindness for kindness, small things for great ones, words for deeds. Would that your love, my dear, felt itself less assured in my regard, that so it might show the more solicitude. But now, alas! the more secure I have made you, the more neglectful do I find you! Remember, I entreat you, all that I have done, and consider what you owe me in return.

"While I partook with you in sensual enjoyment, it was doubtful to many whether I was impelled by affection, or merely by desire; but now, the end shows plainly in what spirit I began—since I forbade myself all pleasures in obedience to your will, reserving only the satisfaction of so becoming more entirely yours. Then think what must be the injustice, if, the greater my desert, the less be your requital—or rather none at all—especially when so little is demanded of you, and that little you can give so very easily.

"By that God, then, to whom you have devoted yourself, I implore you to restore to me your presence in such wise as you can—that is, by writing me back something consolatory;—if only on this consideration, that; so refreshed, I may apply more cheerfully to my religious duties. In that time, long past, when you used to solicit me to worldly pleasure, how frequent were your letters! How many the songs whereby you made the name of your Heloise familiar to every voice, and re-echoed in every street, in every house! And with how much greater propriety might you now call me to God, than you then incited me to pleasure! Once more, I beseech you, consider what you owe me—attend to my request,—and so, briefly to end this long epistle—Farewell, dearest."

To this letter Abelard replied in a style worthy of him: cold, heartless, pedantic, and egotistic. He excuses his silence on the ground that he had complete confidence in her; he could not think she was in need of consolation or advice—she whom the divine grace had so abundantly assisted. Having devoted three paragraphs to this point, he then, with his usual overweening egotism, passes on to himself and paints his deplorable situation. He supplicates the abbess and her nuns to pray for him, and sends them, to that effect, a special form of prayer. He also requests that when he dies they will see that his body be removed to their cemetery. As if she needed such an instruction!

This called forth her second letter, wherein the passion rises to the 'height of its high argument.' The idea of his death, which he has so complacently presented to her, calls back all her former tenderness. Sobs break the torrent of her eloquence, only to render it more piercing.

"Spare us, I conjure you, spare us—above all spare me who am so utterly yours—from those cruel words which pierce our souls like the swords of death! Spare me those anticipations of death more terrible than death itself! . . . If I lose you, what hope will remain to me? Wherefore should I continue in this pilgrimage of life, wherein I have no other consolation than you, wherein I have no other happiness than that of knowing you to be alive, since all earthly joys are denied me, since I am not even permitted to see you, which would at least remind me of my former existence.

"Oh! if I dare to say it—God has in every way been cruel unto me! O inclement clemency! O terrible Fortune! against me alone are all its arrows exhausted . . .

"O most unfortunate of unfortunates! O most wretched of unhappy ones! Exalted by you above all women, did I not obtain that eminence only to suffer the more from the terrible fall which crushed us both? Amongst so many great and noble women, who has ever equalled my happiness? Who has ever fallen into so deep an abyss of grief? Ah! when I think of what I have lost, the grief I feel at such irreparable losses is increased by the love I had for all that has been taken from me; and the bitterness of profound sorrow has succeeded to the intoxications of a supreme voluptuousness."

She then upbraids herself for the miseries she has caused him, and exclaims, 'Must, then, women always be the curse of great men!' proceeds to quote Scripture against herself and her sex.

"If I must confess the weakness of my miserable soul," she continues, "I am not penitent enough to appease God, whom I always accuse of being very cruel towards you. I offend God by my indignation against his Providence more than I satisfy him by my penitence: for is that a penitence for sins, when, whatever the corporeal infliction, the mind still preserves the wish to sin, and burns with the same desires as before? . . .

"As to me, those delights of love which we have known will not be banished from my thoughts. Whichever way I turn they present themselves before me, and their illusions do not spare me even in sleep. During the ceremonies of Mass, where prayers should be most pure, the remembrance of those pleasures so captivates my miserable heart that I am more occupied with their turpitudes than with prayer. At the time when I ought to shudder over the sins which I have committed, I rather sigh after those which I can no more commit."

Of the many remarkable points in this confession, none strikes us more forcibly than the frankness with which an abbess, high in the esteem of the Church for her piety and devotion, declares, what thousands feel, but dare not admit, even to themselves. The wise, mild abbess, whom bishops 'loved as a daughter,' knows herself to be deficient in the virtues attributed to her, and confesses without remorse that remorse is unknown to her. Another point

to be noted is the passionate nature of the woman. As we said before, she was no mystic. The convent to her was a tomb, into which she voluntarily entered, while her heart was beating with all the riotous pulses of abounding life. And so much the greater must we esteem her sacrifice, when we see that not even the honours and the ambitions which usually replace in an abbess the passions of the world, had any power over her. Love had undivided empire over her loving heart. In the stillness of the convent love was ever present to her; along its dusky aisles she paced, recalling the scenes of the past; in the monotony of prayer the one never-tiring image was before her. We cannot, as we think of her, help recalling the sweet fragment of Sappho, which Heloise, had she known it, would certainly have quoted:

Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελανα
καὶ Πηλιάδες, μέσαι δὲ
Νύκτες παρὰ δ' ἔρχεθ' ὥρα.
'Εγὼ δὲ μόνα καθεύδω.

"They proclaim me chaste," exclaims Heloise, "who do not know me to be a hypocrite. They confound purity of the body with virtue, although virtue resides in the soul, not in the body. In the presence of men I receive praises; but before God I merit none. I pass for a religious woman in these days when the greater part of religion is hypocrisy—when the greatest praises are bestowed on him who does not offend public opinion. . . . But God knows that, in all states of life, I have feared less to offend Him than to offend you, and desired more to please you than Him. Your command, and no divine vocation, made me take the veil. Behold, then, what a miserable life I lead—I who have made such fruitless sacrifices, and yet dare not hope for recompence in heaven! For a long time my dissimulation deceived you, as it deceived others, since hypocrisy seemed to you to be religion, and since recommending yourself to my prayers you desire of me that which I await from you."

This extraordinary charge of hypocrisy would be made by no one but herself; and yet, as she meant it, it was true: her heart was not fixed on God, but on Abelard; and in performing the religious functions she was merely going through certain formulas which to her, at least, had not their full significance. And she who wrote this was an abbess. History has no parallel to this woman's unconquerable love and grand sincerity. So little does it enter her head to play a part—even that part which fate and general esteem had assigned to her—that when her piety is lauded, she confesses that her devotion is not to God, but to Abelard. And this extraordinary confession comes from her spontaneously; it is the cry of a wounded heart, reproachfully telling Abelard how he has mistaken her; it is no artifice to ex-

cite his admiration—to awaken his gratitude, or to arouse his remorse; it is the simple utterance of the truth. She will not consent to figure imposingly in his eyes; she will not consent that he should esteem her for qualities which she has not. All her claims upon him are the claims of exalted affection and boundless submission to his will.

To this letter Abelard replied by a sermon. In her avowals he persists in seeing a laudable humility; in fact, judging of her by himself, he believes her passionate self-reproaches to be nothing but the rhetoric of acting, that she abases herself in order to be exalted. Having made this coarse mistake he proceeds with a coarser pedantry to warn her lest, in seeming to avoid praise, she should in reality be seeking it, thus imitating the Galatea of Virgil.

“Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.”

He recalls to her the memory of their love; and he does so, not to revel with her in that remembrance, but to lecture her as a confessor, and to convince her that God had been just to them. ‘Remember,’ he says, ‘that we lived plunged in voluptuous obscenities; that even during Passion week my criminal desires knew no restraint, and I dared to vanquish your scruples and overcome your refusal, by inflicting blows,’ a passage which lets us tolerably well into the secret of his conduct towards her. But for these sins he is now penitent—O most penitent! He has been justly punished; and bids her think so too: for in Fulbert’s vengeance he sees only divine clemency. The whole tone of his letter is revolting, but there is something to us peculiarly unpleasant in the hypocritical manner in which he bids her think of Christ as her only husband. She had told him that to him and not to God her heart was given. He replies, ‘Christ is thy husband—the husband of the whole Church; keep him steadfastly before thy eyes, carry him in thy heart. . . . He loved thee truly, I did not. My love, which plunged us both in sin, was concupiscence, it was not love. I satisfied in thee my miserable desires, and that was all the love I bore thee.’ Is not this brutal? The horrible truth which she tremblingly suspects, and ventures with anguish and horror to suggest to him, he plainly, crudely avows. The sharp pang it will inflict on her does not deter him. He told her in his previous letter not to molest him any more with her love complaints (*et ne obsistas mihi*); he tells her now that the Church alone demands her love; he never had any thing beyond desire for her. He proceeds to offer thanks to Heaven that, by a cruel outrage, all ardour had been cooled in him; whereas to her youth is reserved the greater sufferings of the heart through the continual suggestions and torments of the flesh—sufferings which

will procure for her the martyr's crown. He concludes with a prayer for his and her salvation: one of the most tender of all his compositions.

"The operation of this authoritative and most unsentimental communication upon the feelings of Heloise," it has been well said, "must have been severe but salutary. The hopes which she had not ceased to cherish, that she might yet experience from the man for whom she had immolated herself, some return of tender, soothing, and sustaining affection, were now finally dispelled: suspense at least was over: she clearly saw to what she was reduced, and, as was her wont, she took her part firmly—the part worthy of a soul like hers. That she had been mistaken, was a fact now *forced* upon her conviction. But what then? What remained for her who had not only believed in the idol, but had devoted herself to it in threefold sacrifice? What but to worship still—not indeed in the blind integrity of former faith—not bowing to the real object as perfect in itself—but to the *image* of perfection which she herself had made."^{*}

Heloise's third letter—the last we have of hers—is in a very different tone from that of the two first; but, perhaps, all things considered, it is not less affecting. She has been forbidden the only consolation she could receive; she has been told not to write to her husband of her love; she has been commanded to forget her love. *That* is not in her power; but silence is: and she will be silent. 'That you may not have to charge me,' she writes, 'with disobedience in any thing, my excessive sorrow refrains, at your commands, from expressing itself in words: I will at least abstain in writing from those things which, in speaking, it is impossible to avoid. . . . I will then withhold my hand from writing what I cannot restrain my tongue from uttering. Would to God that my heart were as prompt to obey me as this hand is!' Then concealing the woman beneath the abbess, she writes to him solely of monastic matters. Henceforward she lived in silence; she sacrificed all her life to the demands of Heaven and her husband. 'But inconsolable and indomitable,' says M. de Remusat, 'she obeyed but did not submit; she accepted all her duties without laying much stress upon them, and her soul never loved its own virtues.' This last sacrifice was, perhaps, the most painful of all. When for him whom she loved before all the world she quitted the world, her sacrifice was not without its motives to courage. It was for *him* she did it, and was content to do it. But now this renunciation of the delight of writing to him, of recalling to him the deeply-regretted past, and of pouring forth the burning expressions of her unalterable love, was a sacrifice without an object—or with only his selfish pedantry as an excuse.

^{*} 'London and Westminster Review,' p. 199.

It is very conceivable that Abelard should not have approved of her letters. In the first place he was an abbot, and as such he was, as it were, forced to assume the sanctity of one who had abjured the world. 'The beliefs and habits of the sacred office,' says M. de Remusat, 'have this advantage, that they impel and authorise men to assume an attitude already previously established, both with respect to themselves and to others; to give them sentiments and language which are both factitious and yet sincere; to give them, in short, a part which they may enact in perfect tranquillity of conscience.' Now it was not at all in conformity with such a part that an abbess should be writing love letters to him; and this impropriety was to him the more glaring, because he felt within him no carnal suggestions darkening his religious meditations. He had never loved her; and now he had every unobstructed motive to turn both her and himself from the contemplation of their past delights, which he regarded as sins.

The letters of Abelard and Heloise form a unique monument in literature. They have seen strange vicissitudes. The passions they express are eternal; the expression of those passions has varied with the tastes of various epochs. Jean de Meung, the author of '*Le Roman de la Rose*,' translated them into his French, the naïve French of the thirteenth century; and Bussy Rabutin translated them into the gallantries of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*. Italy, Spain, Germany, and England, have all their versions, which endeavour to express the passion of the original in modern language. But nothing can ever equal the original. There, love and grief, borrowing the language of an erudition more copious than discerning, and of a philosophy more quibbling than profound, express themselves in the reality of the twelfth century. That reality to us looks like an affectation; it would be an affectation now. But beneath this pedantry there beats a true and simple heart; and the heart is always eloquent. 'If taste has not adorned the temple,' says M. Remusat, 'the fire which burns upon the altar is divine. More fortunate than thought, passion can more easily dispense with the graces of form; and whatever may be the garment with which an unskilled hand may cover it, yet is it always to be known by its movements, as the Goddess of Virgil was known by her walk: *incessu patuit dea*.'

To resume our narrative: the few succeeding years were, perhaps, the calmest of Abelard's life; and it is to this period that must be referred the composition of almost all his works. While he was thus endeavouring in works to consolidate his fame, Heloise was daily rising more and more into the notice of the Church, of which she was considered a luminary. Her learning

and intelligence were such that all France was proud of her; and felt for her an interest '*qui ressemblait à l'engouement.*' The chiefs of the Christian Church treated with her on a footing of equality. And she, poor thing, would have gladly given her veil, her cross, her fame, and her dignities, once more to have heard some youthful student singing under her window that she was the mistress of *maitre Pierre*! That was the glory she coveted: to be *his* mistress was greater than to be mistress of the world.

This was divined by the English poet, Walter de Mapes, whose 'Jovial Priest's Confession' has been so felicitously translated by Leigh Hunt. Walter perceived that the heart of a woman still beat beneath the robe of the abbess. 'The bride,' he says, 'seeks her beloved Palatinus, whose whole spirit was divine; she wonders why he keeps aloof from her like a stranger, he whom she had warmed in her arms and on her bosom.'

"Nupta querit ubi sit suus Palatinus
Cujus totus extitit spiritus divinus,
Querit cur se substrahat quasi peregrinus
Quem ad sua ubera foverat et sinus."

M. de Remusat would conclude from the foregoing, that Nupta was one designation of Heloise. The term seems to us peculiarly happy. Walter de Mapes, though speaking of an abbess, regards her solely as a woman, as a bride yearning for her husband; and there is a great significance in this choice of the word.

The thread of the narrative is here broken; we know nothing of Abelard or Heloise for some years. But we find him afterwards re-opening his school in Paris, and almost reviving the enthusiasm of former days. He did not continue long, however, as a teacher. His opinions again drew upon him the persecution of the Church. Saint Bernard, in particular, was restless in his attacks; and the great miracle-worker was more powerful than the great logician. We have no space here to detail all the petty squabbles which disturbed this portion of his life. Enough, if we add, that he was once more tyrannically condemned to silence and his opinions stigmatised as heresies. So they were. His defenders, in their sympathy with that protest which he made in favour of human reason, forget that this very protest *was* a heresy. Religion, in those days, was excluded from all examination; and Abelard, in attempting to explain the Trinity, was looked upon as a charlatan by those who did not regard him as a heretic. Explain that which is inexplicable! solve problems which are too high for human reason! Why then you who attempt this are greater than man? Such was the substance of the attacks his temerity called forth. Abelard's attempt to bring Reason

into Religion, may be said to be among the first indications of Luther. Luther succeeded in so doing; that was *his* heresy.

On the other hand, they wrong Abelard who fancy he was not sincere in his faith. His whole works amply testify to this sincerity. His letter to Heloise, in which he endeavours to assure her that, in spite of his condemnation, he has never swerved from the path of Christianity, is very touching.

"My sister Heloise, once dear to me in the world, now most dear to me in Christ, it is my logical science that has prejudiced me in men's opinion. For those wicked perverters, who are wise unto others' perdition, declare, that in logic I am excellent, but that in the doctrine of Paul I am grievously deficient. They extol the acuteness of my intellect, but deny the purity of my Christian faith. Herein, methinks, they are led rather by surmise than by sagacious experience. I seek not to be a philosopher to the spurning at Paul, nor an Aristotle to the rejection of Christ, since, through no other name under Heaven can I look for salvation."

After his condemnation he retired to Cluni, where Pierre the Venerable received him as a brother. In this monastery he spent the remaining greater part of his days; calm, at peace with the world and with himself, nourishing his intelligence by study, but no longer endeavouring to occupy the world's attention. Indeed, he who had hitherto been goaded by the insatiable desire of notoriety, who had loved the noise and scandal of popularity, was now an example of austere humility. He clothed himself in the coarsest garments; took no heed of his person; silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, he shunned the regards of men, and seemed as anxious to efface himself from their memories, as he had formerly been to engrave himself there. Rigid in all his religious duties, he devoted the rest of his time to study and prayer. 'Calm he had found,' as has been beautifully said, 'but it was the calm of latest evening, upon which was fast stealing the darkness of the grave.' He was fast sinking, when his friend the Abbot of Cluni urged on him the necessity of change of air. He was removed to the Priory of St. Marcel, on the river Saone, near Châlons. There he continued his life of laborious study, in spite of his weak health; and this he continued till his illness took an alarming aspect, and he expired in his sixty-third year, on the 21st of April, 1142.

Abelard, as we previously saw, was anxious that his body should be deposited in Paraclete. But he belonged at the time of his death to the Monastery of Cluni; and the monks gloried too much in the possession of his remains to be prevailed upon to give them up. Pierre the Venerable, however, like a true gentleman, felt that the body belonged by right to Heloise; and

he resolved that she should have it. 'On a dark November night, full six months after the brethren of St. Marcellus had interred his remains within the walls of their priory, and while they were preparing to erect a monument over his grave, the Abbot Peter, with some confidential assistants, raised the corpse from its resting-place, deposited it in a carriage which he had in readiness, and immediately set out with it for the Paraclete.'

Heloise survived him one-and-twenty years, continuing to be the object of universal veneration. Her contemporaries ranked her above all women, and posterity has ratified what the enthusiasm of contemporaries proclaimed.

She was indeed a great, heroic woman; one of those creatures formed out of the finest clay of humanity; with every thing that can render a human being loveable or great. Her intellect was the least part of her, yet that was sufficiently great to have raised her to a distinguished rank amongst her contemporaries. It was an eager inquiring mind; wise and capacious, rather than creative. But her character was of greatness 'all compact.' She had not only *endurance*—that is a feminine virtue—she had courage of the highest sort, she had firm and steady *will*. She bore up against sorrow with a noble activity; the weight that was on her heart did not interfere with the performance of all her duties. Not moaning over irreparable woes did she pass her time; but in active duty, in beneficent endeavour; cheering the downcast, comforting the sad, instructing the ignorant. That one supreme virtue—self-abnegation—she possessed in a degree few have ever equalled. Selfishness—man's original sin—with which is connected every baseness that degrades our nature—selfishness (as distinguished from self-love) had no place in her soul; her interests and her pleasures were forgotten when the wishes of her lover were concerned; and life was an easy sacrifice to her, because she thought so little of self. There is, however, something inexpressibly sad in contemplating the utter waste of such a life. To think that so much self-abnegation, the rarest of all qualities, should have been wasted on an Abelard, who was not only unworthy of it, but absolutely unable to appreciate it. To think of one so framed for enjoyment, so eager to enjoy, having bestowed her heart on a man who seduced her in cold blood, and who never thought of her otherwise than as a toy; to think of that fine intellect, and still finer heart, shut up in a cloister at an age when life to most is but just opening; and this, purely to gratify the diabolical selfishness of one who never loved her; to think of that brave nature, with its readiness to endure, its courage to forbear, and its power of self-sacrifice, taken from the wide sphere of the world, wherein its energies might have found scope, and

placed in a convent, there to perform a set routine of duties, neglected, forgotten by him for whom she entered there; who when he does consent to notice her, writing to her in the coldest, cruelest strain, and forbidding the indulgence of her sole delight, the utterance of her love for him; when we think of all this, we find it impossible to join Mr. Fletcher in wishing that as Heloise forgave Abelard, 'for *her* sake, at least, let the hand of censure press lightly on his memory.' We are so much in love with her, that, for her sake, we would do almost any violence to our feelings in this respect, but it is impossible for us to think of her without augmenting the scorn we feel for him. A character such as his, if rightly estimated, must be fruitful in lessons; but we see no gain that can accrue from allowing our feelings for Heloise to interfere with our estimate of him. His life was sad; but it extorts from us little pity. It was a life of weakness and selfishness, of insolence and cowardice; if he sometimes paid the penalty of weakness—if his end was a sad humiliation after the brilliancy of his beginning—we can but note the fact: it stirs us to no pity, because his errors were not the errors of a generous soul. In the words of M. de Remusat, we would say, '*Que sa triste vie cependant ne nous le fasse pas trop plaindre: il vécut dans l'angoisse et mourut dans l'humiliation, mais il eut de la gloire et il fut aimé !*'

ART. II.—*Ilda von Schoenholm—Der Rechte—Ulrich—Sigismund Forster—Cecil—Gräfin Faustine*, 1842—*Zwei Frauen* (Two Wives). 1845. Berlin: Duncker.

If we estimate the importance of any branch of literature by the extent of its operation on national taste and feeling, we can hardly fail at the present day to yield a high place to the novel. It is become a sovereign *de facto*, whether also *de jure* is a question we may put aside for the present, or order to be read this day three months. As records of manners and opinions, as affording truer insight into the character and condition of a people than graver and more formal histories, the claims of novels have long been admitted, but we are not sure that their influence in producing what they record, has always been estimated at its true value.

Of a very large class of our fellow-subjects also the novel forms the principal, if not the sole literary aliment, and its quality becomes, therefore, in many points of view, a matter of far more serious consideration than the properties of books which circulate only amongst the reflective and highly-educated, and which are in a

great measure neutralised by other influences. Often enough, too, volumes of more pretension remain harmlessly locked up in libraries, whilst the novel writer sows far and wide in the popular mind healthful grain or poisonous weeds, and each brings forth its fruit in due season.

The character of fictitious writing has of late years undergone remarkable changes. Time was when love, or what passed for such, was found to be a sufficient motive power to keep the personages of a novel dancing through three volumes, and to create by the way a due proportion of difficulties and entanglements:

“ John loves Susan passing well,
And Susan she loves Harry,
And Harry sighs for Bonny Bell,
And so their loves miscarry.”

But we have grown tired of this insipid fare, and those who cater for us, regardless, it is to be feared, rather of appetite than health, have lately found an easy method of affording us variety, by alternating the sweet love passages with fierce contrasts of crime and horror, after the fashion of those sausages, delectable to the taste of our Teutonic neighbours, which are compounded—start not, dear reader—of blood and plums!

A few years ago we tried what could be done by means of upholstery; and blue satin sofas and silver ‘lavatory apparatus’ were precious in our eyes. But somehow these also have declined in reputation; ‘all that’s bright must fade,’ and the writers of the silver-fork school, like other dogs, have had their day. It was discovered that the novel afforded the means of reaching the ear, if not the heart of multitudes of readers, and it was, therefore, eagerly seized on, as a convenient engine for the dissemination of religious opinions, party politics, and theories of government, and for the discussion of various questions, moral or economical, to which, unless it could be thus tricked into it, our worthy public, it was thought, could not easily be induced to ‘walk up.’

The many social evils, too, which form the wrong, entangled side of the gorgeous web of life in great cities, the foul dregs and sediment hidden beneath its glittering surface, were found excellent as materials for the novelist. Both parties found their account in it; for the reader, it appeared a short easy road to the knowledge of life, affording him glimpses of many scenes and conditions, which he could not, or not without much inconvenience, behold with his bodily eyes, and to the writer it not only saved much trouble of invention, but enabled him to set up as a moral reformer on a small capital. Do not let us be misunderstood. We have no doubt at all that the writers who first took

up this theme were led to it by a keen, generous, and sincere sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, and we would not insinuate that even M. Eugene Sue, or those who have followed in his footsteps, may not have been truly alive to the miseries they have taken for their theme, and desirous, from higher motives, of laying them open to the public eye; but we cannot avoid seeing in this class of productions of late, many indications that for those seeking for fame, sympathy with the poor is now considered as a profitable investment, and it may, therefore, be well to guard against any tendency to speculate somewhat too largely in it. We would willingly indulge the hope that, as the recognition of a disease is one necessary step towards its cure, it is possible that, by throwing open to the general gaze, secrets hitherto known only to the sufferers themselves, or to the benevolent who sought them out, one step may have been made towards the amelioration of their condition; but it must not be forgotten, that the novelist who before all else desires an effect, is a very dangerous and equivocal guide upon subjects demanding, more than any other, a sober and earnest investigation. He can scarcely do more than suggest an inquiry.

The novel writers of Germany, whether from the absence of national life, or from any other cause, have never risen to any thing like either the social or literary level of those of England or France. Magnificently productive as her literature has been in many of the highest departments of thought, this vein has remained so poor as to be comparatively scarcely worth the working. Even writers of an undoubted genius, like Jean Paul Richter, could make little of it, and such excellences as are to be found in their novels, are usually of a character which do not properly belong to the novel at all. He, and others of the older school, have been moralists, philosophers, poets, but still indifferent novel writers. With the productions of 'Young Germany' in this department, we do not profess to be very well acquainted, but one fact is sufficiently significant, that though their name is legion, the German novel reading public still looks to London or Paris for the great bulk of its daily food, and such of these goods as are not really imported, are mostly got up in imitation of the foreign article. The 'Mysteries of Paris' have produced 'Mysteries of Vienna,' 'Mysteries of Berlin,' 'Mysteries of Hamburg,' 'Mysteries of Altenburg,' &c., &c., in which the stirring scenes of the great original are brilliantly reflected, and people steal, and smuggle, and coin, and murder, and break the seventh commandment to one's heart's content; but after all it may be doubted whether this branch of industry will ever properly thrive on the German soil. It is a plant which requires a hot bed of ranker luxuriance, to attain its full growth.

The novels of Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, belong to a different class. She dwells habitually in the Olympus of the fashionable world, and far from hoisting the people's colours, is not without a certain aristocratic disdain of the hewers of wood, and drawers of water. Her personages are almost all wearers of purple and fine linen, and at most she seldom stoops lower than to an artist, and artists, it is known, as contributing to the pleasures of the great, have been, from time immemorial, regarded as privileged persons. In tone and treatment her productions bear strongly the impress of the spirit of the day and the hour, but their subject matter resembles more those of the past generation, being still mainly conversant with delicate distresses and 'affairs of the heart.'

The countess's *début* in the literary world was made, as our readers are probably aware, with a volume of poems, the expression, it was thought, of genuine personal suffering, and to which a mysterious dedication, and a piquant motto, helped to attract attention. We would not assert that at all times, and in all cases, the public ear is an unfit recipient of a private sorrow. Under certain restrictions, and where such a safety valve is needed, and if, like 'the artist in hair' who attended on King Midas, we must speak, it may chance that the public may be a more eligible confidant than any private one. Still there is something in these regular books of lamentations, in the processes that we know they have passed through in the revision which a writer of merely average conscience has probably bestowed on what he has written, before sending it to press, correcting proofs perhaps, and agreeing for payment at so much per sheet,—there is something in all this that it is difficult to think of, in connexion with the utterances of a very genuine, and especially, as in this instance it appeared, of a very recent sorrow, around which not so much as a decent veil of fiction is thrown. Truer, and, to us, more touching is the occasional tone of wail, that may be caught through the merry music of many a vivacious writer, like that minor third, or flat seventh, which Moore describes as giving a plaintive character to the sprightliest melodies of his country.

Be this as it may, the book of lamentations was successful; the sufferer found there was balm in Gilead, and the next year published another volume, and possibly this time a little 'for wantonness;' but the complaints of one wandering, Childe Harold-like, through the world, to escape from sorrowful remembrances, were at all events melodiously uttered, and a sympathetic public found its interest increased by the inscription on the title page of a name known in the world of fashion.

A novel followed, in which, under the name of 'Ilda von

Schœnholm,' it was supposed another series of variations was performed on the personality of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, a theme not inexhaustible perhaps, but which might yet be listened to for a time without weariness, especially when performed with ease, grace, and occasional brilliancy. Whether Madame Hahn-Hahn's readers were mistaken in supposing that she had bestowed on them, in the form of a novel, many of her individual experiences, we know not, and have no wish to inquire. In all such cases we would respect the incognito like that of a travelling prince, and we do not see any thing so life-like in most of her persons, as to warrant the idea that they must be original portraits.

A widow, 'bewitched' or not, as the case may be, but young, beautiful, an enthusiast for the arts, and, as a matter of course, 'incomprise' a lover,—a 'fine, fallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,' an artist with a burning soul, enamoured of all that is beautiful, himself not excepted; these may all be met with in the nearest circulating library. They are not so much characters as pale ghosts that have wandered ever since the days of *Corinna*. Our readers would scarcely thank us, we believe, for passing in review before them all the romances which this lady has sent forth in rapid succession, and we shall, therefore, confine our remarks to two of them, which will serve to give some idea of the character and tendencies of both the authoress and her works, premising generally that the manner is almost always pleasant and attractive in spite of the Frenchified phrases, such as 'alluren, minaudiren, calmiren,' in which a Parisian critic declares 'il y a de quoi faire prendre en haine la langue Française.'

The 'Gräfin Faustine' is not only one of the most celebrated of Madame von Hahn-Hahn's novels, but from the evidence of the book itself, as well as from repeated allusions to it in many subsequent works, is obviously an especial favourite with herself. It is little else than one of those portraits, at very full length indeed, of ladies of captivating beauty, brilliant artistical endowment, ardent soul, and susceptible temperament, which are as worn and faded as the finery hired at a masquerade warehouse; but the Countess Faustine is distinguished above all these, by being the very impersonation of sensuality and selfishness, whose endless would-be-philosophical babble, and numerous airs of aristocracy and finery, cannot prevent our seeing her to be of a nature essentially vile.

Like Ilda von Schœnholm and others, the Countess Faustine has been married in early life to a husband who could not appreciate her, and like her, too, has been so fortunate as to meet with some one else who can 'così fan tutte.' We are first introduced to her

at Dresden, where she is living in some sort of paradisiacal state (we know not whether of Paradise before the fall), with this chosen of her heart, Count Anastatius Andlau, and are naturally led to suppose that the super-refined and everlasting quality of her attachment to him, is to make up for some little irregularity in the character of the *liaison*. But lo! we find in the course of a month or two, when the chosen one is absent on indispensable business, the adorable Faustine, thinking, doubtless, that according to the good old rule in such cases, 'quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a,' dismisses the old love, and takes up with the new, with the facility of the Athenian lovers in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' on whose eyes malicious sprites have sprinkled the too potent juice. After a little hesitation as to whether it might not be possible to retain both lovers at the same time, she consents to sacrifice the old in favour of the new comer, although perfectly aware that in so doing she is 'plunging a dagger in his heart.' To gratify Count Mario also, whose star is now in the ascendant, she even yields to a whim he has in favour of marriage, and then after living with him four or five years, and bearing a son, for whom she appears to have all the maternal tenderness of an ostrich, she resolves to go on another tack, and turning devotee, enters the convent of the 'Vive Sepolte' at Rome, in search of a new sensation. And this we are to take, not for the picture of a vain, selfish, heartless egotist, but for that of a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, whose nature is only too tender and ethereal for this world!

We are willing to concede to the Countess Hahn Hahn all the licence she can demand, and to admit that works of art, which at the first glance may seem to offend against the laws of morals, will often be found on deeper examination to shock only conventional rules, and to have taken what, in nautical language, is called 'a fresh departure,' in accordance with its more comprehensive and immutable laws. But we submit that in this class no work of hers that we have yet seen has any claim to be ranked; the countess is more at home in the world of fashion than that of poetry, and her real strength lies far more in her vivid and often very amusing representations of things as they are, than in bodying forth existences visible only to the imagination. Such materials as are to be found in the drawing-room and boudoir, she has worked with much grace and spirit, and now and then we have a glimpse of nature, of real hearts beating beneath embroidered waistcoats; but the glimpses are few and far between, and separated by long intervals of tedium and frivolity. Much of this is, perhaps, inseparable from all pictures of modern life among the higher classes of society, and is only avoided by the introduction of its more tragic elements, or,

as in the novels of Mrs. Gore, by launching these frail barks on the agitated waves of political and party strife.

In 'Zwei Frauen' and some other recent productions, we see with pleasure indications of an intention on the part of the clever countess to quit the wearisome circle within which she has been so long enchanted, and to look abroad into the world as well as around in the glittering saloon. It opens with the event which usually forms the termination of a novel, but in real life generally the commencement. Two twin sisters are just married, and have come to spend the honeymoon at one of those numerous water-drinking places, everywhere, and more peculiarly in Germany, such a blessing to the do-nothing classes of society. They are both beautiful, amiable, advantageously, and happily married, but we see already the cloud as yet 'no bigger than a man's hand,' which is to darken over their future horizon. The characters of the two husbands are very skilfully contrasted, and the Count Sambach is drawn, or rather cut, with clear, sharp, trenchant strokes.

"Eustach had passed his infancy in Stockholm, and his boyhood at Ratisbon, whither his father had been sent as ambassador, to the imperial diet, and where he remained after Napoleon had dissolved both imperial diet and empire. The glittering, empty, intriguing, do-nothing, elegant life that people led there, may perhaps be remembered by contemporaries (who are, however, growing more scarce every day); and these allowed free play to the taste and the inclinations of the Countess Sambach, in the education of her son, to whom this unwholesome atmosphere was rendered still more destructive by the idolatry of his mother, and the immoderate spoiling of his father. Then came the years of Germany's degradation; and well is it for those who passed them in the nursery—well for those whose recollections will not carry them back into that abyss of disgrace. To lose a few battles is nothing, to bend under the iron yoke of necessity, is still no shame; but to sink into the morass of moral cowardice—to allow the iron to enter one's soul—for German men to stand in hostile array opposite to German men, beneath the banner of a foreign foe—for German women to be drawn to the enemy by ties of love—this is, indeed, disgrace. When I think of it, it seems to me that I imbibed, at that time, drops of poison into my then innocent heart, which no satisfaction, no victory, no revenge, could ever take away. Whoever was then in the susceptible and thoughtful period of youth, will have retained the impression of a discord that will sound through his whole life, and which no clang of trumpets, nor jubilee shouts, will ever drown—whoever was thrown, young and thoughtless, into the midst of the tumultuous confusion of that intoxicating period, will scarcely have escaped without some distortions. The first step which Eustach made in life, was to run away with a Frenchwoman, who had found her way, Heaven knows

how, to Ratisbon. This was his *débüt* as an independent man. As a matter of course, the lady was not so much seduced as seducer in the business, and her principal inducement was, that she wanted to go to Frankfurt, and had not money to take her there. After a few weeks, Eustach returned home again to his parents, more vexed than repentant, more angry than dejected, and regularly '*cleaned out.*' His papa and mama were not in a very good humour; but he was in a still worse, and as the countess could not long endure the displeasure of this worshipped son, she soon endeavoured to console and amuse him with other matters; the count thought, as the thing was done, why there was an end of it. The edifying conclusion which Eustach drew from the whole affair was, that he wouldn't easily allow any one to take him in again.

"Eustach became attached to the Austrian embassy in Paris, and went there with a view of becoming practically acquainted with diplomacy. As to the theory, he had a horror of it, as well as of all kinds of trouble, or learning to be gained by serious study, which he regarded as lumber that no one but a German pedant would burden himself with. He had learned nothing but foreign languages, and these he had picked up in conversation or by light reading, easily enough, for he had heard Swedish, French, and German gossipped round his cradle. He had never, indeed, thought deeply or seriously in any language, and had, consequently, never penetrated to its spirit, or made it the organ of his inward life; so that he had no preference for one over another, but rattled away with the most brilliant fluency in French like a Parisian, in Italian like Roman—nay, even in very elegant Polish, so that he was often taken by foreigners for a countryman, and joyfully saluted as such, whilst in reality, neither in language, nor mind, nor heart, had he sympathy with any thing or any body.

"He had been present at the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess, and at all the splendid fêtes which followed that event, and the birth of the King of Rome—a splendour which had no other basis than the will of an individual, who had made his genius or his fortune the law for mankind. There was something dazzling in such an existence; but suddenly appeared the darker side of the picture; Achilles was wounded in the heel, and died of the wound. Napoleon never recovered from the terrible checkmate which he experienced in Russia. He could do much still, but he never again believed in the star of Austerlitz.

"Eustach returned to Germany, and took part in the War of Liberation, not from patriotism, nor even from the desire of fame, but for the sake of a change, and to relieve the ennui and satiety of his effeminate life. As soon as the war was over, he threw himself, with a renewed capacity for enjoyment, into the pleasures of Paris and Vienna during the congress. By degrees the agitated waves of public excitement began to subside, and to return into their accustomed channels; he found it necessary to consider in what direction he should steer his small bark, and he chose a military career, not because he had any real liking for it

but because he had a relation who was general-in-chief in Lombardy, and who had offered to make him his adjutant. What principally determined him to this step, however, was that Italy still offered some novelty for him, and he was tired of Paris. In Milan and Venice he found what he sought, namely, intrigues both of love and politics, for there was something in the subterraneous ways of Carbonarism, that piqued his curiosity and amused him. Then came the war with Naples, and the congress of Verona, but the count began by this time to see, in spite of himself, that he was still nobody, and though his vanity was wounded by the consciousness of his insignificance, his ambition had not nerve enough to overcome it. He persuaded himself, however, that he had failed to make a figure only because his character could not brook the restraints of office, and as his father died about this time, he retired from the army, in order to reside for a time upon his estates in Glatz, bring his affairs into order, and ascertain, before all things, the amount of his fortune. His father had lived '*en grand seigneur*,' in the most profound ignorance of business; Eustach himself, as well as his deceased mother, had contracted heavy debts, and as pecuniary embarrassment would have been an annoyance to him, he really exerted himself to clear away all entanglements, and found that after all settlements were made, he was still an opulent man. He had now for twenty years drank deep of the cup of worldly pleasure; it had lost its attractions for him, and there appeared something inviting in the tranquillity of his beautiful country seat. He thought he would marry, and lead the life of a patriarch, and to this end repaired to Berlin, where he met with Cornelia, just the young, innocent, child-like girl who was sure to take his fancy. She was so handsome, too, that he actually fell in love with her to a certain extent, and resolved to intrust her with the charge of his matrimonial happiness. This consisted, in his opinion, in having children to inherit his estates, and in the most boundless freedom and dominion on his side, the most unconditional fidelity and submission on hers."

An admirable contrast to the exquisite count is presented by the well-meaning, straightforward, but withal rather thick-headed Baron von Elsleben, the husband of Cornelia's twin-sister.

"In less than a year the husband of Aurora had sunk into a mere sportsman and country squire, who troubled himself about little else than sheep and cows, the price of corn and wool, and the sports of the field and the turf, and whose highest ambition was that a horse of his own rearing should win a cup at the Berlin races.

"At first, in order to please her beloved Frederick, Aurora tried hard to get up an enthusiasm for the dairy and the poultry-yard, but as she had no other motive than the hope of making herself agreeable to him, she occupied herself no further with them than she thought necessary for this purpose, and as this was really some little sacrifice to her, she could not help expecting some similar ones on the side of her husband. He, for his part, however, had not the slightest notion either of the sacrifice or the expectations."

The young wife is offended at his calling her 'Pussy-cat,' and forgetting when he had promised to take a walk with her, as well for his total want of sympathy in all matters of literary or intellectual interest, and she pines for conversation on other subjects than those of seed time and harvest, sporting adventures, and the business of the turf. For the baron it is, however, a sheer impossibility to rise a hair's breadth above the every day occupation of his quiet, comfortable life, and his literary cravings are completely satisfied by his Berlin newspaper and the 'Stud-book.' He does not want for natural understanding, and does, therefore, really sometimes, "as the saying is, hit the right nail on the head," so that Aurora thinks it her duty to endeavour to come to the assistance of his yet undeveloped powers, and sets herself with great zeal to the task of inspiring him with a taste for the '*belles lettres*.'

"As he was tolerably well acquainted with the English language, she proposed that they should read together one of Cooper's novels, which were just then very much in fashion.

"'Very good,' said Elsleben, 'let's see what kind of stuff these American fellows write.'

"'Dear Frederick,' said Aurora, in a supplicating tone, and laid before him the 'Last of the Mohicans,' 'don't be so prejudiced.'

"'I'm not a bit prejudiced, my dear,' he replied, 'but if these novels were not full of nonsense, nobody would read 'em. In the real world all goes on reasonably enough, but when there's no such such things as common sense in a book, people call it poetical, which in plain German means nonsensical. But let's have it, it may make some fun for us, if it don't last too long.'

"'Dear Frederick, you'll find neither fun nor nonsense in this, but a truth confirmed by melancholy experience that the finest natural gifts of man are destroyed in the struggle with civilisation, and are no longer either desirable or useful.'

"'Oh, as to that, Pussy-cat, I'm all for civilisation, and I'm heartily glad that we have got rid of the natural gift our ancestors had of eating acorns, and doubtless many others of the same kind. We ought to rejoice, instead of grieving about all that. He must be a curious jockey this Cooper of yours.'

"'But,' urged Aurora, 'not merely savage customs, but freedom and nobleness of disposition, strength of character, energy of will—'

"'Fiddle de dee—stuff and nonsense, my Pussy, don't take it amiss of me that I say so, but depend upon it you know nothing of the matter. People are very well as they are. Every body has his faults and his merits too. One meets with nine honest fellows, and the tenth, for a change, is a rogue, and that's all as it should be. Don't let this American put this whim into your head; the world is very well as God Almighty has made it.'

"The reading began, but Elsleben was seized with such a desperate

fit of yawning, that every tenth word was unintelligible. 'I can't help it, Pussy-cat,' said he, 'when I was quite a child it was just the same. I used to yawn my head off almost, whenever they showed me the A B C. Do you read and then I shall have the benefit of your pretty accent.'

"Aurora took the book, and Frederick settled himself comfortably in the corner of the sofa, and began to think of his young mare, which was about to foal for the first time. After about a quarter of an hour, however, he jumped up saying:

" 'I must go and look after Fly, but do you read on, I shall be with you by the time you come to the story.'

" 'Dear Frederick, this is the story,' said Aurora, with no little astonishment.

" 'Oh—ah—yes—I know,' replied he, 'but there has nothing happened yet. I call it the story when something happens. Good bye, Pussy!' and away he went. She closed the book in silence, and said no more about the English reading."

Unfortunately, the intellectual organisation of Aurora is but feeble and sickly, and although keenly sensible of his deficiencies, she is unable to estimate at their due worth the good and valuable qualities possessed by her home-baked baron, his indestructible good-humour, and cheerful, healthful activity. She finds herself, therefore, with youth, health, opulence, and a husband really attached to her after his fashion, still wanting in some of the chief essentials of happiness. Even his immoderate rejoicing at the birth of a son is in some measure mortifying to her, for she cannot but remark that at no time was it in her power to awaken by her love any approach to such raptures. The duties and cares of maternity are welcomed as a means of silencing or stifling these repinings; but surrounded to appearance by all that can make life happy she cannot help sometimes thinking 'what a wearisome thing life is.'

The Count Sambach has, as might be guessed, got pretty soon tired of playing the patriarch, and thus into the stately castle of Altdorf, as well as the snug and comfortable Elsleben, the fiend ennui has crept. The first black care that finds an entrance into the former comes in the shape of a beautiful fascinating Polish *intriguante*, with whom Cornelia discovers her husband to have struck up a flirtation, apparently of the malignant sort, but which is fortunately interrupted in good time by the breaking out of the Belgian revolution, which affords the lady quite as pleasant a diversion. She vanishes suddenly on some secret political errand, and the count on his side is just as well pleased to be rid of her, having, like George IV. of happy memory, 'a heart like a sieve,'

"Where each tender affection,
Is just danced about for a moment or two,
And the finer it is the more sure to slip through."

But we find matter more attractive in the humbler *ménage*, and the educational difficulties of Aurora, concerning which we are tempted to give one more extract.

"Aurora threw herself with a sort of passion into the education of her children. The eldest was a son, now almost four years old, and as yet not exhibiting the smallest symptoms of ever becoming a great man. Mozart at two years old could find the third to the key note, and Raphael, at three, painted the prettiest figures and flowers; but the only way her little Fritz played was by thumping the keys with his double fists till the strings snapped, and the men and animals that he drew upon his slate put the inventive powers of Nature to the blush. He was, in short, any thing but a prodigy, but a stout, healthy, hearty boy, and the very image of his father. Aurora, however, had made up her mind that he should be a genius, which she had the firmest conviction Elsleben himself would have been if his education had not been neglected. Up to a certain point, a point which cannot beforehand be exactly determined, it is certain that natural capabilities may be developed by care and persevering culture, and the space thus left for their operation is wide enough for the production of average men; but there is a vast distance from the highest results of education to the lofty summits attained in the flight of genius.

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" 'Do let the boy alone, Pussy,' said the baron. 'He looks quite pale with all this tiresome work. Do but consider he is but three years old.'

" 'Three years and ten months,' replied Aurora. 'Children may be accustomed to any thing, and, therefore, to occupation, and if they are kindly treated the while they will like it in time.'

" 'Not our Fritz,' cried the father, that he never will. Come here, boy. Would you rather stop and learn your multiplication table with mama, or go with papa and see the young calves?'

" 'Oh, go to the calves,' said the child, looking up with sparkling eyes.

" 'You see, Pussy, he has no taste for study as yet; and how should he have when he's my son? How should he care any thing about learning? Fritz, my boy, will you be a scholar?'

" 'I'll be a soldier,' said Fritz, stoutly.

" 'Bravo, my boy, you shall be a soldier, and go and fight the French for king and fatherland.'

" 'For king and fatherland,' repeated the child, catching the tone, 'and now, papa, let's go to the calves.'"

The good-humoured baron turns a deaf ear to his wife's remonstrances, but takes even reproaches in good part, or sometimes if he have nothing else to say stops her mouth with a kiss; but Aurora is quite in despair at the way in which all her plans are frustrated.

"She found herself hindered in what she regarded as her duty, her vocation, and her right, by a husband in whose judgment she had no confidence. 'Shall my whole inward life, then, have been lived in vain?'

she often said to herself, with bitter vexation. 'Shall I be able to exercise as little influence over the development of my children as over that of my husband? Shall my duties towards them be limited to bringing them into the world, nursing them, and keeping them from bodily harm, as with him it has been, to remaining faithful to him, and keeping his house in order? Shall I remain content within this sphere of merely physical action, this imperfect existence, in which half my faculties are wasted.'

Finding her educational projects cribbed, and confined within the narrowest limits, poor Aurora tries various plans for filling the blank in her life, and finding employment for her superfluous mental activity; but on every side her voyage is bound in shallows and in miseries. She tries a village school, and there she strikes upon the catechism; a reading society, and she is wrecked upon the romances of George Sand, and we cannot but grieve when she is finally driven in her despair, to a pet parson and a poetaster. The whole picture is drawn with admirable skill and fidelity; in this, as well as in those of the two brothers-in-law Madame Hahn-Hahn has kept her foot upon the earth; but in the character of Cornelia we find ourselves again in the clouds, or rather, perhaps, enveloped in a fog, which permits no distinct outline to be seen. A character is not ideal merely because it is like nothing in heaven above nor on earth beneath; but, on the contrary, it is the business of the artist to bestow on the most ethereal creations of his imagination such verisimilitude, that we shall almost expect to meet them in our walks. We may give two instances of this in quite modern productions, the character of Consuelo, in Madame Dudevant's romance of that name, and of Nelly, in Dickens' 'Old Curiosity Shop;' angelic in their perfect purity and sweetness, they are still strictly human in their simplicity and truth. We sympathise with Aurora, because, with all her faults and follies, she is human and alive, whilst the more gifted favourites sometimes remind us of Orlando's horse, which had all possible good qualities, and only one defect—namely, that it was dead. In working out the character of Cornelia, the authoress is neither true to nature nor to her own conception. Instead of what we have been led to expect, vivid flashes of natural intelligence, breaking through the cloud of boarding-school ignorance, and seizing on the truth with the happy instinct which sometimes seems to supply the deficiency of experience, we have the observations of an experienced woman, who has seen much of society, and sometimes even the harangues of a professed 'bel esprit' who, if without injustice to one of the parties we might make such a comparison, we should say had something the air of a cross between Madame de Staël and Mary Woolstonecraft. The sudden and unaccountable pas-

sion, also, with which Cornelia is seized for the vain, empty, vulgar Leonor Brand, is as absurdly inconsistent as if she had discovered a *penchant* for the footman. The heart which had resisted the long and persevering siege of the so much more formidable adversary, Prince Gotthard, would hardly have fallen at the first summons of so contemptible a foe. The whole latter part of the story, indeed, is a sad falling off from the spirited commencement. The stream which at first flowed fresh and brightly along, becomes sluggish as it proceeds, and is finally lost, like an Australian river, in mere sand and swamp. One suggestion, also, we would willingly make to Madame Hahn-Hahn, and all whom it may concern; that in throwing off moral restraint, the artist forfeits a great and unfailing source of interest. The resistance of the too often rebellious heart to the stern law of duty—

“Of poor humanity’s afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny,”

is a spectacle which never fails to fix our attention; for it is a contest in which, under one form or another, we have, most of us, been engaged. But when, as in the Countess Hahn-Hahn’s novels, we see all fetters on the will falling off as if by enchantment, when her favourites acknowledge no law but their own good pleasure, and dwell in some “limbo lying we wist not where” (not in Germany, we believe), where divorces may be had for the asking, the very Utopia of the chambermaid in the comedy, where ‘ladies change husbands as they do earrings and gloves,’ we soon cease to interest ourselves in the proceedings of a world so different from our own, and care no longer to look on at such a sham fight.

It is but justice, however, to add that these remarks apply far less to the ‘Zwei Frauen,’ than to most of its predecessors, and we are not among those who would admit the danger of disturbing any social institutions, the marriage laws among others, as a sufficient reason for never hinting at any unsoundness in them. There may be some danger to a building in attempting to strengthen its foundation, but there is surely more in allowing it to rest on one that is rotten. On this, as well as on the subject so intimately connected with it, of the social position of women, to which such frequent reference is made in the productions of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, there is much to be said for which this is not the place, nor the present moment, we apprehend, the time. Any real and thorough amelioration must, like all great and vital reforms, proceed rather from within than from without; and every woman who, whether from choice, or otherwise, is at this moment exerting herself, however humbly, to secure a place and a sphere of

action, as an independent member of the community, is doing more to obtain the redress of such grievances as are still to be complained of, than if she could organise, for that purpose, the grandest society, with ever so large a capital, and hosts of corresponding members in all the four quarters of the globe.

In the meantime, as for those who may be inclined to dismiss the whole matter with a sneer, or boldly aver with a Quarterly contemporary, not long since, that they 'are no friends to the rights of women, and much prefer their wrongs,' we may venture respectfully to remind them of a decision pronounced long ago, that it makes a vast difference in one's opinion of the efficacy of a rod, which end happens to fall to one's own share.

ART. III.—1. *The Calcutta Englishman*. September 12th, 1845.

2. *The Friend of India*. August 21st, September 5th, 1845.

3. *The Madras Spectator*. August 19th and 21st, 1845.

4. *The Mofussilite*.

5. *The Bombay Times*.

6. *The United Service Gazette*.

WE, of course, take it as a compliment, that the press of the three presidencies has recently vouchsafed considerable attention to our articles on India. Not that their language is uniformly that of commendation: by no means. The travelled gentlemen on the sunny side of our hemisphere have quite as good an opinion of themselves, as any persons whatsoever here at home. They play their part in their own little world, and forgetting their relative insignificance, bluster, at times, most amusingly in King Cambyse's vein. Not, indeed, the conductors of the whole Indian press, but a part, and perhaps a very small part of them; the rest being sensible of the disadvantages of their position, exactly in proportion to the extent of their acquirements, and the strength of their natural abilities.

On the subject of railways, several of our Eastern contemporaries are particularly whimsical and extravagant. Taking their stand on the old saw, 'Ex oriente lux,' they look down with sublime pity on our western darkness. Occasionally, when their digestion is bad, they indulge in choleric discourse. But some allowance must be made for the temper of a *Qui-ki*. It is unpleasant to write in a temperature of ninety-five degrees; we should,

consequently, feel a little compassion while speculating, with our feet on the fender, and a good sea-coal fire blazing before us, on poor nervous gentlemen sweltering with heat, but condemned, nevertheless, by the lucklessness of their position, to meditate on fiery locomotives, suffocating steam-blasts, and rails made, for aught they know, red hot by the sun.

It is a serious business to face a steam-engine, even in lat. $51^{\circ} 13''$ N., when it comes sighing, and coughing, and barking along some tortuous, misty valley. In our delightfully cool and shady island we are often tempted to regard it as a travelling fragment from Mount *Ætna*, as a sort of patent volcano, commissioned to roam over the face of the earth, sometimes to carry and sometimes to roast poor luckless mortals! But imagine yourself condemned to travel hand and glove with such a monster on the verge of the tropics, with a copper sky above, and a copper devil before you, vomiting smoke and fire in his headlong rapidity, and threatening to kindle the very atmosphere! We feel all the pathos of the subject, and can easily conceive how powerfully it must necessarily affect a man's imagination in lat. 22° .

It is for this reason that we pity and take in good part the harmless petulance of the 'Englishman,' which has laboured hard to make some sort of a reply to our July article on Indian Railways. Of course it would have been possible to discover faults in what we wrote, had the fault-seeker possessed the slightest penetration; but the writer in the 'Englishman,' who, from his reasoning and English, is most likely a foreigner, overlooking our weak points, betakes himself to skirmishing with such of our arguments as are really unassailable, because they are matters of fact, expressed in syllogisms. Into a dispute with such a writer it would be folly to enter. He gets hold of the fancy, that our article was written by a retired general officer, and because he happens to be inimical to that gentleman, evinces a disposition to quarrel at every step with his supposed antagonist. We are surprised it did not occur to him that we may be a retired governor-general, since governors-general have been known before now to write articles, not only for Quarterly Reviews, but for newspapers. However, it matters very little who we are; whether general or governor-general, the 'Calcutta Englishman' will find that we know quite enough of India to put him to the right about, together with half a hundred coadjutors of the same calibre. We advise him, therefore, to pocket his personal hostility, and not again to attack the wrong man, or he may find himself in a predicament from which he may be very glad to escape. If he be particularly anxious to discover who we are, he may learn at

the 'Hurkaru' office, and satisfy himself how false and ridiculous were all his assumptions and all his reasonings upon them.

Several other Indian journals display equal heat and bad taste in their controversies on railways. Warped by their partialities for particular persons and particular lines, they commit gross injustice towards others, and are allured into positions from which they can scarcely retreat with honour. Thus even the 'Friend of India,' a paper generally remarkable for the calmness of its tone, and the fairness of its course of argumentation, becomes prejudiced and unjust in discussing the pretensions of two rival railway companies. It knows what is going on at Calcutta; but it is necessarily ignorant of much that takes place here. It upholds the East Indian line, but declaims violently against the Western Bengal; partly because it supposes the former to have been first in the field, and partly because it considers it a better line.

But in neither of these circumstances do we discover any ground for attack. If the projectors of the East Indian first placed their scheme before the public, they are entitled to a preference, as far as the line they then selected and sketched is concerned. But if any other persons, having studied the structure and circumstances of the country, regarded the East Indian line as a bad one, and believed themselves capable of fixing on a better, they had a clear and undoubted right to act on their convictions, and lay their plan before the public. In its eagerness to serve particular individuals, the 'Friend of India' has, therefore, become the enemy of India, by seeking to check that affluence of enterprise and capital towards it, which can alone improve its condition, and make it what it ought to be.

Let it be borne in mind that we are not ourselves instituting, just now, a comparison between the two rival railways in Bengal. We may do that hereafter. Our object is simply to point out the erroneous views which a part of the Indian press appears to be taking of its duties at the present moment. It is for the advantage of India that there should be, if not competing lines, at least competing companies. Every thing will otherwise be done on the obsolete principle of monopoly; that is, in a slovenly and imperfect manner; and instead of acquiring the best railways that can be constructed, India will be condemned to exhibit all the deformities of the system. Every fantastic theory scouted by public opinion here, will take refuge in one of the three presidencies, while a prejudiced and ill-informed press will labour hard to shelter it from scrutiny, and protect it from wholesome competition.

In the case before us, the *protégé* of the 'Friend of India' has

little reason to complain. The East Indian Railway Company, so far from being a quiet innocent, oppressed by grasping and powerful rivals, is itself the most insatiable of monopolists. It seeks to swallow the whole Bengal Presidency. The construction of 500 miles of railroad, with twice as many more, perhaps, in branches, junctions, and extensions, will not satisfy it, or suffice to give even temporary employment to its energies. It seeks to invade the ground of other companies, and to add, in the north-west provinces, 430 miles of railway to its 1000 miles and more in Bengal Proper; and in the vastness of its ambition, seems to contemplate covering with iron every road between the Brahmapootra and the Indus. On such a company compassion is clearly thrown away. It is not a timid, shrinking thing, acting purely on the defensive, and requiring the aid of the Indian press to protect it from the Western Bengal Company. On the contrary, with all the pomp of powerful injustice, it presents itself boldly to the public, asking for millions upon millions, and offering to oppress and lay prostrate every company that dares to stand in its way.

Nor is this all. Throughout the railway world we meet with persons interested in the concerns of this company, labouring to propagate the belief that its promoters are able to exercise secret influence at the India House, that they have come to an understanding with the Court of Directors, that they are able to sway the local government of Bengal, and that, in short, they are more powerful than the East India Company itself. How much, or how little truth there may be in their statements, time alone can determine; meanwhile, we give no credit whatever to such reports, since, in our opinion, they are merely circulated for stock-jobbing purposes, by persons not altogether unknown in the city. These individuals belong to the class of agents technically denominated *riggers*. They are in no one's employment; no director will plead guilty of their acquaintance. Their activity seems to originate in pure philanthropy, or rather in the love of companies and shares, in the fate of which they take the most tender interest. All stray letters of allotment nestle under their wings, and, together with their timid owners, find protection from those beasts of prey that prowl about the denser parts of our great city. These mysterious riggers are the friends of all new undertakings, without in the slightest degree losing their affection for the old. They are indiscriminate in their partiality. They go about armed with the maps and plans of companies in which they have no stake whatever, but serve and cry them up simply to gratify their own innate benevolence.

When the Court of Directors comes, however, to examine the pretensions of the several companies that have been established for

the construction of railways in India, it will, we make no question, inquire with care, and decide justly. We know of no instance in which it has done otherwise. In fact the interest of the East India Company is identical with the interests of India, and it is not to be supposed that in order to gratify an insatiable monopolist, this grave and hitherto impartial court should sacrifice its character for equity, and forego for India the incalculable advantages to be derived from the proper development of the railway system. It will at least be quite time enough to raise an outcry when the act of injustice shall have been committed; and we may then be amongst the foremost to do so; but we consider it as at once impertinent and iniquitous, to utter, like the 'Englishman,' accusations beforehand, or with the 'Friend of India,' to impute unworthy motives to the promoters of beneficial competition.

Meanwhile, we are not among those who think that the line from Calcutta to Mirzapore cannot be constructed; we are aware that its tract must lie for a considerable distance over districts which have recently been twenty feet under water, where it will consequently be necessary to raise a broad causeway at least twenty-five feet high. We are likewise sensible that it will have to execute vast and extensive cuttings and tunnelings, and to throw an immense viaduct, or series of suspension bridges, across the Sone, for a stretch of at least three miles and a half, over a sandy bottom, where a firm foundation can only be reached by a laborious and costly process;—of all this we say we are aware; but our conviction, notwithstanding, is that the line from Calcutta to Mirzapore may and will be constructed.

If we are required to give an opinion respecting the expense, we should say that it can hardly fall short of fourteen or fifteen millions sterling. The trunk line itself, with its necessary sinuosities, must be nearly five hundred miles in length, and to render that trunk really applicable to the purposes of traffic, it will be absolutely requisite to construct numerous branches. Suppose these various ramifications only equal to the trunk in length, and we have a thousand miles of railway, which, at the most moderate computation, considering the vast accumulation of difficulties in that part of India, will require an outlay of nearly fifteen millions. Into this secret, however, the East Indian Railway Company thinks proper to initiate the public by degrees. At first a modest demand for four millions sterling was made, and when promises to that amount had been received, a new move was ventured upon to the extent of six millions more. Hereafter, when the shareholders shall have had leisure to forget this somewhat unpleasant potion, the remaining five millions will be hinted at, and the present double proprietors many enjoy the privilege of being made treble.

Such, we think, must be the course of events with the East Indian Railway Company, which may possibly, at the outset, have found it necessary to imitate a little the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. Frankness might not have produced so good an effect on the share market. The British public, it is said, likes to be duped a little, and the temper of mind which leads men to aim at monopoly, will lead them also to practise deception. All the while the interests of India were, no doubt, designed to be promoted, and will be promoted more or less by this and every other railway company that expends its capital there. At the same time there may be impeding causes, among which monopoly is the most active. All over the world civilisation has been promoted by calling into play the rivalry of mankind. Even the best people are generally actuated by mixed motives, aiming partly at doing good, partly at benefitting themselves, but partly, also, it must be confessed, at thwarting and overcoming others. There is a pleasure in victory for its own sake, and the feeling is rendered doubly sweet by the mixture of a sense of profit. Consequently, if the Court of Directors desire that India should enjoy the advantages of the best railways that can be constructed, it will give full scope to the principle of competition. To favour any particular company would be to commit a fraud upon the people of India, and, consequently, to pillage the exchequer of the East India Company itself, which must ever base its own prosperity on that of the country it has hitherto so prudently governed.

The lines already projected in the Bengal Presidency, stretch from Calcutta to the banks of the Sutledge. The East Indian line extends from the capital of Bengal to Mirzapore; from this point another railway stretches all the way across the Doab to Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul emperors, and from this point a third line is designed to be carried to Loodianah. For the construction of the first four hundred miles, there exist competing companies, as well as for a portion of the middle of the line, but this competition, if fairly and honourably conducted, will produce no injurious effects; for there is in the Bengal Presidency a field vast enough to occupy many more companies than at present exist, or are likely to be formed for many years to come. They will all, therefore, by degrees, fall into their proper places, and find a task suited to their powers and their capital. There is no lack of room in that part of our empire, nor is there any deficiency of traffic or merchandise. Yet, up to this moment, the most monstrous propositions are put forward respecting the lines of railway projected in India. People of narrow capacities and antiquated notions, pretending that the trade of the country is not sufficiently ample to insure adequate returns for the capital laid

out. They have no faith in the prolific nature of the principles of trade. Arguing from a too limited experience, they draw imperfect inductions, and confound both their own understandings and those of others. To them, many of the recondite phenomena of society are wholly unknown. They swim upon the surface, they are dazzled and bewildered by the external shows of things, and in the unskilful attempt at acquiring principles, lay hold of prejudices, and set them up as idols in their minds.

We are not among those who believe in the infallibility of old Indians, even though they may happen to have been statesmen in their day. With the shattering of their bodies, whether by climate, excess, or too close an application to business, their minds, likewise, have become enfeebled, and refuse to seize, with a firm grasp, on truth. In the relaxed gentleness of grandfatherhood they dally with new inventions, without taking them enthusiastically to their bosoms, and dandle great and weighty theories as though they were sporting with a winter's tale. What has been they know, but of what is, their perception is dim, while that which is to be, wholly eludes their vision. They have no skill in political prophecy; none of the energy which takes up the measure of the past, lays it beam-ends upon the present, and then lowers it gently through the dim mists of futurity, in order to take the dimensions of things to come. We speak of them as a body. Some few happy exceptions we have known. Men whose unwrinkled minds defy the effects of time, and will be flexible, buoyant, and youthful to the last. These are able to run '*pari passu*' with the swiftest intellects of their age, and with intuitive power to forestall the results of the most laborious calculations. From such men no one ever heard a doubt of the success of Indian railways. Their horizon is not bounded by past realities; they account the events which must be, equally certain with the events that have been; for the consequences of present things are as intimately and necessarily linked with them, and their antecedents. As surely as pathways and camel tracks preceded metallic high-roads in the East, so surely will railways follow them, and, following, prove productive of national advantages and individual wealth. It is impossible to resist this conclusion, and most fortunately for India, Sir Henry Willock, the present chairman of the Court of Directors, is a man of high capacity and enlarged views, who knows what India stands in need of, and appears to be fully disposed to aid her in obtaining what she requires. Our opinion, moreover, is that he is supported by an enlightened court more intent on conferring benefits on the East, and converting our sway into a blessing, than any of their predecessors.

Accordingly, we may safely take it for granted that the railway

system will immediately strike root in India, and yield there golden fruits, which it has been wont everywhere else to produce. This having been premised, we may divide the Indian lines into two classes, those which have been projected in the Bengal Presidency and those which are designed to intersect the Dekkan. Of the former, some, of course, are more and more less important; and of those the importance of which is undeniable; the value in some cases is relative, more to government and less to commerce, or more to commerce and less to government. For the interests of commerce it would probably be best to construct a great trunk line from one seat of trade to another, and then proceed to carry out its ramifications into the provinces and districts on either side, so as to afford all the existing sources of industry channels by which to flow towards the general market of the country and the world. On the other hand, one prolonged, continuous line, stretching from Calcutta to the extreme verge of the north-western provinces, would supply most completely the immediate wants of government, which is often required to throw out its strength in masses in that direction. If, therefore, it were necessary to chose, this ought to be the choice made, because to strengthen the government in India is to promote its permanent welfare.

But there is no reason whatsoever why the system should not be developed to its minutest modifications on all parts of the line at once. This may be done by dividing the railway into large sections, and appropriating each to a separate company, with capital adequate to the complete realisation of its plans. In this way the political interests of India might be closely combined with its commercial interests, and while the shareholders would enjoy a rich return for their capital, the East India Company would be enabled to transport its bullion, its military stores, its artillery, horses, and troops, with the greatest economy and rapidity from one part of the country to another.

In the lower division of the valley of the Ganges, that is from Calcutta to Mirzapore, the river being deep, and nearly at all times of the year navigable, may be said in some sort to compete with the railway; but from Mirzapore upwards, all attempts at river navigation will prove ridiculous failures in comparison with the railway. Were this mode of transit unknown, or wholly inapplicable to India, there might be some sense in setting up a company for effecting the navigation of the Jumna and Ganges, as far as they supply sufficient depth of water to float a light steamer. But the thing is now rendered useless by the practicability of a railway, and the capacity of a steam train. It resembles the fancy of certain military pedants, who desire to revive the bow, and oppose arrows to artillery. We touch lightly on this antiquarian

project at present, but if the folly be persisted in we shall esteem it our duty to enter into a thorough exposure of it—we mean as the competitor of a railway—for that some use may at certain seasons be made of both the great rivers that flank the Doab, is of course manifest.

The ground lying between Mirzapore and Delhi presents the most admirable track for a railway of any in India. It unites nearly all the advantages that any locality could possibly present. Were Egypt now in its glory, with Thebes and Memphis standing, and a stream of commerce as large and fertilising as the Nile flowing down the valley, the plain lying between those two great capitals would not be more eligible than the 430 miles of country lying between Mirzapore, the commercial capital of the north-west, and the renowned seat of Mohammedan splendour and empire in India. The line proceeding from the south-east, and running parallel with the Ganges, will at first traverse a slightly undulating country up to the banks of the Jumna. A vast and lofty bridge will there carry it over into the Doab, a plain level as the ocean, with the imperceptible rise of six inches in the mile, stretching away towards the north-west, crowded with towns and villages, and covered with varied harvests following each other in perpetual succession. Throughout the whole distance not a single obstacle presents itself. The calcareous soil being thrown up into embankments, speedily hardens into a substance like rock, and the few rivers which it will be necessary to bridge are small and comparatively tranquil, even during the rains. From every side the produce of some of the richest districts in all India flows towards the line which, without bend or interruption, will project itself towards Delhi and the future province of the Punjab.

Of the cities and towns on the route, our limits will scarcely permit us to speak at any length. After the three capitals Mirzapore itself is the greatest emporium in India, and as this is owing to no accidental causes, but to the excellence of its position, and the productions and industry of the neighbouring provinces, its prosperity and greatness may be expected to go on steadily increasing. Even now its population can fall little short of 100,000 souls, and this population does not, like that of Benares, consist in great part of an idle rabble, attracted together by superstition and subsisting by the arts of imposture; but of active, industrious, enterprising, and thriving merchants, bankers, and traders of all descriptions. Nowhere in India does the bazaar present a more animated aspect. The showy, self-confident, overbearing Mohammedan, with broad and regular physiognomy; the quiet, subtle, indefatigable Hindú, with sharp features, shuffling gait, and calculating eye; the insolent and rapacious Sikh; the bold, and some-

what stolid Mahratta; the clannish and feudal Búndela; the truculent Affghan; the slovenly and cunning Kashmirian; the semi-Tartarian Nepalese; and the Englishman unlike all, superior to all, and, therefore, over-awing and commanding all, may frequently be seen huddled together pell-mell in the bazaar of Mirzapore, discussing the price of goods or of freight, bargaining for carriage, or making or answering inquiries respecting the prospects of cotton or indigo crops, the duties on opium, or the mercantile policy of the government. And this immense crowd is made up of men perpetually in motion up and down the valley, every one of whom would be but too happy did railways exist to step into a train, and be whirled in an hour or two to the next seat of commerce.*

But who that has studied the history of trade throughout the world can fail to conclude, that with increased facilities for locomotion, the concourse of merchants at Mirzapore would speedily be multiplied many fold? At present, before a person undertakes a journey which will consume many weeks and much money, he waits for an accumulation of business, which may seem to justify a prudent man in entering on so important an undertaking, and incurring so considerable an expense. He would otherwise, in fact, spend his life upon the road, and be compelled to neglect his affairs at home. But when hours are substituted for days, and days for months, the case will necessarily be different. The mobility of the Mirzaporees will then be augmented; they will breakfast at Allahabad, dine in the latitude of Agra, and sup at Delhi, and the wealth and population of their city will increase daily, till it rivals Calcutta or Bombay.

The rapidity with which this place has grown up and acquired opulence, may be illustrated by a fact which occurred in 1801. It was found that the population was so dense that it required space for expansion, while new streets and houses could not be constructed, because all the land in the neighbourhood belonged to government. A formal request was, therefore, addressed to the authorities for permission to build, which having been granted on condition that all the new houses should be spacious and constructed with stone, new suburbs, capable of containing 10,000 persons, were forthwith run out into the country. Since that time the process has been frequently repeated, until the city has reached

* Since writing the above, the mail from India has brought the following confirmation of this opinion :—"A special meeting of the Dhurannee Sabha or Synod of the orthodox Hindú, was lately convened, to discuss the question as to whether native pilgrims would avail themselves of railway to travel to the several famous shrines and holy places. The conclusion arrived at was, that provided due attention were given to the segregation of various castes, and the provision of proper refreshments, pilgrims would largely avail themselves of that means of transit."

almost half the size of Manchester, with a corresponding amount of trade and opulence. This, then, is the proper terminus of the railway to Delhi, and not Allahabad, which is only remarkable for being a military station, and an object of superstitious reverence to the Hindús. The population is scarcely equal to one-fifth of that of Mirzapore, and its trade is far more insignificant in comparison. Nothing but the most egregious want of judgment, therefore, could induce any one to select it as the terminus of a great railway, it being, in fact, barely worthy of constituting the termination of an unimportant branch line. The Ganges, for forty-five miles below this city, is, during many months of the year, too shallow to be navigated by boats of any great burden, there being in many places not two feet of water, whereas goods may be shipped from Mirzapore, and only require one trans-shipment on the whole voyage to England. The incalculable superiority, therefore, of the latter city may be regarded as established past doubt. Besides, it would be most inconvenient for troops and government stores, brought up from Calcutta by the East Indian Railway, to meet with a break of forty-five miles on the line, and have to be shipped for that distance on the Ganges. This short passage might, in fact, consume more time than the previous five hundred miles.

We proceed with the great line from Mirzapore to Delhi. Once in the Doab it will traverse those districts of India which have been found best adapted to the cultivation of the American cotton. This fact alone will serve to show the incalculable value of this railway, which may hereafter owe much of its success to circumstances taking place beyond the Atlantic. In the event of a suspension of friendly relations with the United States we should be forced to depend almost entirely on India for a supply of cotton, and as the principal part of that supply would be derived from the districts bordering on this line, its importance may be easily understood. The Americans are extremely anxious to persuade themselves that the best kind of cotton cannot be grown in India, and a sort of war of paragraphs has been recently carried on by the journals of the Union with all those who take up the cause of India in this matter. But the very earnestness and vehemence with which they declaim against the Indian cotton, betray their uneasiness. The consciousness has evidently got hold of their minds that they are not standing on firm ground, and that a very few more experiments on the growth of American cotton in India may begin to close our all-important market against them.

If they were discreet, they would stir as little as possible in this business; for the more they bluster and are positive, the more vigorously shall we apply ourselves to the cultivation of superior cottons in the East; that, let what will happen, we may be

independent of the rest of the world, for this necessary of our manufacturing life. On a future occasion, we intend to discuss the whole subject apart, and therefore need not enlarge upon it now, though it may not be out of place to add, that a very large portion of the profits of a railway, in the upper valley of the Ganges, must necessarily arise from the transport of cotton, and that as the trade in this article is rapidly on the increase, the proceeds of the railway may be expected to increase in proportion.

Having already described briefly, the general track of the line, we shall now enumerate some few of the principal towns and districts which it will accommodate. Of Allahabad, we have spoken above, but we may here remark, that a short branch line will of course connect that city with the railway; which, running up nearly through the centre of the Doab, will traverse the district of Futeepoor, in its whole length, and enter into that of Cawnpoor, a little to the north of Korah. In this district, the construction of a considerable branch will become necessary to the principal town, an important military station, on the banks of the Ganges. This will facilitate the relief of regiments, and thus assist in removing one of the greatest hardships of which our Indian army has to complain.

The railroad will then proceed through portions of Etawah and Ferrukabad. Of the latter district, the principal town, even so far back as thirty years ago, was a place of considerable importance, containing nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and carrying on a large traffic directly with Agra. Having passed these districts, the line will run through Mynpooree, Allyghur, and Boolan-shehar, to Delhi, throwing out on one hand branches to Kalpee, Agra, and Muttrah, and on the other to Meerut, one of the largest military stations in the north-west provinces.

This brief view of the provinces, districts, cities, and towns, which will be benefited by the Mirzapore and Delhi railway, may serve to invalidate the sophistry, for it is not reasoning, by which certain journals seek to propagate the notion, that Indian railways will not prove profitable. They represent the whole East as at a perpetual stand still, and maintain that society tolerates no innovation there. The ideas, beliefs, opinions, habits, food, costume, and politics of the natives, are in their view as unchangeable as fate. The laws of the Medes and Persians are still in force, and an everlasting uniformity has transformed one whole quarter of the world into a quaker. The worst part of the matter is, that there are hundreds of people here at home, ready to repeat this nonsense. But consult the testimony of experience; does that confirm this monstrous theory? Does that

represent the laws of nature and humanity, as paralysed throughout Asia? On the contrary, if we give credit to history, as well as to our own eyes, we must confess that the Asiatic changes like other men, though he observes particular rules in the modifications he undergoes. He does not become an European in his onward march, but he differs as widely from his ancestors as we do from ours. If any one believe that the institution of *Menú* represent a people and a state of things that once existed, and will be at the pains to compare them with the people and the state of things now existing in India, he must be under the influence of a miraculous prejudice, if he fail to perceive the startling contrast. And if he look on India again, at the time of Mahmood of Ghuznee's invasion, he will discover that mighty changes had been wrought in the Hindús, and if he follow the train of conquest and massacre at the heels of Timúr and Baber, and Nadír Shah, and the thousand other scourges which have desolated India, he will observe that society, at each of those epochs, presented a different phasis, and appeared no longer the same as formerly.

That which deceives the unphilosophical observer, is the comparative permanence of the external forms of society. Many of the observances of the people, together with their habits and costume, submit slowly to innovations; so that persons are not struck by fantastic fluctuations, as in Europe. But, must it be inferred from this fact, that the mental ethnosyncracies of the people have undergone no change? Look at the Osmanlis; until recently, they universally preserved the turban, caftan, and shalwas, of their ancestors; but he who should have expected to find the contemporary of Sultan Mahmood, in mind and manners, the same with the contemporary of Othman, or even of Mohammed the Second, or Suliman the Magnificent, would have been convinced by the slightest possible intercourse, of the extravagance of his expectations. What were once deemed the external signs of certain passions and opinions, would have been found to represent others altogether different. And so is it throughout the East; but more especially in India. We have not exercised for nothing superior authority there for nearly a century, without intending, and, perhaps, sometimes without wishing it, our sway has modified the very mental constitution of the people; their whole system of thought has ceased to be what it was, and they have gradually, in spite of themselves and us, been assimilating, ever since the establishment of our ascendancy, their cardinal notions to ours. Indications everywhere appear, that to differ in the most important secular matters from us, is esteemed a mark of backwardness and vulgarity. The rich Baboos are addicting themselves to gardening and the laying

out of parks, and adorning the walls of their habitations with the productions of the easel and the graver; slowly, as might be anticipated, do the indigenous tastes and feelings of this island make an impression on the prodigious masses of Indian society. But the process has commenced, and whoever has studied the history of mankind must know that when the elect of a nation have begun to lose confidence in its traditional dogmas and practices, the universal laws of our nature will not suffer that people to stand still, but will irresistibly urge it forward in the career of improvement or deterioration, as the case may be.

Now when railways begin to be constructed in India, two parties will at once show themselves among the natives, consisting respectively of the advocates of change and the defenders of hereditary customs. Their relative strength at the outset will signify very little. The leaders of the movement party will be those who come most in contact with Europeans, and from them borrow their preferences, and these will have in their favour all the specious prejudices which invariably encircle the possessors and supporters of power. From these the humble natives will be ashamed to differ long. After a brief struggle, therefore, in behalf of old things and old fashions, they will discover that they are playing a losing game; that the worshippers of steam are too many for them, and that they also must offer sacrifice to the new divinity, or consent to go, with Vishnù and Siva, supperless to bed.

This must inevitably be the course of things, and we deeply commiserate those, whether in India or in England, who obstinately refuse to be convinced of it. If they happen to possess the means of putting forward their notions, they may for a while succeed in perplexing the weak, and misleading the susceptible and unreasoning, but they cannot fail ultimately to share the fate of the author of 'A Counter Blast against Tobacco,' and the declaimers against coffee, and in proof of witchcraft. The whole rabble of pigmy sophists will be gradually consigned to the oblivion they deserve, while the rushing steam-trains, filled with Hindús, male and female, go thundering on at the rate of fifty miles an hour by their graves, disquieting their harmless ghosts, and reading, it is to be hoped, an instructive lesson to their posterity.

We now turn to the Dekkan railways. It will be remembered, that in our July number, to which reference has already been made, we described at length the course and object of the Great Peninsular Railway. This undertaking has survived opposition and ridicule, and a company, formed for the purpose of carrying it out, have allotted their shares, which we have reason to believe have been duly accepted and subscribed for. The good repute of this undertaking, we feel convinced, will go on steadily increasing

in proportion as the subject becomes better understood. Ultimate success will here, as elsewhere, depend on the nature of the policy pursued, and the greater or less degree of circumspection displayed in carrying into execution the original design. Some little jealousy, we believe, was for a while cherished by this company, of all those other minor companies which have since been formed for supplying it with branches, and extending the railway system throughout the Dekkan. But as this was exceedingly injudicious, so it seems to be no longer felt. Experience helps to enlighten us all, even on the subject of our own interest. Precisely as the construction of the railway from Mirzapore to Delhi will augment the value of the great Calcutta line, so every extension and branch which may be made to the Peninsular Railway will multiply its chances of success. Nothing but the most short-sighted policy could induce men to desire the slow construction of railways in India. It is tantamount, if they could but understand the thing, to a fear lest their property should increase too rapidly in value. For the first 500 or 600 miles of a great railway must remain comparatively profitless, if deprived, till its entire completion, of all continuative or subsidiary lines. Instead, therefore, of obstructing the formation of new companies, every company now formed should be ready to lend all the aid in its power towards the establishment of other companies, whose operations cannot possibly fail to enhance the value of their several properties.

In the Dekkan, however, as in Bengal, an attempt has been made at obtaining a monopoly of railway making. A number of gentlemen calling themselves the Madras Railway Company, imagining southern India to be too small a field to admit of useful competition, put forward their intention of taking the whole Madras presidency under their iron wings. They could, apparently, perceive no absurdity in their ambitious project. The prospect of enormous profit blinded them to the wildness and injustice of their scheme,—injustice alike to India and to the projectors of other companies here at home. This may be proved by a very obvious method of reasoning. If India be in want of railways, it must be desirable that it should possess them; and if the principle of the division of labour being advantageous to mankind be correct, it follows that several companies undertaking several lines must promote the interests of India much better than one company possibly could by proceeding slowly from one enterprise to another. For while one set or succession of districts would enjoy the advantage of carrying its produce to a remunerative market, another set of districts would remain deprived for years of the like benefit, and the inhabitants consequently would have just reason to complain. The attempt would be absurd, to

endeavour to justify this partial distribution of railway lines by adducing the apathy of the natives, who in many parts of the country are too little advanced in civilisation to know precisely what they want. They experience all the evils resulting from the absence of proper means of communication, but, if questioned, would not be able to point out the remedy. They confess themselves to be labouring under the disease, but leave it to us to suggest the cure; the fact, however, that they are ignorant, cannot, we repeat, supply us with any excuse for visiting that ignorance with a punishment, as though it were a crime; and it would be a severe punishment to give, for example, railways to the Carnatic or the Northern Circars, and deny them to the Mysore or any other province. Yet this must be the result of granting a monopoly to any company. Favouritism, objectionable everywhere, is doubly so in politics. When men arrive, by accident or otherwise, at the management of public affairs, they should be able to place their minds on a level with them, that they may discern their course before them, and not trample on any interest which it is their duty to promote. This our Indian rulers may, in most cases, be said to do, and therefore we can scarcely apprehend, that in the matter of railways, their policy will degenerate in character. In reality, however, there is no need to put the matter hypothetically at all, since it has been openly declared by the Court of Directors, that it is matter of indifference to them whether A. or B. make the railways, provided they be made.

In the Madras Presidency, the railroads will derive a peculiar character from the structure of the country. They will not here consist of vast trunk lines running between distant seats of industry, and throwing out ramifications as they advance, but will resemble, at first, the larger cords of a net-work, traversing each other in every direction. This will almost necessitate the establishment of numerous small companies, to watch over whose interests, diverse though not conflicting, a new board of control ought to be instituted. On one side we have a short line running from Madras to Arcot, on another from Madras to Nellore; and lower down, a line presents itself, which designs to traverse the whole peninsula, from sea to sea, in the latitude of Trichinopoly; besides sending out a line larger than the trunk itself, to Poonah.

We regard all these projects as crude and unsatisfactory, as far as the direct track of the route, and the cities and towns they will accommodate by the way, are concerned, though the objects of the companies be legitimate, and the railways they design to construct, much required. But this is of little consequence. Time and experience will enable the projectors to mature their present plans.

The great point is to disabuse the public respecting the practicality of constructing railways in nearly all parts of India, of keeping them in repair when made, and above all, of deriving a profit from them. To put forward such objections as are generally urged, requires no knowledge of the country, no acquaintance with natural history, no proficiency in the exacter sciences. The more ignorant a man is, the better qualified for the task of objecting. He has but to babble about white ants, and the absence of wood and coal, and efficient labourers, and remunerating traffic, and every thing else, and his business is done. A fool may, in five minutes, give a wise man work for a year, which he will probably undertake and accomplish for the good of mankind. He may despise the sceptic and his doubts, but he will tolerate the one, and refute the other, lest they should perplex men less prepared to encounter them. For this reason, without laying claim to superior sapience, we have laboured through many a long page to brush away sophistry and prejudices, which, under other circumstances, we should have treated with silent contempt. We have, in saying this, no desire to wound any man's pride; but when we see it set down in fair print, that the internal traffic of India is not sufficient to render a railway costing six or seven thousand pounds per mile remunerative, we do not think the writer deserving of refutation. His harmless eloquence may safely be left to produce what effect it may on the public mind, since it must be quite manifest, that he understands neither the economy of railways, nor the tendencies of commerce, nor the actual condition of India. To be in a country, and to understand it, are two very different things. One man can see better the distance of half the globe, than another across the street. Nearness disturbs the intellects of some persons, and makes it necessary for them, like Rousseau when making love, to go a great way off, that they may plead their cause the better. This unquestionable fact may serve to explain the hostility to railways, displayed by several Indian journals. Their fancies are so filled with jheels, and nullahs, and ghauts, and palankeens, and white ants, and rains, and lazy and lubberly natives, that they are incapable of exercising their natural faculties. When they return again to their native fogs, and cold, and showers, and pallid suns, they may recover their logic. The only thing to be regretted is, that their position insures them the power to do considerable mischief. They have the ear of the English in India, among whom, in some cases, they may propagate prejudice and error for months, before a corrective can possibly go out from England; and even with respect to the British public, their supposed local knowledge fits them for the achievement of much mischief. People do not

reflect that a man residing on the little island of Bombay, or pent up in Madras or Calcutta, sees as little of the interior and often knows as little of the natives, as a man boxed up in an office in Birchin Lane. To enlighten such persons, the interior of India must travel down to the coast, and unfold itself before them like a diorama. They have no enterprise or speculation in them; they sip their pale ale, and eat their curries, and rail at railways quite at their ease, under the influence of a *punka*. This is much pleasanter work than making their own legs their compasses, or even than lolling in a howdah on the brink of some giddy precipice. We fancy we have seen quite as much of India as most of these *fuineans* editors. They imagine they are paying us a great compliment when they depreciate our railway erudition, in order to exalt our personal knowledge of the Dekkan.

One little flourish of hypercriticism in the 'Englishman' we must slightly touch on before we conclude. He sets himself up for a scholar, and quarrels with the terms 'Anglo-Saxon civilisation,' as though they contained flat treason against England. We love England, and every thing English, quite as much as he does, and if we could stop the mouth of history, should perhaps be quite as much pleased to lull the world into forgetfulness that we are not *autochthones*, seeing that a portion, at least, of our ancestors, came hither from Germany. The old chroniclers, however, talk of this as an established fact, and we have accepted the tradition too long to think of rejecting it now. Angles, we fear, and Saxons our ancestors were; and, as these two tribes united with some others, constituted the original stock of the English people, we can discover no very formidable objection against the use of the word Anglo-Saxon, when applied as an epithet to the form of civilisation which the descendants of those Teutonic adventurers have co-operated in bringing to perfection in these islands. Still should the public generally prefer the word English we are ready to adopt it. There is, perhaps, a slight touch of pedantry in the other, which may recommend it to us reviewers, who cherish a traditional respect for that sort of thing; but the Calcutta 'Englishman,' though a Tory, respects nothing older than a mushroom, or newer than his own school days. There is but one entity in the universe that he thoroughly venerates, which constitutes to him the link of the two eternities, a *parte-ante* and a *parte-post*. We recommend him to travel a little out of that link, backwards and forwards, and he may find something to admire both in Anglo-Saxons and railways.

ART. IV.—*Essai sur les Légendes Pieuses du Moyen-Age.* Par L. F. ALFRED MAURY. 8vo. Paris: Librairie philosophique de Ladrangé. 1843.

A VERY singular—we may fairly say, an absurd—attempt has been made in England within a few months, by the English Catholics, in conjunction with that backsliding party in the Protestant Church, which has obtained the title of Puseyites, to impose upon popular credulity the monkish miracles of the middle ages, by the publication of a series of ‘Lives of the English Saints.’ We can hardly look upon these as ‘Signs of the Times,’ for the age for believing in broiled fishes being restored to life, or fountains raised out of the barren ground, by the touch or at the prayer of a blind and often ignorant devotee, has certainly passed away before that good sense which alone is compatible with true religion and piety. The miracles of the middle ages can now be regarded only as subjects of discussion for the antiquary, who would become acquainted with the manners of former days, or for the philosopher who would trace the history of the aberrations of the human intellect. It is in this latter spirit that M. Alfred Maury, a French scholar of distinction, well known by several other valuable publications, has undertaken a critical examination of the ‘Pious Legends’ of the middle ages. His book is not large in bulk; but it is copious in learning, full of interesting matter, and deserves to be thoroughly studied by every one who is desirous of understanding the true character of the mediæval church. We, therefore, take an opportunity of introducing it to our readers, for we believe that it is not much known in England.

The task which our estimable writer has imposed upon himself, is to submit the innumerable saints’ legends of the middle ages to a critical analysis, and to point out the sources of their different component parts. These M. Maury divides into incidents copied or imitated from the Scriptures; legends arising out of a confusion of figurative and literal meanings; the tendency of the vulgar to apply to material life what has been said of the moral and celestial life, and stories invented to explain figurative symbols and emblematical pictures of which the sense had been forgotten.

Among the mass of prodigies, often contrary to every notion of what is rational, and performed for the most frivolous motives, which fill the mediæval hagiologies, the miracles of the gospels are repeated over and over again, and sometimes even in the very words of the sacred text. The Saviour—God on earth—is the grand model pointed out by our religion for our imitation, and it was natural enough for the monks to figure to themselves their

favourite saint as closely resembling the glorious original. But they were not satisfied with the moral imitation required by the New Testament; they sought to make literal copies, and they attributed to their saints the same power and the same actions. The most extraordinary example of this feeling is furnished by the vain-glorious order of the Franciscans; a friar of this order, Bartholomeus de Pisa, published, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, a book entitled '*Liber conformitatum vitæ beati ac seraphici patris Francisci ad vitam Jesu Christi domini nostri*,' in which he shows no less than forty 'conformities' between the life of St. Francis and the Gospel history. We are here told that the birth of St. Francis was announced by the prophets, that he had twelve disciples, one of whom acted the part of Judas, that he was tempted by the demon, that he was transfigured, that he suffered the same passion, &c.; in fact, this worthy writer not only states that St. Francis had been '*Jesus Nazareus rex Judæorum*,' by the conformity of his life with that of Jesus of Nazareth, but that 'by his wounds St. Francis was so like Christ, that the Virgin would scarcely be able to distinguish him from her divine son, if she were capable of error!!' According to this writer, the miracles of Christ were far inferior in number to those of St. Francis: Christ was transfigured but once, St. Francis was transfigured twenty times; Christ changed water into wine once, St. Francis performed this miracle three times; &c. &c.

M. Maury has collected numerous examples of imitations of the incidents and miracles of the Gospel history. The Annunciation is found in the lives of many saints, copied more or less closely from those of Christ and St. John the Baptist; the long fasting in the wilderness has also numerous copies. The miracles were, of course, most easily imitated.

"The multiplication of loaves, which occurs twice in St. Matthew, with circumstances nearly identical, furnished the legend-writers with the idea of a host of multiplications, all which remind us more or less of the evangelical miracles, and are proved to be borrowed, in different degrees, from the life of Christ. Any one may be satisfied of this by reading the lives of St. John the Almoner, St. Colombanus, St. Apollo, St. Elias the abbot, St. Hellon, St. Druon, St. Clara of Assise, St. Richard the bishop, St. Francis, St. Benedict, St. Jean-Francois Regis, the blessed Pierre Deschaux, and John Abbot of Fontaines. Sometimes, instead of bread, it is wine which the saint, often for the most frivolous motive, multiplied miraculously; this occurs in the biographies of St. Marcel, Bishop of Paris; St. Agry the bishop, St. Radegonde, St. Vedast, St. Leger, St. Nympha the virgin. It is probable, that in these latter miracles, the hagiologists had in mind that of the marriage at Cana; which, moreover, is found more closely copied in the lives of St. Albert, St. Clotilda, St. Maclou, St. Radbode, Bishop

of Utrecht, St. Remy, St. Odila, St. Aldegonde, St. Cuthberta, and St. Hedwigis. Every body knows the celebrated incident in the life of the Saviour, where he is represented to us by St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John, as marching on the waves of the Lake of Genesareth. This extraordinary prodigy is repeated more than once in the histories of different saints, though not always with circumstances exactly similar to those described in the New Testament; but yet, such as they are, it is always easy to discover the original analogy with the fact which gave birth to them. For instance, St. Blaise and St. Peter Telme were endowed with the particular virtue of being able to be supported on the water. In the instance of other saints, it is on their cape, like Faust with his mantle, that they traverse, without wetting themselves, the humid element; as did St. Hyacinth and St. Francis de Paule. These fables had reference also to a singular article of belief in the middle ages, in accord with which it was admitted that the bodies of saints weighed less than those of other men, doubtless because people imagined that they participated more in the ethereal nature of the bodies of angels. Thus it has been related of a number of personages who were admitted to the honour of beatification, that they had been seen, at times, to rise above the earth; this was even one of the facts produced in favour of canonisation. This superstition, then, found in the miracle of saints walking on the waves, a new aliment which it would seize with avidity."

We might add a numerous list of prodigies of this latter class, in which saints are made to pass over the water miraculously, and even on heavy bodies, as was the case with St. Patrick, who

"—came to the Emerald Isle,

On a lump of a paving-stone mounted."

The calming of the raging tempest, the curing of fearful diseases, the raising of the dead to life, &c., are constantly transferred from the Gospels to the monkish legends. The miracles of the Old Testament were seized with equal avidity. We may cite as examples, the multiplication of oil, related in the history of the two prophets, in the Books of Kings, which is reproduced in the life of St. Remi, and in that of St. Antoine, Bishop of Florence; Elijah fed in the desert by ravens, which served as a model to the legends of St. Paul the hermit, also fed by a raven, and of St. Vitus, St. Modestus, and St. Crescentius, fed by an eagle, as other saints were by different birds and animals. We read in the sacred text, that Elishah stretched his rod over the Jordan, and caused the iron of a hatchet, which had fallen to the bottom of the river, to rise to the surface. This is a miracle which arose out of such peculiar circumstances, that we should hardly expect to find it repeated; yet, a miracle absolutely identical occurs in the life of St. Leufroi the abbot, and in that of St. Benedict, with the only difference that a river of the country inhabited by these saints is substituted for the Jordan. 'It is,' observes M. Maury, 'in presence of a reproduction of features so particular as these, that the imitation becomes evident.'

The more *bizarre* and original the miracle, the greater importance has been placed by the legend-writer in appropriating it, with the aim of making more striking the resemblance of his saint with the personages already universally venerated, in order that this veneration might thus be reflected from the model to the copy.'

The confusion of the figurative meaning with the literal sense of the earlier writers was the source of a great number of legends, which were further embellished by ardent imaginations, and worked into histories to serve the purposes of pious fraud. The ignorant multitude is constantly in the habit of applying moral allegory to material life; and we perpetually meet with ancient monuments, no longer understood, the figures of which are explained by some absurd popular legend. This tendency was nourished, rather than otherwise, by the love of figurative language, which characterised the middle ages. M. Maury cites as an excellent example of an allegorical fable turned into a saint's legend, the story of St. Christopher.

"St. Christopher was a Cananean of prodigious strength and stature. Proud of the physical advantage which Providence had allotted to him, he was resolved to obey no one who was not stronger than himself. He enters the service of a king; but this king is afraid of the devil, and signs himself when he hears any one pronounce the name of the infernal spirit. Christopher, who as yet was only known by the name of Offerus, quits him to enter the service of that Satan as at whose name the monarch trembles. He goes in search of the demon, and meets him in the midst of a desert. The spirit of darkness has the features of a hideous knight; he says to him: 'I am he whom thou seekest.' Thereupon Offerus takes him for his new master. But lo! they find a cross on the side of the road; Satan trembles, and is afraid, and immediately turns off in another direction. 'Thou art not then the strongest?' says Offerus to him; and immediately he quits the devil, and retires into the wilderness, resolved to seek the Christ whose power casts such fear into the devil. By the advice of a hermit he meets, he prepares himself for his conversion, by carrying on his shoulders all the travellers who offer themselves, across a torrent situated near the desert inhabited by the anchorite. One night he hears a small voice cry out to him to be carried over. He instantly goes out of his hut, and finds a young infant; he places it on his shoulder, and rushes into the stream; but the child becomes heavier and heavier, and when Offerus has reached the middle of the torrent, even his prodigious strength fails him, he supports himself in vain on his staff, and is sinking. Then the child says to him: 'Christophore! Christophore! (that is, carrier of Christ), for that is the name which thou hast merited; grieve not because thou hast not been able to carry the world and him who made it.'"

This has all the character of an Eastern apologue; and M. Maury has alluded to its resemblance to the history of the Indian

Vishnu taking the form of the dwarf Vamana, in order to manifest the divine power to the giant Bali. But the medieval haglogists looked upon it as sober history. It was said that St. Christopher gave health and long life, and preserved from sudden and unfortunate death, all who could look upon him. Hence the custom in France and Germany of raising colossal statues of this saint, and in England, of painting his figure of gigantic dimensions on the church walls, in order that he might be seen by the multitude. Several paintings of this kind have been found within a few years under the whitewash of the walls of our old churches. A medieval Latin distich was often placed under the statue, or figure—

“Christophori sancti specimen quicumque tuetur,
Isto nempe die non morte male morietur.”

The mystical idea of spiritual baptism in this manner became the origin of a number of extraordinary legends; the saint, who had converted heathens, was represented as literally raising dead people to life.

“The legend of St. Nicholas seems to owe its origin to this same mystical sense of resurrections. We know that the pious Bishop of Myra recalled to life young children, whose flesh had been served to him for his repast. In memory of this miracle, the saint is always painted beside a tub in which are three children, with their hands joined together. This representation itself refers us to the origin of this legend; the tub was originally the baptismal font, in which are placed the three catechumens, the type of the pagan nations, whom the apostle had converted, and to whom he had given a new existence by baptism. We are reminded of this by a representation given in Ciampini (*Vet. Monum.*, Op. t. 3, c. 3, p. 23), and which was to be seen in the palace of the Latran; in this the Bishop of Myra was drawn actually baptizing children, or rather catechumens, and the inscription could not be more significant :

“Auxit mactatos hic vivo fonte renatos.”

It let out the word of the miracle, in reviving the idea of moral resurrection, consigned in another inscription of the baptistery of St. John of Latran, given in the same work :

“Cœlorum regnum sperate, hoc fonte renati,
Non recipit felix vita semel genitos;
Fons hic est vitæ et qui totum diluit orbem,
Sumens de Christi vulnere principium.”

These naked children placed in a tub are not children, but men represented of a stature much less than that of the saint, according to a custom borrowed from paganism, and emanating from the idea of moral greatness and superiority, which the artist endeavoured to make sensible to the eyes. It was then out of these representations of St. Nicholas, copied without being understood, that they created the absurd story

which was received with so much fervour in the middle ages, and procured such high renown for the saint."

Many of the wonderful cures attributed to the older saints, which were merely imitated in the lives of saints of later times, originated in this misapprehension of figurative language and painting. Sin, in the eyes of the Christian, is a dangerous malady which threatens our spiritual life, a hideous leprosy which gnaws and devours us, to be cured only by faith and the power of the Saviour. This leprosy, in the eyes of the unenlightened people, became a bodily disease, of which a saint cured the faithful through the merits of Jesus.

"The primitive signification of the sick man and the leper," observes M. Maury, "may frequently be traced in the nature and circumstances of the recital. St. Arnulph, Bishop of Metz, and St. Sebastian, cure lepers by baptism. At the basilica of St. John of Latran, beneath a mosaic representing the baptism of Constantine, was inscribed :

'Rex baptisatur, et lepræ sorde levatur.'

There was formerly, on one of the outer gates of the church of St. Saturnin at Toulouse, the statue of the saint baptizing a young girl, with this inscription :

'Jure novæ legis, sanatur filia regis.'

But the common people, who could not understand that the cure alluded to was a figurative one, the cure of sin, told a story how the saint had miraculously cured a young girl ; and this other inscription, written underneath the statue, confirmed them in the error :

'Cum baptisatur, mox mordax lepra fugatur.'

If a pagan, or a hardened sinner, were illuminated with the light of the Gospel, through the doctrine of Jesus, according to the figurative language of his new faith he was cured of his blindness. The very expressions which the legend-writers employ, in reciting this class of miracles, remind us of the older figurative sense of the cure, for which superstition has substituted a sense more agreeable to its taste for the marvellous, although preserving the very expressions used by the older and more trustworthy biographer. Such are the phrases so frequent in the lives of the saints : *Statim lumen oculorum et mentis recepit. Miraculose illuminavit veritate, Christo, quem cæcaverat peccatum, diabolus, &c.*, in which we easily recognise the presence of the metaphorical idea of moral blindness. In the case of the blindness of St. Odila, it is by baptism that this miraculous cure is effected. We have already said enough to raise a presumption of the meaning of this blindness ; but, in addition to this, the legend adds that the saint was blinded with the foolish superstition of the Gentiles. It is by means of the sign of the cross that St. Vedast gives light to one who was born blind, *signo crucis illuminat*, that is, he enlightened by faith him who had always been without the light of the Gospel ; a meaning which is further evinced by the words of the saint, *Domine Jesu, qui es lumen verum, qui aperuisti oculos cæci nati ad te clamantis, aperi oculos istius et intelligat iste præsens.*"

Miracles of persons struck with blindness for their offences, appear to have originated often in similar figurative expressions. Among other examples of this kind we may instance the legends so frequent among the monkish stories, of miserable beggars who offered themselves under particular circumstances to beg charity of the saints, which beggars proved to be no other than Christ himself. Originally it was a way of translating in a manner more sensible and striking the Gospel precept: 'He who receives you, receiveth me.' Thus St. Judicael meets a wretched leper whose sufferings only inspire the crowd with disgust and terror. The saint alone has compassion upon his misfortune, braves the danger and attends upon the sufferer. The latter proves to be Jesus Christ, who had taken this disguise to put the charity of his servant to trial. The same story, with some variations, is found in the lives of other saints, such as St. Julian, St. Martin, St. John the Almoner. The figurative meaning which has always been given to flowers and plants was another fertile source of legendary miracles, such as that of causing dead wood to bud and to flower, and the like. So prevalent, as our intelligent writer observes, was the taste for miracles, that even the simplest figure of language was enough to give being to some new prodigy. St. Thomas inquired of St. Bonaventure whence he derived that force and unction which characterised his writings; he pointed out to him a crucifix suspended in his chamber, and said: 'It is that image which has dictated to me my sentences.' In vain the biographers of St. Bonaventure give these words as expressing that it was the contemplation of Christ's sufferings which inspired the great theologian with his eloquence; people continued to relate the history of the miraculous crucifix which spoke, and it formed a common subject for the medieval painters. Another example, which is a still more remarkable specimen of simplicity of comprehension, is furnished by the figurative expression, that men would, after their death, be weighed in the balance of God's justice; in the middle ages it was an article of popular belief, that men's souls would literally be weighed in scales, and this process of weighing was supposed to be one of the duties of the archangel St. Michael. St. Michael weighing souls has been found painted on the walls in the interior of several churches in England, when the modern coat of whitewash was cleared away; the same subject is often found on the bas-reliefs of churches in France, and it sometimes occurs in the paintings of the early masters.

The third source of monkish miracles was the passionate love of symbolism which characterised the middle ages. Material objects of all kinds, animate or inanimate, were clothed by over-imaginative teachers with symbolical meanings. We find symbols thus used among Christians at a very early period, many curious

examples occurring among the catacombs at Rome. Animals, especially, were thus used, and in some instances we may trace the idea to have been borrowed from paganism. Thus the phoenix was equally among pagans and Christians the emblem of immortality. As Christianity extended itself among the barbarian nations, symbolism and pictorial representations became more and more popular. It was a language which spoke to those who could neither read nor understand any other, and therefore it was recommended by the early teachers of religion, and from this source sprang the custom of covering the walls of churches with paintings and sculptures, representing pictorially the events of sacred history and emblematically the doctrines of religion. St. Gregory says: '*Quod legentibus scriptura, hoc et idiotis præstat pictura, quia in ipsa ignorantes vident quid sequi debeant, in ipsa legunt qui literas nesciunt.*' The feeling here expressed led to the multiplication of pictures and images to a wonderful extent. After a time, the meaning of the old symbols was forgotten, and as the spiritual ideas attached to them disappeared, people took them literally, and invented a host of absurd legends to explain what they no longer understood. This was the case even with so well known an emblem as the serpent, or dragon, the type of the evil one, the spirit of darkness, which was often placed under the feet of holy bishops and martyrs, to intimate the triumph of faith over the demon. The dragon was an animal which acted a very extensive part in the mythic romances of all the nations of medieval Europe, and the multitude were led very naturally to connect the combats of their romantic heroes with the emblems of the saints. Hence arose the legends of saints, who destroyed dragons, like that of St. George, and several others. The manner in which the populace understood most of the Christian dogmas, was, indeed, so little spiritual, that the monks in Mount St. Michel, in France, did not hesitate to exhibit, as pious relics, the sword and shield with which St. Michael the archangel combated the dragon of the Revelations! This idea, no doubt, arose from the popular custom of painting the defeat of Satan as a material combat between armed angels and devils. In accordance with this notion, Milton pictures the archangel fighting with a huge two-handed sword:—

"With huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down,
Wide wasting."

Many other animals seem to have given rise to monkish legends in the same way as the dragon; lions, bears, wolves, &c., placed originally by the side of figures of saints, as emblems of abstract ideas, were explained by legends which represented these animals as having been conquered or tamed by the sanctity of the indivi-

dual whom they accompanied; even the dove, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, was supposed to be a bird which came obedient to his call. Sometimes it was imagined that the demons had presented themselves to the saints in these forms. A devil appeared to St. Taurinus, under the forms of a lion and a bear; to St. Albert, the hermit, under that of a wolf; to others, under those of a dog, and an ass. Legends like these, when once invented, multiplied rapidly, and found a host of imitators. The stag was sometimes looked upon as emblematical of Christ, perhaps confounded in some degree with the fabulous unicorn. It appears not unfrequently in saints' legends, probably invented to explain its presence in ancient paintings and sculptures, where its figurative meaning was further indicated by a cross placed between its horns. Thus, in the life of St. Eustache, who, before his conversion, was named Placidus, and held the situation of master of the horse to the Emperor Trajan, we are told that one day, when he was hunting, he met with a troop of stags, among which he saw one much finer and larger than the others, which fled towards the most remote part of the forest. Placidus followed with impetuosity, and was soon separated from his companions, when suddenly the stag sprang upon a rock. The pursuer looked at it attentively and beheld a shining cross between its horns, and the image of the Saviour stretched upon it, who, through the mouth of the stag, said to him: 'Placidus, why pursuest thou me? I am Jesus Christ, whom thou honourest unknowingly; thy alms-deeds have mounted up to me in heaven; and in return for them, I come to thee, &c.'" The result was, that the huntsman was baptized, and became a saint. So in the life of St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege, we are told that he was hunting in the forest of Brabant, and in the heat of the chase had become separated from his followers. On a sudden a stag of unusual magnitude and beauty advanced towards him; Hubert beheld between its horns the figure of the Saviour crucified, and the denouement is almost identical with the story of Placidus. Similar stories are also found in the lives of St. Julian and St. Felix of Valois. Many instances of legends, thus arising from symbolical representations of animals of different kinds, are cited and discussed by M. Maury in the interesting volume before us. In a concluding chapter, he examines the kind of credit due to the evidence given by the monkish writers, in favour of these miracles, and shows the right we have to submit them to a critical examination. When personal witnesses for medieval legends are brought forward, they are always prejudiced enthusiasts, and men whose imagination was easily imposed upon. We cannot but feel obliged to M. Maury for the mass of information he has collected together, and for the intelligent manner in which he has arranged it.

ART. V.—*Stories from the Italian Poets; being a summary in Prose of the Poems of Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, with Comments throughout, occasional Passages versified, and critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors.* By LEIGH HUNT. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a dainty book to set before a critic. The idea is as happy and as suitable to the wants of the day, as the execution is masterly. It is a book for the poetical of all tastes. Grave and gay, fanciful and imaginative, romantic and pathetic are its stores; and the guiding-spirit is that of the genial, graceful, and accomplished author of 'Rimini.'

In these busy times of ours, when the intellects of men are sorely tasked to keep pace with the advancing spirit of the age, when books multiply with startling fecundity, and, amidst the number, so many are worthy of attention, the works of bygone times must necessarily occupy less of our study. Except for a few stray students, the past can never be supposed worthy to absorb attention; yet rightly to understand that past, a long-life study must be given. On the other hand, the past, for its own great sake, no less than for the sake of its parentage with the present, cannot be neglected by the thinking world. It must be studied till it is thoroughly understood; it must be ransacked; all that is dim and questionable, be it ever so trifling in appearance, must be elucidated. And this labour, which is divided amongst the archæologists, the historians, the philosophers, the critics, and the bibliographers, is meant for the million, who cannot so occupy themselves, having more pressing matter on hand. Daily, therefore, do we see some new attempt to shorten the routes of study; or, at least, to clear them from obstacles. 'There is no royal road to knowledge' is a true saying only in one sense; the Sovereign People cannot, indeed, be wise by merely willing it; but they can demand that the road shall be cleared of all obstacles before they will venture to travel. We are quite aware that the majority of works undertaken with the express purpose of making the journey easy, make it profitless; because they are the productions of men who are almost as ignorant as the public they pretend to teach. But we are also aware that all the leading tendencies of our literature are towards one desirable end—the removal of all obstacles from the path of knowledge. Not only has there sprung up a high sort of literature for the people; not only has Latin long been banished as a literary language, but it has even begun to be banished from the notes of editions to the classics; so that at last it seems frankly to be understood that works are to be written with a

view to the facility of the reader. Abstruse subjects, indeed, must always remain abstruse. You cannot popularise the higher branches of science. But even there, unnecessary obscurity in expression, whether by the pedantic accumulation of formulæ, or by the careless indecision of a wordy style, is inexcusable.

In this great work of facilitating the studies of mankind, such a book as that now before us has a fitting place. It addresses itself to various classes. To those ignorant of Italian, and likely to remain so, it furnishes a vivid and satisfactory idea of the great Italian poets. To those who merely 'dabble' in the literature, it will be a dainty feast. To those who are about to study any one of these great poets, it will be the fittest introduction they could possibly have. To those who have read the poets, but have not time to re-read them, it will be a charming and facile opportunity of refreshing their knowledge. Finally, to the poetical readers of all kinds, it will be an almost inexhaustible source of delight. It is of poetry 'all compact.' The magnificent pictures painted by these truly great men are given to the world in exquisite engravings. Perhaps no translation could do the justice to the original that is done by the simple, faithful, and delicately-picked prose of these volumes; in the first place, because poetical versions always have more or less of the translator forced upon the poet; in the second place, because prose, though robbed of the endless charm of rhythm, does by its very unpretendingness leave more room to the reader's imagination to conceive the glories of the original: prose is confessedly incomplete; a poetical translation pretends to be complete, and is not.

We will give a specimen. Let the reader turn to Cary or Wright, and read there the ghastly story of Ugolino ('ce mal-heureux,' as Théophile Gautier, with his usual sprightly absurdity, says, 'qui mangeait ces enfans pour leur conserver un père,') and then compare the following prose version as given by Leigh Hunt.

"The pilgrims went on, and beheld two other spirits so closely locked up together in one hole of the ice, that the head of one was right over the other's like a cowl; and Dante, to his horror, saw that the upper head was devouring the lower with all the eagerness of a man who is famished. The poet asked what could possibly make him show a hate so brutal; adding, that if there were any ground for it, he would tell the story to the world.*

"The sinner raised his head from the dire repast, and after wiping his jaws with the hair from it, said, 'You ask a thing which it shakes me to

* This is the famous story of Ugolino, who betrayed the castles of Pisa to the Florentines, and was starved with his children in the Tower of Famine.

the heart to think of. It is a story to renew all my misery. But since it will produce this wretch his due infamy, hear it, and you shall see me speak and weep at the same time. How thou camest hither I know not; but I perceive by thy speech that thou art a Florentine.

“Learn, then, that I was the Count Ugolino, and this man was Ruggieri the Archbishop. How I trusted him, and was betrayed into prison, there is no need to relate; but of his treatment of me there, and how cruel a death I underwent, hear; and then judge if he has offended me.

“I had been imprisoned with my children a long time in the tower which has since been called from me the Tower of Famine; and many a new moon had I seen through the hole that served us for a window, when I dreamt a dream that foreshadowed to me what was coming. Methought that this man headed a great chase against the wolf, in the mountains between Pisa and Lucca. Among the foremost in his party were Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, and the hounds were thin and eager, and high-bred; and in a little while I saw the hounds fasten on the flanks of the wolf and the wolf's children, and tear them. At that moment I awoke with the voices of my own children in my ears, asking for bread. Truly cruel must thou be, if thy heart does not ache to think of what I thought then. If thou feel not for a pang like that, what is it for which thou art accustomed to feel? We were now all awake; and the time was at hand when they brought us bread, and we had all dreamt dreams which made us anxious. At that moment I heard the key of the horrible tower turn in the lock of the door below, and fasten it. I looked at my children, and said not a word. I did not weep. I made a strong effort upon the soul within me. But my little Anselm said, ‘Father, why do you look so? Is any thing the matter?’ Nevertheless, I did not weep, nor say a word all the day, nor the night that followed. In the morning a ray of light fell upon us through the window of our sad prison, and I beheld in those four little faces the likeness of my own face, and then I began to gnaw my hands for misery. My children, thinking I did it for hunger, raised themselves on the floor, and said, ‘Father, we should be less miserable if you would eat our own flesh. It was you that gave it us. Take it again.’ Then I sat still, in order not to make them unhappier: and that day and the next we all remained without speaking. On the fourth day, Gaddo stretched himself at my feet, and said, ‘Father, why won't you help me?’ and there he died. And as surely as thou lookest on me, so surely I beheld the whole three die in the same manner. So I began in my misery to grope about in the dark for them, for I had become blind; and three days I kept calling on them by name, though they were dead; till famine did for me what grief had been unable to do.

“With these words, the miserable man, his eyes starting from his head, seized that other wretch again with his teeth, and ground them against the skull as a dog does with a bone.”

This specimen will sufficiently inform our readers of the style in which the whole work is executed. Dante's long poem is sel-

dom read throughout by foreigners; but with such a full analysis of it—or rather, with its story briefly but so completely told, as in these volumes, the most indolent reader will have patience to the end: and the delight thereby gained may induce him to venture on the original. The same remark applies to Ariosto, whose charming stories are here charmingly narrated; but whose poem is confessedly tedious from excess of wealth. And we may here mention, by the way, the beautiful little book, similar in its object, which Mr. Craik has given us on Spenser;* wherein as much of Spenser as is conjectured would be read by the busy men of our day, is given in his own lovely words; and the rest in a prose analysis. So many persons have expressed their gratitude for Mr. Craik's having thus brought Spenser home to them, that we can have little hesitation in assuming that Leigh Hunt's book will be widely popular. Still less hesitation have we in ranking it amongst our English classics. To prophesy is perilous, when contemporaries are the subjects; nevertheless, when we consider the immortal beauty of the poets here assembled, and the exquisite manner in which their stories are retold, we cannot but assume that the book will never grow useless, as we are sure it never can be more felicitously executed.

One portion of no slight interest is that devoted to the notices of the lives and genius of the five poets. Painstaking memoirs they all are; and, with one exception, they are all genial criticisms. It is this portion of the work, which calls for especial notice at our hands: the poets can speak for themselves.

Great critics are rare; rarer even than great poets. To be a great critic a man needs the sensibility and imagination of a poet, with the acuteness and comprehensive grasp of reasoning of a philosopher; and to these qualities he must add a highly-cultivated taste. There have been some excellent critics; but we should hesitate before naming any one as great, that is to say, as greatly uniting in himself the above conditions. The celebrated critics have either leaned too much to the philosophical side; or else too much to the imaginative side. But while on the one hand it is notorious that many great thinkers have had no relish, no capacity for poetry; so also, on the other hand, most poets have had no power of *explaining* accurately what they *feel* vividly: the logical faculty has been, not deficient, but differently employed by them. Hence the profound truth of Plato's paradoxical discussion in the 'Ion.'

Of the two classes of critics, Leigh Hunt ranges under that of the imaginative. A poet himself—genuine in kind, though not of a great kind—he has been all his life a student of poetry; and

* Forming vols. 60, 61, 62 of 'Knight's Weekly Volume.'

in all that relates to the art of poetry he is an accomplished critic. Hazlitt once said that the style of poetry which a man sat deliberately down to write, was the style he would praise, and that only. There is some truth in this; and Leigh Hunt, though catholic in his tastes, may be seen, in his criticisms, to exhibit the tendencies of the poet, quite as much as those of the judge. The bias of his mind, however, is only the more visible, from its being original; and to object to this bias is idle; all that the reader has to do with it is to note it, to be aware of its influence, and make allowance accordingly. Any opinion coming from one so well qualified to pronounce, as he is, on all poetical matters, must be received with the utmost respect; and, before it is questioned, should be examined as to how far it may be the result of any opinions peculiar to him—of any tendencies which his mind manifests in contradiction to those of mankind in general.

With all deductions made for what are called *Huntisms*, the fact still remains that Leigh Hunt is a critic of very uncommon excellence. He knows poetry, and he feels it. He can not only relish a beautiful poem, but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations. The mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him. His sensibility, originally delicate, has been cultivated into taste by a lifelong intercourse with poets. He has read much, and read well.

His greatest drawback as a teacher, is the absence of that conception of literature as the product of national thought, which though often carried to excess, is the distinguishing characteristic of modern continental criticism. A new class of thinkers has arisen, who, when judging of a work of art, endeavour to throw themselves back into the era in which it was produced; thus striving to look at it, as those looked at it for whom it was produced. They endeavour as much as possible to penetrate into the spirit of that age, to understand its language—its beliefs—and its prejudices; in order that the imagination of the poet who utters that language, may have its influence over their minds unimpeded by any want of sympathy, which ignorance would create. The reasonableness of this mode of viewing works of art, in contradistinction to that of the eighteenth century, which consisted in viewing them absolutely, without reference to the era in which they were produced, may be illustrated by the common question, as to whether Shakespeare's plays would succeed, if now, for the first time produced. It seems certain, that if the 'Tempest' were now first to appear, it would scarcely be tolerated. That is not saying the 'Tempest' is a bad

play, but, simply that it was written for another taste and for other audiences. It is obvious, that if Shakspeare were now living, he would manifest the same dramatic power, but he would manifest it under different forms; his taste, his knowledge, his beliefs, would all be different from those we find in him. We always admire his plays with a secret consciousness of their antiquity; under which consciousness many things are received as beauties, which would otherwise be intolerable. There are, probably, few men now living of greater intellectual and moral qualities than Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. Our admiration of these men is hearty and unfeigned. But, if they were now resuscitated, and were to appear in modern society as they then appeared, they would seem little better than barbarians; their intellects would be thought narrow, their ignorance astonishing, their manners rough and uncultivated. The historian who should test these men according to the modern standard would be guilty of the same misconception as the critic, who views a work of the past without making allowance for the characteristics of the past. Leigh Hunt, in practice, at least, whatever may be his theoretical views of the matter, belongs to the eighteenth century school of critics. He judges works of art absolutely; the effect they produce on him is taken as the test of their excellence. A method, which, though proper enough for each man seeking merely his own pleasure among books, is, we believe, singularly unfit for literary criticism. The account of Dante, is throughout defaced by this original sin. He evidently dislikes Dante. His own Muse loves to wander amidst the Graces and Charities of life, and shrinks from any outburst of violence and energy. The vehement Dante startles and annoys him. His aim has ever been to inculcate gentleness and tolerance. The stern and fanatical Dante makes him shudder. It is quite curious to trace in these volumes the constant uneasiness with which he finds himself in Dante's company. He becomes intolerant of Dante's intolerance. The fierce saturnine face of the sad Florentine seems to have been perpetually present to him, exasperating him into resentment. This is apparent, not only in his critical memoir, to which it has given a colouring utterly false, but also in the notes which accompany his version of the poem; every trait of fanaticism and bitterness is there noticed, even although he may have noticed it before in the memoir; and when some touch of sweetness wrings from him a cry of admiration, it is sure to be succeeded almost in the same breath by a sigh of regret, that a poet possessing such sweetness should so often have indulged in bitterness. There is this inevitable inconvenience in attacking a great man, that in order to excuse our temerity, in order to make out a case

strong enough to justify attack, we are hurried by our own eagerness into an exaggerated statement of the thing we object to. We lay too much stress upon trifles; we are too apt to bend facts to our views, and to give the interpretations suiting our object rather than those which would naturally present themselves.

To give an instance: Leigh Hunt, who is quite horrified at the way Dante assigns places to his friends in Hell, sees nothing in this but the spite and wilfulness of the poet. Dante the theologian is quite left out of sight; indeed, the whole poem is never looked upon as a product of the middle ages. Thus he says:

"If Dante thought it salutary to the world to maintain a system of religious terror, the same charity which can hope that it may once have been so, has taught us how to commence a better. But did he, after all, or did he not, think it salutary? Did he think so, believing the creed himself? or did he think it from an unwilling sense of its necessity? Or, lastly, did he write only as a mythologist, *and care for nothing but the exercise of his spleen and genius?* If he had no other object than that, his conscientiousness would be reduced to a low pitch indeed. Foscolo is of opinion he was not only in earnest, but that he was very near taking himself for an apostle, and would have done so had his prophecies succeeded, perhaps with success to the pretension.* Thank Heaven, his 'Hell' has not embittered the mild reading-desks of the Church of England."

Really this introduction of the 'mild reading-desks of the Church of England,' betokens a misconception of the office of a literary critic. We have no space here to exhibit the close relations of the Divine Comedy with the spirit of its age; but we present one fact for the critic's consideration. If Dante was actuated solely by spleen and wilfulness, if his distribution of punishments was prompted solely by his personal spite, how is it that he never placed one of his personal enemies in Hell, except Pope Boniface VIII., and the motive for placing him there, was probably the same religious motive which prompted him in the case of others? Even his judge, Cante Gabrielli, was deemed unworthy of his revenge. Again, exception is taken to Dante's invectives against the various towns of Italy; that Lucca made a trade of perjury; that Pistoja was a den of beasts, and ought to be reduced to ashes; that the river Arno should overflow and drown every soul in Pisa; that almost all the women in Florence walked half-naked in public, and were abandoned in private; that every brother, husband, son, and father, set their women to sale, &c. &c. That Dante does pour forth these invectives, and worse than these, is true, but to draw any conclusion there-

* 'Discorso sul Testo,' pp. 64, 77—90, 335—336.

from, respecting his moral character, appears to us preposterous. The very exaggeration of these invectives robs them of their malevolence. As Coleridge, in his own case, says: 'it seems worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind and the general state of sensations, in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist or is even compatible with that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realise them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general all deep feelings of revenge are, commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame and mild.' Coleridge himself, certainly neither a vindictive nor a vehement nature, might be convicted of vindictiveness and wilfulness, upon evidence similar to that which is brought against Dante. Coleridge also pertinently asks; 'Whether it would be either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish that all the persons mentioned by him, should actually suffer the fantastical and horrible punishments to which he has sentenced them in his 'Hell and Purgatory?' Or what shall we say of the passages, in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those, who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures. Do we not rather feel and understand that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions from the magic caldron, of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language.' Leigh Hunt, however, taking the poet at his word, exclaims:

"One is astonished and saddened at the cruelties in which the poet allows his imagination to riot: horrors generally described with too intense a verisimilitude, not to excite our admiration, with too astounding a perseverance not to amaze our humanity, and sometimes with an amount of positive joy and delight that makes us ready to shut the book with disgust and indignation. Thus, in a circle in Hell, where traitors are stuck up to their chins in ice (Canto xxxii.), the visiter, in walking about, happens to give one of their faces a kick; the sufferer weeps, and then curses him—with such infernal truth does the writer combine the malignant with the pathetic! Dante replies to the curse by asking the man his name. He is refused it. He then seizes the miserable wretch by the hair, in order to force him to the disclosure; and Virgil is represented as commending the barbarity! But he does worse. To barbarity he adds treachery of his own. He tells another poor wretch, whose face is iced up with his tears, as if he had worn a crystal vizor, that if he will disclose his name and offence, he will relieve his eyes awhile, *that he may weep*. The man does so; and the ferocious poet then refuses to perform his promise, adding mockery to falsehood, and observing that ill-manners are the only courtesy proper towards such a

fellow!* It has been conjectured that Macchiavelli apparently encouraged the enormities of the princes of his time, with a design to expose them to indignation. It might have been thought of Dante, if he had not taken a part in the cruelty, that he detailed the horrors of his 'Hell' out of a wish to disgust the world with its frightful notions of God. This is certainly the effect of the worst part of his descriptions in an age like the present. Black burning gulfs, full of outcries and blasphemy, feet red-hot with fire, men eternally eating their fellow-creatures, frozen wretches malignantly dashing their iced heads against one another, other adversaries mutually exchanging shapes by force of an attraction at once irresistible and loathing, and spitting with hate and disgust when it is done. Enough, enough, for God's sake! Take the disgust out of one's senses, O flower of true Christian wisdom and charity, now beginning to fill the air with fragrance!"

The last paragraph shows us how Dante is tested by the gentle spirit of the 'Indicator.' But are the two fairly contrasted? Would Leigh Hunt himself, in the thirteenth century, have had his select circle of admirers, loving him for that very 'Indicator' spirit? Revolting at the superstition and fanaticism no less than at the untamed fierceness which in those days had free expression, he attributes them to Dante, as if they were sins peculiar to him. But Dante was the creature of his age: the intense expression of its dominant elements. If asked whether such fanaticism, such vehemence be laudable now, no one can hesitate as to the answer. But the question for the literary critic is whether they were laudable then.

We shall not further pursue this discussion, points of which we have rather indicated than examined. Leigh Hunt's book excites feelings the reverse of polemical; and if we have thought it necessary to signalise this sole defect we find in the book, it is in the hope that the author may be induced, in a second edition, to modify his criticism of the great Florentine. We are not presumptuous enough to suppose that any observation of ours could modify his opinions—opinions, we are sure, not lightly hazarded; but the expression of those opinions he may be induced at least so to modify, that they shall not appear as they now do, flagrantly unjust. Dante was vehement, bitter, and fanatical; but do not let us see nothing in him but malevolence and fanaticism. If those notes in the commentary which now so unscrupulously track the sentiments of the great poet which are repugnant to the Christianity of modern times, were replaced by notes of more strictly critical character, such as Leigh Hunt is eminently qualified to write, the book would not only have additional charm and value, but the impression of injustice towards Dante which it now

* "Cortesia fu lui esser villano."—'*Inferno*,' canto xxxiii. 150.

so painfully produces, would be considerably lessened. For it is not the mere statement, however energetic, of Dante's faults, but the constant recurrence, and the polemical, the almost querulous, tone of objection, which leaves the impression on the reader's mind that the prominent characteristics of Dante are hateful.

Leigh Hunt has written worthily in Dante's praise; but if the reader compare the general terms in which this praise is conveyed with the lovingness in which the details of Ariosto's style are dwelt on, he will see the difference between genial and ungenial criticism—between the admiration which is spontaneous, and that which is forced. We will select specimens of each:—

"Many, indeed, of the absurdities of Dante's poem are too obvious now-a-days to need remark. Even the composition of the poem, egotistically said to be faultless by such critics as Alfieri, who thought they resembled him, partakes, as every body's style does, of the faults as well as good qualities of the man. It is nervous, concise, full almost as it can hold, picturesque, mighty, primeval; but it is often obscure, often harsh, and forced in its constructions, defective in melody, and wilful and superfluous in the rhyme. Sometimes, also, the writer is inconsistent in circumstance (probably from not having corrected the poem); and he is not above being filthy. Even in the episode of Paulo and Francesca, which has so often been pronounced faultless, and which is unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world, some of these faults are observable, particularly in the obscurity of the passage about *tolta forma*, the cessation of the incessant tempest, and the non-adjuration of the two lovers in the manner that Virgil prescribes.

"But truly it is said, that when Dante is great, nobody surpasses him. I doubt if any body equals him, as to the constant intensity and incessant variety of his pictures; and whatever he paints, he throws, as it were, upon its own powers; as though an artist should draw figures that started into life, and proceeded to action for themselves, frightening their creator. Every motion, word, and look of these creatures becomes full of sensibility and suggestions. The invisible is at the back of the visible; darkness becomes palpable; silence describes a character, nay, forms the most striking part of a story; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighbourhood, where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window; or where, at your feet, full of eternal voices, one abyss is beheld dropping out of another in the lurid light of torment. In the present volume a story will be found which tells a long tragedy in half-a-dozen lines. Dante has the minute probabilities of a Defoe in the midst of the loftiest and most generalising poetry; and this feeling of matter-of-fact is impressed by fictions the most improbable, nay, the most ridiculous and revolting. You laugh at the absurdity; you are shocked at the detestable cruelty; yet, for the moment, the thing almost seems as if it must be true. You feel as you do in a dream, and after it; you wake and laugh, but the absurdity seemed true at the time; and while you laugh you shudder."

A few pages on he continues:—

"Ginguéné has remarked the singular variety as well as beauty of Dante's angels. Milton's, indeed, are commonplace in comparison. In the eighth canto of the 'Inferno,' the devils insolently refuse the poet and his guide an entrance into the city of Dis:—an angel comes sweeping over the Stygian lake to enforce it; the noise of his wings makes the shores tremble, and is like a crashing whirlwind, such as beats down the trees, and sends the peasants and their herds flying before it. The heavenly messenger, after rebuking the devils, touches the portals of the city with his wand; they fly open; and he returns the way he came without uttering a word to the two companions. His face was that of one occupied with other thoughts. This angel is announced by a tempest. Another, who brings the souls of the departed to Purgatory, is first discovered at a distance, gradually disclosing white splendours, which are his wings and garments. He comes in a boat, of which his wings are the sails; and as he approaches, it is impossible to look him in the face for its brightness. Two other angels have green wings and green garments, and the drapery is kept in motion like a flag by the vehement action of the wings. A fifth has a face like the morning star, casting forth quivering beams. A sixth is of a lustre so oppressive, that the poet feels a weight on his eyes before he knows what is coming. Another's presence affects the senses like the fragrance of a May-morning; and another is in garments dark as cinders, but has a sword in his hand too sparkling to be gazed at. Dante's occasional pictures of the beauties of external nature are worthy of these angelic creations, and to the last degree fresh and lovely. You long to bathe your eyes, smarting with fumes of Hell, in his dews. You gaze enchanted on his green fields and his celestial blue skies, the more so from the pain and sorrow in midst of which the visions are created.

"Dante's grandeur of every kind is proportionate to that of his angels, almost to his ferocity; and that is saying every thing. It is not always the spiritual grandeur of Milton, the subjection of the material impression to the moral; but it is equally such when he chooses, and far more abundant. His infernal precipices—his black whirlwinds—his innumerable cries and clapping of hands—his very odours of huge loathsomeness—his giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits, like towers, and causing earthquakes when they move—his earthquake of the mountain in Purgatory, when a spirit is set free for heaven—his dignified Mantuan Sordello, silently regarding him and his guide as they go by, 'like a lion on his watch'—his blasphemer, Capaneus, lying in unconquered rage and sullenness under an eternal rain of flakes of fire (human precursor of Milton's Satan)—his aspect of Paradise, 'as if the universe had smiled'—his inhabitants of the whole planet Saturn crying out *so loud*, in accordance with the anti-papal indignation of Saint Pietro Damiano, that the poet, though among them, *could not hear what they said*—and the blushing eclipse, like red clouds at sunset, which takes place at the Apostle Peter's denunciation of the sanguinary filth of the court of Rome—all these sublimities, and many more, make us not know whe-

ther to be more astonished at the greatness of the poet or the raging littleness of the man. Grievous is it to be forced to bring two such opposites together ; and I wish, for the honour and glory of poetry, I did not feel compelled to do so. But the swarthy Florentine had not the healthy temperament of his brethren, and he fell upon evil times. Compared with Homer and Shakspeare, his very intensity seems only superior to theirs from an excess of the morbid ; and he is inferior to both in other sovereign qualities of poetry—to the one, in giving you the healthiest general impression of nature itself—to Shakspeare, in boundless universality—to most great poets, in thorough harmony and delightfulness. He wanted (generally speaking) the music of a happy and a happy-making disposition. Homer, from his large vital bosom, breathes like a broad fresh air over the world, amidst alternate storm and sunshine, making you aware that there is rough work to be faced, but also activity and beauty to be enjoyed. The feeling of health and strength is predominant. Life laughs at death itself, or meets it with a noble confidence—is not taught to dread it as a malignant goblin. Shakspeare has all the smiles as well as tears of nature, and discerns the ‘soul of goodness’ in things evil. He is comedy as well as tragedy—the entire man in all his qualities, moods, and experiences ; and he beautifies all. And both those truly divine poets make nature their subject through her own inspiring medium—not through the darkened glass of one man’s spleen and resentment. Dante, in constituting himself the hero of his poem, not only renders her, in the general impression, as dreary as himself, in spite of the occasional beautiful pictures he draws of her, but narrows her very immensity into his pettiness. He fancied, alas, that he could build her universe over again out of the politics of old Rome and the divinity of the schools!”

The specimens of his critique on Ariosto are in a very different strain.

“The poet takes a universal, an acute, and, upon the whole, a cheerful view, like the sun itself, of all which the sun looks on ; and readers are charmed to see a knowledge at once so keen and so happy. Herein lies the secret of Ariosto’s greatness ; which is great, not because it has the intensity of Dante, or the incessant thought and passion of Shakspeare, or the dignified imagination of Milton, to all of whom he is far inferior in sustained excellence—but because he is like very Nature herself. Whether great, small, serious, pleasurable, or even indifferent, he still has the life, ease, and beauty of the operations of the daily planet. Even where he seems dull and commonplace, his brightness and originality at other times make it look like a good-natured condescension to our own common habits of thought and discourse ; as though he did it but on purpose to leave nothing unsaid that could bring him within the category of ourselves. His charming manner intimates that, instead of taking thought, he chooses to take pleasure with us, and compare old notes ; and we are delighted that he does us so much honour, and makes, as it were, Ariostos of us all. He is Shakspearian in going all lengths

with Nature as he found her, not blinking the fact of evil, yet finding a 'soul of goodness' in it, and, at the same time, never compromising the worth of noble and generous qualities. His young and handsome Medoro is a pitiless slayer of his enemies; but they were his master's enemies, and he would have lost his life, even to preserve his dead body. His Orlando, for all his wisdom and greatness, runs mad for love of a coquette who triumphs over warriors and kings, only to fall in love herself with an obscure lad. His kings laugh with all their hearts, like common people; his mourners weep like such unaffected children of sorrow, that they must needs 'swallow some of their tears.*' His heroes, on the arrival of intelligence that excites them, leap out of bed and write letters before they dress, from natural impatience, thinking nothing of their 'dignity.' When Astolfo blows the magic horn which drives every body out of the castle of Atlantes, 'not a mouse' stays behind;—not, as Hoole and such critics think, because the poet is here writing ludicrously, but because he uses the same image seriously, to give an idea of desolation, as Shakspeare in 'Hamlet' does to give that of silence, when 'not a mouse is stirring.' Instead of being mere comic writing, such incidents are in the highest epic taste of the meeting of extremes—of the impartial eye with which Nature regards high and low. So, give Ariosto his hippogriff, and other marvels with which he has enriched the stock of romance, and Nature takes as much care of the verisimilitude of their actions, as if she had made them herself. His hippogriff returns, like a common horse, to the stable to which he has been accustomed. His enchanter, who is gifted with the power of surviving decapitation, and pursuing the decapitator so long as a fated hair remains on his head, turns deadly pale in the face when it is scalped, and falls lifeless from his horse. His truth, indeed, is so genuine, and at the same time his style is so unaffected, sometimes so familiar in its grace, and sets us so much at ease in his company, that the familiarity is in danger of bringing him into contempt with the inexperienced, and the truth of being considered old and obvious, because the mode of its introduction makes it seem an old acquaintance. * * * *

"Ariosto's animal spirits, and the brilliant hurry and abundance of his incidents, blind a careless reader to his endless particular beauties, which though he may too often 'describe instead of paint' (on account, as Foscolo says, of his writing to the many), show that no man could paint better when he chose. The bosoms of his females 'come and go like the waves on the sea-coast in summer airs.†' His witches draw the fish out of the water

* "Le lacrime scendean tra gigli e rîose,
Là dove avvien ch'alcune sè n'inghiozzi."

Canto xii. st. 94.

Which has been well translated by Mr. Rose:—

"And between rose and lily, from her eyes
Tears fall so fast, she needs must swallow some."

† "Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte."

Canto vii. st. 14.

“ ‘With simple words and a pure warbled spell.’* ”

He borrows the word ‘painting’ itself, like a true Italian and friend of Raphael and Titian, to express the commiseration in the faces of the blest for the sufferings of mortality :

“ ‘Dipinte di pietade il viso pio.’† ”

“ Their pious looks painted with tenderness.

Jesus is very finely called, in the same passage, ‘il sempiterno Amante,’ the eternal Lover. The female sex are the

“ ‘Schiera gentil che pur adorna il mondo.’‡ ”

“ The gentle bevy that adorns the world.

He paints cabinet-pictures like Spenser, in isolated stanzas, with a pencil at once solid and light ; as in the instance of the charming one that tells the story of Mercury and his net ; how he watched the Goddess of Flowers as she issued forth at dawn with her lap full of roses and violets, and so threw the net over her ‘one day,’ and ‘took her ;’

“ ‘un dì lo prese.’§ ”

“ But he does not confine himself to these gentle pictures. He has many as strong as Michael Angelo, some as intense as Dante. He paints the conquest of America in five words :

“ ‘Veggio da diece cacciar mille.’|| ”

“ I see thousands

Hunted by tens.

He compares the noise of a tremendous battle heard in the neighbourhood to the sound of the cataracts of the Nile :

“ ‘un alto suon ch’ a quel s’ accorda

Con che i vicin’ cadendo il Nil assorda.’¶ ”

He ‘scourges’ ships at sea with tempests—say rather the ‘miserable seamen ;’ while night-time grows blacker and blacker on the ‘exasperated waters.’**

Is not this excellent? In the same genial spirit has he written upon Boiardo and Pulci. With respect to the latter, the critic’s own universality has suggested to him the true solution of the mixture of gravity and absurdity in the ‘Morgante Maggiore,’ a mixture which has strangely puzzled the critics :

“ One writer thinks he cannot but have been in earnest, because he opens every canto with some pious invocation ; another asserts that the piety itself is a banter ; a similar critic is of opinion, that to mix levities with gravities, proves the gravities to have been nought, and the levities all in all ; a fourth allows him to have been serious in his description of the battle of Roncesvalles, but says he was laughing in all the rest of his poem ; while a fifth candidly gives up the question, as one of those puzzles occasioned by the caprices of the human mind, which it is impossible for reasonable people to solve. Even Sismondi,

* “ Con semplici parole e puri incanti.”—Canto vi. st. 38.

† Canto xiv. st. 79.

‡ Canto xxviii. st. 98.

§ Canto xv. st. 23.

|| Canto xvi. st. 56.

¶ Canto xv. st. 57.

** Canto xviii. st. 142.

who was well acquainted with the age in which Pulci wrote, and who, if not a profound, is generally an acute and liberal critic, confesses himself to be thus confounded. 'Pulci,' he says, 'commences all his cantos by a sacred invocation; and the interests of religion are constantly intermingled with the adventures of his story, in a manner capricious and little instructive. We know not how to reconcile this monkish spirit with the semi-pagan character of society under Lorenzo de Medici, nor whether we ought to accuse Pulci of gross bigotry or of profane derision.' Sismondi did not consider that the lively and impassioned people of the south take what may be called household-liberties with the objects of their worship greater than northerners can easily conceive; that levity of manner, therefore, does not always imply the absence of the gravest belief; that, be this as it may, the belief may be as grave on some points as light on others, perhaps the more so for that reason; and that, although some poems, like some people, are altogether grave, or the reverse, there really is such a thing as tragedy-comedy both in the world itself and in the representations of it. A jesting writer may be quite as much in earnest when he professes to be so, as a pleasant companion who feels for his own or for other people's misfortunes, and who is perhaps obliged to affect or resort to his very pleasantry sometimes, because he feels more acutely than the gravest. The sources of tears and smiles lie close to, ay, and help to refine one another. If Dante had been capable of more levity, he would have been guilty of less melancholy absurdities. If Rabelais had been able to weep as well as to laugh, and to love as well as to be licentious, he would have had faith, and, therefore, support in something earnest, and not have been obliged to place the consummation of all things in a wine-bottle. People's every-day experiences might explain to them the greatest apparent inconsistencies of Pulci's muse, if habit itself did not blind them to the illustration. Was nobody ever present in a well-ordered family, when a lively conversation having been interrupted by the announcement of dinner, the company, after listening with the greatest seriousness to a grace delivered with equal seriousness, perhaps by a clergyman, resumed it the instant afterwards in all its gaiety, with the first spoonful of soup? Well, the sacred invocations at the beginning of Pulci's cantos were compliances of the like sort with a custom. They were recited, and listened to just as gravely at Lorenzo di Medici's table; and yet neither compromised the reciters, nor were at all associated with the enjoyment of the fare that ensued. So with regard to the intermixture of grave and gay throughout the poem. How many campaigning adventures have been written by gallant officers, whose animal spirits saw food for gaiety in half the circumstances that occurred, and who could crack a jest and a helmet perhaps with almost equal vivacity, and yet be as serious as the gravest at a moment's notice, mourn heartily over the deaths of their friends, and shudder with indignation and horror at the outrages committed in a captured city? Is it thus that Pulci writes, full no less of feeling than of whim and mirth. And the whole honest round of

humanity not only warrants his plan, but in the twofold sense of the word embraces it."

After speaking of the 'unbounded tenderness' that beautifies Pulci's serious passages, he proceeds thus:

"A charm of another sort in Pulci, and yet in most instances, perhaps, owing the best part of its charmingness to its being connected with the same feeling, is his wit. Foscolo, it is true, says it is, in general, more severe than refined; and it is perilous to differ with such a critic on such a point; for much of it, unfortunately, is lost to a foreign reader, in consequence of its dependance on the piquant old Tuscan idiom, and on popular sayings and allusions. Yet I should think it impossible for Pulci in general to be severe at the expense of some more agreeable quality; and I am sure that the portion of his wit most obvious to a foreigner may claim, if not to have originated, at least to have been very like the style of one who was among its declared admirers—and who was a very polished writer—Voltaire. It consists in treating an absurdity with an air as if it were none; or as if it had been a pure matter of course, erroneously mistaken for an absurdity. Thus the good abbot, whose monastery is blockaded by the giants (for the virtue and simplicity of his character must be borne in mind), after observing that the ancient fathers in the desert had not only locusts to eat, but manna, which he has no doubt was rained down on purpose from heaven, laments that the 'relishes' provided for himself and his brethren should have consisted of 'showers of stones.' The stones, while the abbot is speaking, come thundering down, and he exclaims, 'For God's sake, knight, come in, for the manna is falling!' This is exactly in the style of the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.' So when Margutto is asked what he believes in, and says he believes in 'neither black nor blue,' but in a good capou, 'whether roast or boiled,' the reader is forcibly reminded of Voltaire's Traveller, *Scarmantado*, who, when he is desired by the Tartars to declare which of their two parties he is for, the party of the black-mutton or the white-mutton, answers, that the dish is 'equally indifferent to him, provided it is tender.'"

We must now turn to the last 'Memoir' in these volumes—that of Tasso. This perplexing and much-debated subject has been treated in a masterly manner by our author, who has not only sifted evidence with the acuteness of a philosopher, but has had the courage to look at the subject in its true light, leaving romance and sentiment to shift for themselves. The quantity of nonsense written about Tasso is an abuse of the privilege which biographers have of setting 'themselves down asses.' Professor Rosini, who edited Tasso's works, and who is a man of reputation in Italy, may be taken as a sample of the extravagances which are deemed permissible in transalpine literary criticism. In his 'Saggio sugli Amori di Tasso,' amidst a mass of sweeping assumptions and loose reasonings, he lays down this critical canon—that

a man of an *ingegno severo*, like Tasso, would not deliberately write a falsehood; from which we are to conclude, that whenever he speaks in his verses of his lady-loves, what he says is strictly true. With such a canon a man may go a great way in criticism; with what result we shall leave our readers to determine. Tasso's life is in itself perplexing enough; we need no extra confusion on the part of biographers; many things in it will probably never be cleared up; but all that seems capable of explanation is, we believe, rightly explained by Leigh Hunt. One of the points worthy notice in his memoir, is the admirable manner in which the reader is prepared for Tasso's madness. This is one of the disputed subjects. Was Tasso mad, before imprisonment and ill-treatment drove him so? Sentimental biographers answer in the negative: foolishly enough, as it appears to us, since Tasso's imprisonment, though galling, was not accompanied by any degree of ill-treatment which could have affected a sane mind. The disease was earlier. In the vivid picture of his restlessness, inconsequences, and perpetual suspicion, Leigh Hunt has shown us the mind diseased, which even before the imprisonment broke forth into frantic vehemence. Alfonso, whatever may have been his conduct afterwards, seems to have behaved kindly enough on first hearing of Tasso's outbreaks. He merely directed, in the mildest and most reasonable manner, that Tasso should be confined to his apartments, and put into the hands of a physician. This afflicted Tasso deeply: what step of the kind had ever any other effect upon an unsound mind? Yet he bore it in silence, and the duke took him to his beautiful country seat of Belriguardo; 'where, in one of his accounts of the matter, the poet says that he treated him as a brother; but in another he accuses him of having taken pains to make him criminate himself, and confess certain matters, real or supposed, the nature of which is a puzzle to posterity.' It was Belriguardo, as most of our readers will remember, that Göthe makes the scene of his exquisite dramatic poem, '*Torquato Tasso*:' a work as profound as it is enchanting, but which takes the utmost poetical licence with the history it treats of. Those persons who fancy that Alfonso imprisoned Tasso because he discovered the poet's love for the princess, forget that the occasion of the imprisonment was Tasso's furious outburst of indignation at not being sufficiently attended to, and his calling the court a '*ciurma di poltroni, ingrati, e ribaldi*,' in a speech of 'good set terms,' but of very uncourtly flavour. Let us hear Leigh Hunt on this debated question:—

"The causes of Tasso's imprisonment, and its long duration, are among the puzzles of biography. The prevailing opinion, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by Serassi and Black is, that the poet

made love to the Princess Leonora—perhaps was beloved by her; and that her brother the duke punished him for his arrogance. This was the belief of his earliest biographer, Manso, who was intimately acquainted with the poet in his latter days; and from Manso (though he did not profess to receive the information from Tasso, but only to gather it from his poems) it spread over all Europe. Milton took it on trust from him;* and so have our English translators Hoole and Wiffen. The Abbé de Charnes, however, declined to do so;† and Montaigne, who saw the poet in St. Anne's hospital, says nothing of the love at all. He attributes his condition to poetical excitement, hard study, and the meeting of the extremes of wisdom and folly. The philosopher, however, speaks of the poet's having survived his reason, and become unconscious both of himself and his works, which the reader knows to be untrue. He does not appear to have conversed with Tasso. The poet was only shown him; probably at a sick moment, or by a new and ignorant official.‡ Muratori, who was in the service of the Este family at Modena, tells us, on the authority of an old acquaintance who knew contemporaries of Tasso, that the 'good Torquato' finding himself one day in company with the duke and his sister, and going close to the princess in order to answer some question which she had put to him, was so transported by an impulse 'more than poetical,' as to give her a kiss; upon which the duke, who had observed it, turned about to his gentlemen, and said: 'What a pity to see so great a man distracted!' and so ordered him to be locked up.§ But this writer adds, that he does not know what to think of the anecdote: he neither denies nor admits it. Tiraboschi, who was also in the service of the Este family, doubts the truth of the anecdote, and believes that the duke shut the poet up solely for fear, lest his violence should do harm.|| Serassi, the second biographer of Tasso, who dedicated his book to an Este princess inimical to the poet's memory, attributes the confinement, on his own showing, to the violent words he had uttered against his master.¶ Walker, the author of the 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' says, that the life by Serassi himself induced him to credit the love story:** so does Ginguené.†† Black, forgetting the age and illnesses of hundreds of enamoured ladies, and the distraction of lovers at all times, derides the notion of passion on either side; because, he argues, Tasso was subject to frenzies, and Leonora forty-two years of age, and not in good health.‡‡ What would

* "Altera Torquatam cepit Leonora poetam," &c.

† 'Vie du Tasse,' 1695, p. 51.

‡ In the 'Apology for Raimond de Sebonde,' *Essays*, vol. ii., ch. 12.

§ In his 'Letter to Zeno.'—*Opere del Tasso*, xvi., p. 118.

|| 'Storia della Poesia Italiana' (Mathias's edition), vol. iii. part i., p. 236.

¶ Serassi is peremptory, and even abusive. He charges every body who has said any thing to the contrary with imposture. "Egli mon v' ha dubbio, che le troppe imprudenti e temerarie parole, che il Tasso si lasciò uscir di bocca in questo incontro, furono la sola cagione della sua prigionia, e ch'è mera favola ed impostura tutto ciò, che diversamente è stato affermato e scritto da altri in tale proposito." Vol. ii., p. 33. But we have seen that the good abbé could practise a little imposition himself.

** Black, ii., 88.

†† 'Hist. Litt. d'Italie,' v. 243, &c.

‡‡ Vol ii., p. 89.

Madame d'Houdetot have said to him? or Mademoiselle L'Espinasse? or Mrs. Inchbald, who used to walk up and down Sackville-street, in order that she might see Dr. Warren's light in his window? Foscolo was a believer in the love;* Sismondi admits it;† and Rosini, the editor of the latest edition of the poet's works, is passionate for it. He wonders how any body can fail to discern it in a number of passages, which, in truth, may mean a variety of other loves; and he insists much upon certain loose verses (*lascivi*) which the poet, among his various accounts of the origin of his imprisonment, assigns as the cause, or one of the causes, of it.‡

"I confess, after a reasonable amount of inquiry into this subject, that I can find no proofs whatsoever of Tasso's having made love to Leonora; though I think it highly probable. I believe the main cause of the duke's proceedings was the poet's own violence of behaviour and incontinence of speech. I think it very likely that, in the course of the poetical love-making to various ladies, which was almost identical in that age with addressing them in verse, Torquato, whether he was in love or not, took more liberties with the princesses than Alfonso approved; and it is equally probable, that one of those liberties consisted in his indulging his imagination too far. It is not even impossible, that more gallantry may have been going on at court than Alfonso could endure to see alluded to, especially by an ambitious pen. But there is no evidence that such was the case. Tasso, as a gentleman, could not have hinted at such a thing on the part of a princess of staid reputation; and, on the other hand, the 'love' he speaks of as entertained by her for him, and warranting the application to her for money in case of his death, was too plainly worded to mean any thing but love in the sense of friendly regard. 'Per amor mio' is an idiomatical expression, meaning 'for my sake;' a strong one, no doubt, and such as a proud man like Alfonso might think a liberty, but not at all of necessity an amatory boast. If it was, its very effrontery and vanity were presumptions of its falsehood. The lady whom Tasso alludes to in the passage quoted on his first confinement is complained of for her coldness towards him; and, unless this was itself a gentlemanly blind, it might apply to fifty other ladies besides the princess. The man who assaulted him in the streets, and who is supposed to have been the violator of his papers, need not have found any secrets of love in them. The servant at whom he aimed the knife or the dagger might be as

* Such at least is my impression; but I cannot call the evidence to mind.

† 'Literature of the South of Europe,' (Roscoe's translation), vol. ii., p. 165. To show the loose way in which the conclusions of a man's own mind are presented as facts admitted by others, Sismondi says, that Tasso's 'passion' was the cause of his return to Ferrara. There is not a tittle of evidence to show for it.

‡ 'Saggio sugli Amori,' &c. ut sup. p. 84, and passim. As specimens of the learned professor's reasoning, it may be observed that whenever the words *humble*, *daring*, *high*, *noble*, and *royal*, occur in the poet's love-verses, he thinks they must allude to the Princess Leonora; and he argues, that Alfonso never could have been so angry with any '*versi lascivi*,' if they had not had the same direction.

little connected with such matters; and the sonnets which the poet said he wrote for a friend, and which he desired to be buried with him, might be alike innocent of all reference to Leonora, whether he wrote them for a friend or not. Leonora's death took place during the poet's confinement; and, lamented as she was by the verse writers according to custom, Tasso wrote nothing on the event. This silence has been attributed to the depth of his passion; but how is the fact proved? and why may it not have been occasioned by there having been no passion at all?

"All that appears certain is, that Tasso spoke violent and contemptuous words against the duke; that he often spoke ill of him in his letters; that he endeavoured, not with perfect ingenuousness, to exchange his service for that of another prince; that he asserted his madness to have been pretended, in the first instance, purely to gratify the duke's whim for thinking it so (which was one of the reasons perhaps why Alfonso, as he complained, would not believe a word he said); and, finally, that, whether the madness was or was not so pretended, it unfortunately became a confirmed though milder form of mania, during a long confinement. Alfonso, too proud to forgive the poet's contempt, continued thus to detain him, partly perhaps because he was not sorry to have a pretext for revenge, partly because he did not know what to do with him, consistently either with his own or the poet's safety. He had not been generous enough to put Tasso above his wants; he had not address enough to secure his respect; he had not merit enough to overlook his reproaches. If Tasso had been as great a man as he was a poet, Alfonso would not have been reduced to these perplexities. The poet would have known how to settle quietly down on his small court-income and wait patiently in the midst of his beautiful visions for what fortune had or had not in store for him. But in truth, he, as well as the duke, was weak; they made a bad business of it between them; and Alfonso the Second closed the accounts of the Este family with the Muses by keeping his panegyrist seven years in a mad-house to the astonishment of posterity, and the destruction of his own claims to renown."

Did Tasso love three Leonoras; did he only love the princess? In one of his canzones (though we cannot at this moment recover the passage) he says, 'three have I sung; one only have I loved.' But this does not prove that the loved one was the princess; and as to the three Leonoras, modern criticism has amply demonstrated that there were only two—the princess and the Countess Scandiano. Goldoni, indeed, in his lively comedy of 'Tasso,' has given us the established three; and, curiously enough, while assuming as a matter of course that Tasso was in love with the princess ('*tutti sanno che il Tasso diventò innamorato della principessa*') he transforms this princess into an attendant at court, *out of respect for the illustrious family of Este*. '*Il rispetto per questa illustre casa, che regna amora in Italia, mi ha fatto cambiare nella mia*

commedia il grado di principessa in quello d'una marchesa, favorita del duca ed alla principessa attaccata.' Considering how much it was the custom for poets in those days to be enamoured (upon paper) of every beautiful woman; and how to such poetical attachment rank was no obstacle, nay, rather a stimulant, we may fairly accept Tasso's verses as amatory verses, without at all concluding that he was in love. But as the evidence either way is but vague, the sentimental may assume the truth of the traditional story, if they please. All we stipulate for is, that they do not insist on this attachment being the occasion of his imprisonment. For ourselves, we have little faith in either of his three goddesses. It may be pleasant enough for a poet to have three mistresses to adore in verse: they stimulate his muse to variety; but we doubt the sincerity of the attachment so distributed. It reminds us of Meleager's epigram, in which, complaining of being smitten by the charms of three women at once, he asks whether Love has discharged three arrows into his heart, or whether he has *three* hearts within him:—

τρισαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυνάρθροιοι Ὀραι
 τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμαυῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.
 ἥ γὰρ Ἐρως τρία τόξα κατεῖρυσεν, ὥς ἄρα μέλλων
 οὐχὶ μίαν τρέψειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ καρδίας;*

which is a pretty conceit enough, but only a conceit. Tasso sings as amorously of the Scandiano as he does of the princess: a presumption that he loved neither; though the majority of critics look upon the countess as a stalking-horse, beneath whose cover he could pierce the heart of the princess. We again say, let the critics settle the matter: each as he pleases for himself, without attempting to force his convictions upon other people. Meanwhile, we cannot help regarding the view taken by Leigh Hunt as by far the most satisfactory.

There is one passage in this 'Memoir,' which we would have graven in letters of gold, and placed on the portals of every Pantheon. It is a clear and deep insight into that miserable fallacy 'the miseries of genius.' Listen, ye critics!

"Poor, illustrious Tasso! weak enough to warrant pity from his inferiors—great enough to overshadow in death his once-fancied superiors. He has been a byword for the misfortunes of genius; *but genius was not his misfortune; it was his only good, and might have brought him all happiness.* It is the want of genius, as far as it goes, and apart from martyrdoms for conscience' sake which produces misfortune even to genius itself—the want of as much wit and balance on the

common side of things, as genius is supposed to confine to the uncommon."

We must close our rambling notice of this beautiful book. Not a quarter of what we intended to say has been said, and yet our allotted space is filled. A book so suggestive, and embracing so wide a field, is an *embarras de richesses*, which, as far as 'articles' are concerned, impoverishes the critic. If we have brought, however, no quota of our own, we have compensated for the deficiency by presenting the reader with extracts from our author; which extracts, though not by any means the most attractive in the work, being selected in the course of discussion, will, we trust, create a strong desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself. It is indeed a book which, to speak with Marlowe, contains

"Infinite riches in a little room."

ART. VI.—1. *Charakterzüge aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen, Friedrich Wilhelm III.* (Traits of Character from the Life of Frederick William III., King of Prussia.) Founded on Personal Observation, by FR. EYLERT, Evangelical Bishop and Court-Preacher. Potsdam and Magdeburg. 1844, 1845.

2. *The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III., King of Prussia.* (Extracts from the above.) By JONATHAN BIRCH. London. 1844.

3. *Das königliche Wort Friedrich Wilhelm III., König von Preussen; eine den Preussischen Ständen überreichte Denkschrift.* (The Royal Word of Frederick William III., King of Prussia; a Memorial presented to the States of Prussia.) By Dr. JOHN JACOBY. December, 1844.

IN the clean and elegant town of Töplitz, amid the lonely Bohemian hills, where the most select sprigs of Prussian and Austrian gentility flock annually to refresh their jaded bodies with salubrious baths, there used (some ten or a dozen years ago) to be seen, regularly at a certain hour, a tall and well-built figure, of a sombre aspect and a measured stride, plainly clad, with an olive-coloured coat (sometimes a little the worse for wear), a white vest, gray trousers, a round hat on his head, and a walking-stick in his hand. Judging by the stiffness and solemnity of this personage, you might have taken him for a Methodist minister meditating a sermon; for a Scottish 'Dominie' pondering on the relative *qui, quæ, quod*; or, for a provincial stroller rehearsing to himself

the part of the Ghost in 'Hamlet.' But if you wait a little, you will perceive that this judgment, like most others made on the first blush, is as superficial as it is precipitate, and very far wide of the truth. You will perceive that this personage, though courting solitude, a friend of silence and laconic in his phrase; though he will often stand for hours together on the banks of the large pond in Prince Clary's park, contemplating the slow and solemn sailing of the stately swans; that this remarkably severe and solemn man is any thing but a recluse, has, on the contrary, moved much in the great world; and is known and recognised by every baron and baroness in Töplitz as a person whom all are bound, and whom many of them delight, to honour. He is in fact a monarch; Frederick William III., King of Prussia; one of the most remarkable men of his age, if not by virtue of his overtopping personal qualities, certainly by the strange and eventful nature of his public history. Yet even as a private character you will find him not unworthy of a little passing observance; if he has got the prim exterior of a parading Prussian, he has also the true heart and the straightforward aspect of an honest German; and when you consider how much the character of an absolute monarchy like Prussia is moulded and modified by the personal qualities of the monarch, you may be apt to think that this ungainly and repulsive personage is a character that will richly reward the trouble of a more minute personal inspection. Frederick William, however formal and pedantic in his outward man, is evidently no mere player-king, speaking the speech exactly in all points as it is set down; you may rest assured, on the contrary, that behind this exact and measured exterior there dwells a soul not unfurnished with certain native ideas and purposes, that well know how to assert their own steady place in the world, and will not easily be jostled out of joint.

The number 40 seems to be a special favourite of the Fates in the advancing history of the house of Brandenburg. In 1640, that 'great Elector' mounted the throne, to whom Prussia owes her first prominence over the mass of petty states with which she was originally confounded; in the year 1740, that greater Frederick began to reign, who first gave to Prussia the reality, as his grandfather had given it the name, of a European kingdom. Another century revolves; and the same year 40 witnesses the death of one sovereign who organised the commencement, and the succession of another who is destined to preside over the completion of the greatest social revolution effected without bloodshed that modern history records. Frederick William III., who lost the battle of Jena, in 1806, and called the Baron von Stein to his counsels, in 1808, died in the year, 1840.

In his character and policy, the seeds lie concealed of much that is full of important consequence in the present political and ecclesiastical aspect of one of the most rising states of Europe. We shall endeavour, in the remarks that follow, to bring forward a few points of this European biography, the contemplation of which may enable us more perfectly, whether to understand the past or to anticipate the future of Prussian history.

One word, in the first place, on the author of the three volumes, the title of which is prefixed. A good biography of a king anywhere is a rarity; a good biography of a German continental absolutist, written by a German bishop, and father-confessor immediately after the decease of its royal subject, is, as human nature goes, we may say shortly, an impossibility. Bishop Eylert's life of Frederick William, accordingly, exhibits in rich abundance every fault that might be expected to belong to it in the circumstances; it is prosy and discursive as the production of a German (for the Germans, once for all, as a general rule, cannot write biographies), eulogistic and exaggerated as the production of a courtier, submissive, subservient, and stupid as the production of a centralised Prussian, and an Erastianised bishop. Nevertheless, the book is a very useful book; and the bishop a man for whom we feel no vulgar respect. He has, indeed, said many things that he ought not to have said; and, on the other hand, refrained from saying much that he ought to have said; but for the one fault, that of superfluity, he has the double plea to urge that he is a German, and that he is an old man above seventy; while for his sins of omission he can state, that in Prussia many matters are considered as of private interpretation and professional decision, on which in England every drinker of port-wine or porter thinks himself privileged to descant. How honest, for instance, is the following prefatory confession:—

"The portrait which I have given," says the bishop, "is taken from the life, but it is incomplete; I do not exhibit the monarch to my readers as a soldier, or at the head of his army, not as a financier, nor as a ruler, not as a diplomatist, nor as a politician, in none of these most important relations of his public life, where he exerted his most remarkable influence; *for these are matters, in fact, which I do not understand; and in matters which I do not understand, I can pass no judgment.*"

There is a certain humility here, which, like charity, may well be allowed to cover a multitude of sins; though we cannot help remarking, that in countries situated as Prussia at the present moment is, there may be as much of worldly convenience as of Christian self-restraint in the virtue. However, we shall think no evil; opinions on matters of this kind, like plants and animals,

are liable to be affected not a little by the atmosphere in which they grow; and we agree entirely with the worthy bishop, that the root of the governor and the politician is to be found in the man and the Christian, whom he makes it his main business to characterise. Let us commence, therefore, under the guidance of the evangelical father-confessor, with a few of these personal traits.

The late King of Prussia, in his intellectual and moral character was a true German; but he possessed eminently rather the qualities which the German has in common with the Lowland Scot, than those other and characteristic elements which distinguish the Trans-Rhenane Teut from every other species of the same wide family. There are indeed, as all who are familiar with the Germans know, two kinds of men amongst them, both very German as opposed to Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Italians, but opposed to each other by the strongest and most obstinate laws of natural temperament. There is what we may call the winged German and the walking German, or if you please, the ballooning German and the architectural German; the soaring German, and the steady German; the speculative German, and the practical German. The late King of Prussia belonged altogether to the latter class; and was, in fact, according to the more common English idea of Germanism, more like a Scotchman than a German. Like the Scotchman, of a plain unpretending exterior, he was not less plain, discreet, and downright in his whole cast of thought and tone of sentiment; and though he was not without respect for Immanuel Kant—whom he called ‘a strong soul in a weak body;’ and even went so far as to call the transcendental Fichte to Berlin, when he had been expelled from Jena on a charge of atheism—yet was his nature any thing but speculative; he was prosaic, practical, and utilitarian in the highest degree; and no professor of Calvinistic theology in the shrewd North ever expressed a greater abhorrence of German metaphysics than did Frederick William III. As his quiet and decent-minded brother ‘good Kaiser Franz,’ of Austria, used to say often very emphatically—‘We want no CLEVER people’—so his Prussian majesty not less characteristically, but with infinitely more sense used to repeat—‘I want no phantoms and no phantasmagorias; your ‘fantastic gentlemen I cannot use; PHANTASUS WAS THE BROTHER OF MORPHEUS.’ There is truth here and wit also; for that morose and monosyllabic German mouth could at times, as the bishop assures us, expand itself, and give utterance to something like a French *bon mot*; but still the characteristic feature of his mind was that Scotch one of sound sense, and the general complexion of his existence the most bald and inveterate prose. A grand habitual antidote he did bear in his mind to that por-

tentous effusion, and diffusion, and confusion, which is the besetting sin of German intellect; and how often did he not, in the course of business, put a wise stop to the large discourses of his councillors, by the words—‘*Gehört nicht hieher. Zur Sache! Zur Sache!*’ Nothing to do with the matter—to the point! to the point!’ Intimately connected with this direct and blunt practicality was another feature in the king’s character; and a feature more characteristically German; a great love of truth and a detestation of any thing in the shape of unsubstantial rhetoric, sounding compliment, and well-turned flattery; for all these things are at the core essentially false; and a direct, truthful, plain working-man can have nothing to do with them. He showed, also, no vulgar insight into Christian ethics, when he said that, ‘*acting against a man’s conviction is the sin against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven.*’ Of his general regard for truth the following interesting traits are given by the bishop:—

“Once, when the king was entering a considerable town, the superintendent of the place thought proper to greet him with a eulogistic address. Frederick interrupted him, turning indignantly to the adjutant, Colonel Witzleben, ‘This is not to be endured—the man speaks plain untruths.’ Then taking out the paper upon which the names of those invited to the afternoon entertainment stood, with his own hand he scored the name of the superintendent out.

“A young man possessing good talents and much fluency, and furnished with high testimonials, had been proposed as preacher to the division of guards. He was permitted to preach his trial sermon in the presence of the king in the court and garrison church at Potsdam. He here discoursed eloquently upon Christian heroism, but making use of unmeasured encomiums upon the conduct of the king and the Prussian army, the former, who at other times sat there listening with undivided attention to all he heard, lost his equanimity, and rising, looked round the church. As his eye rested on me, in his displeasure, he added, ‘The preacher has certainly not studied the Holy Scriptures, at least he has not learnt their *spirit*, or he would have known well that the inspired writings never flatter men, but, on the contrary, humble them. A preacher who makes my troops feel their self-sufficiency, and puts them asleep when he ought to rouse them, I will not endure.’

“In 1809, when the king with his family returned to Berlin, according to his former practice, he attended the celebration of the Lord’s supper in the church at Potsdam with the congregation. The moving and elevating spectacle of a sovereign and his people uniting on such consecrated ground, affected every heart so much that I thought some allusion to the circumstance was necessary. But trifling as the allusion was it displeased him. ‘I thank you for your sermon,’ he said, afterwards; ‘it was an excellent one, and it edified me. But it is painful to me when, in the preaching of the divine word, any mention is made of my name, especially in the way of praise.’ I answered that his

feelings on this subject were known to me, and that I honoured such sentiments; but that in present circumstances the people would have been disappointed in their justest expectations, had I passed over in utter silence the subject which warms all hearts.' I added, 'If, however, on that account, I have displeased you, yet may the good intentions which I had excuse me.' The memorable words of the king in answer to me were, 'Your good intentions I have by no means mistaken, but I believe *there is no king in a church in the eyes of God, no distinctions, no merit. The more earnestly, and freely, and without respect of persons, a man preaches God's word, the more will I esteem him. The public worship of God, and the participation in it, is meant to improve man, and on that account real truth and disagreeable truth must be spoken as well to master as to servant.*'

Beautifully illustrative of this deep-rooted love of truth in the royal breast, is the following reminiscence from the king's own mouth, of his early intercourse with the great Frederick in his latter days. It concludes with a prophetic intimation of the French revolution, inferior in interest and significance to nothing of the kind that is recorded:—

"Yes! a truly great man. On this very spot it was, here on this seat, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. He was full of kindness and tenderness. He examined me on the different subjects of study in which I was then receiving instruction, especially in history and mathematics. He made me converse with him in French; and then took out of his pocket Lafontaine's fables, one of which he made me translate. By mere chance it happened to be one that I had read before with my tutor; and when he began praising me for my performance, I told him so. Immediately his earnest countenance brightened up, he stroked me gently on the cheeks, and added, '*So ist's recht, lieber Fritz*,—that's the right plan, my dear Fritz, always honest and without concealment. Never wish to seem what you are not; always be more than you appear. These words made a deep impression upon me; and dissimulation and misrepresentation of every kind I have, from my earliest years, held in the greatest detestation and abhorrence.

"He exhorted me particularly to cultivate the French language; the language of diplomacy over the whole world, and by its flexibility peculiarly adapted for that purpose. And, in fact, I do speak it (for it is more pliant) with greater readiness than German; but still I like the German better. Then, on dismissing me, Frederick, I remember, spoke seriously to this effect. 'Now, Fritz, *werde was tüchtiges par excellence*. Learn to do something thorough in the world. There are great events waiting for you. I am at the end of my career, and my work will soon be finished. I am afraid things will go *pelle-mêle* in the world when I am gone. Everywhere I see a great deal of fermenting matter; and the men that should regulate and lay the approaching disturbance, especially in France, do all that they can to nourish it. The masses are already beginning to move up from below; and when this comes

session ; because only by means of a common element can a Christian community exist, and only in a community is there a cementing and self-preserving power. But where that which is the object of the Church's Faith is lost and split into opposing countless individual opinions, each man making a new religion to himself, instead of accepting the one religion given to him in the Scriptures, and where men are allowed to use such discretionary power and to call it Protestantism, the inevitable result will be that they will go on protesting till not one iota of the tenor and substance of Biblical Christianity is left remaining."

These sentiments, so familiar to us in this country, where most persons that are Christians at all are so as believers in a strictly miraculous and supernatural communication, might not be worth quoting at such length in this place, were it not that this very matter of religion, in this very shape of a fixed and definite super-naturalism as opposed to a more free and floating rationalism, is one of the great questions now agitated between the German people, and the present King of Prussia. The struggle is not merely between bureaucrats and constitutionalists, between central uniformity and local variety; but eminently and decidedly between one religious party of which the watchword is *Church*, and another of which the watchword is *Freedom*. It is a dangerous thing indeed, in some sense, for a people to have a very religious sovereign ; at least all the great civil wars in Europe during the last three hundred years have been excited and cherished by the zeal of eminently religious kings. Ferdinand of Austria, in the year 1618, and Charles of England in 1638, equally set their kingdoms in a blaze by their piety. Genius of any kind, indeed, military no less than religious, is dangerous upon a throne; not because genius is a bad thing anywhere, but because it is often unaccompanied with sense ; and genius with a sceptre in one hand, and a sword in the other, is a thing of all others the most apt to become despotical. We shall not, therefore, be surprised if we find the mild, sober, and tolerant personal piety of Frederick William III., taking a form upon the throne, in little distinguishable from the most obdurate bigotry and systematic intolerance. Most interesting and instructive in this view is the following passage, in which the royal theologian himself, with a curious casuistry (of which we have familiar examples nearer home), draws the line of distinction between the private conscience of the citizen, and the state conscience of the monarch. In his private capacity, according to this doctrine, the crowned individual must be comprehensively tolerant, and delicately polite ; in the performance of his public duties intolerance may often become a necessary first principle, and persecution a natural result.

"The often repeated sentiment of Frederick the Great—'In my

kingdom every man may go to heaven in his own way,' is one to which I cannot give my unconditional assent. Taken with reference to individuals indeed, and single cases, the maxim is not merely perfectly safe, but absolutely imperative. No man, no ruler, has the right to prescribe to another what he shall believe: faith cannot be commanded; it is the freest possible act of a free mind. Every man appropriates to himself and assimilates the objects of his faith according to his capacities and temperament; this man with the understanding, that with the heart. A perfect unanimity in matters of this kind is an impossibility. And if an attempt is made to force such unanimity by the imposition of external forms, this outward compulsion must always remain a dead letter; nay, worse, it will even excite hatred and opposition, for this plain reason, that the mind of man, as soon as it begins to think, must assert its liberty in all directions, and especially in the dominion of religion. Here to maintain independent dignity, and to enjoy absolute liberty are necessary correlatives.

"So far Frederick's maxim is correct; and is the best practical rule that can be given to guard society against the evils of intolerance and sectarian hatred; but it becomes wrong and false whenever it is attempted to be applied to the serious relation in which a Protestant monarchy stands to a Protestant Church. This Church came into existence at first, only by the protecting power of those princes who adhered to its principles; and only by their subscription and executorial power did the Augsburg Confession receive public sanction and ecclesiastical authority. The reformers, in order to give stability and permanence to the new Church, placed it under the protection of the supreme territorial authorities, and these are, therefore, the born patrons of the Church. This protectorate, by the free act of the Church, made their sacred duty, and intimately connected with every thing that possesses intense vitality under their government, has, by the peace of Westphalia, been secured as the sacred right of the princes of Germany. They must, therefore, take the Evangelical Church of the country under their protection, and this can, in common sense, mean nothing else than that they must watch over the maintenance and operative power of the fixed leading principles which constitute the spirit and the substance of the Evangelical Church; and through which, and in which, she has become that which she is, by which she distinguishes herself from other communions, and specially from the Roman Catholic; principles, in short, which she cannot surrender and lose, without giving up her own character and losing her own existence. For wherever this ordering, controlling, and leading hand is absent, the arbitrary will of the individual becomes supreme; and everywhere, in the state as well as in the Church, there is nothing more terrible than individual caprice. This lawless power having no boundaries to keep, scatters the seeds of destruction around; all ties are loosened, and social dissolution is the unavoidable consequence.

"I am a decided enemy of every hierarchy because it is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and I detest above all things its despotic government; but if the Evangelical Church is without all government, and if every clergyman is to have the right and the liberty to administer the sacrament according to his private opinion and caprice, if he may preach and teach in one congregation so, and in the other congregation so, then all organic connexion is dissolved, and to talk of a confession of faith of the Evangelical Church (though every church must have some confession or other), becomes a practical absurdity. The ecclesiastical element thus becomes identified with the whirl of every momentary and ephemeral idea, and amid choosing and rejecting, building up and pulling down, gradually undermines the evangelical faith of the people. The children have then a different faith from their parents; family worship and domestic piety have no longer any nucleus round which they can form, and public worship loses every charm, and the Church itself all binding power and authority. Binding, cementing, and controlling liturgical forms are, therefore, according to the precedent of the reformers, an essential want of the evangelical as of every other church.

"These prescribed forms are by no means the essentials of religion, but they are the encircling and preserving case of vital piety, and this often vanishes when these are broken down. The great matter always is, that the officiating clergyman shall know how to keep himself at a distance from a mere cold and dead mechanism, and to breathe into the simple and noble form the animating and elevating spirit which belongs to it. When this is done, the stable uniformity and the constant recurrence of these forms is, in fact, the very thing which clothes them with a peculiar charm; for it is consistent with the testimony of all experience that Christian congregations, of the middle and lower classes especially, are so much the more edified with these forms the more familiarly and fondly they recur to them, as to a sure guide and a clear light amid the constant changes of earthly existence. I have thought and read much on this matter, *pro* and *con.*, and what I have stated is my decided and well proved conviction, of which no man shall rob me."

This whole passage is pregnant with instruction; and equally so, whether we apply it as an interpreter to explain the most notable ecclesiastical events in Prussia since the peace, or as a prophet to predict the result of the struggle at present going on beyond the Elbe, between the Prussian people and the Prussian government. In the one application we see clearly how the same sovereign, who offered his territory as an asylum to the expatriated victims of Austrian bigotry in the Tyrol, could lend his countenance and his arm to the expulsion of the pious old Lutherans from Silesia. In the other application, we see how evangelical piety, inherited from his father, has, in the person of the present sovereign, become a synonym for bigotry, methodism,

and every sort of selfish narrow-mindedness. In an absolute monarchy, indeed, where the personal feelings of the king are at no point separable from the public law of the land, a zealously religious man almost necessarily becomes an energetic Erastian; he studies Luther and Melancthon, he determines the number of the sacraments, he makes and unmakes bishops, he edits a new version of the hymn-book, he fuses old Calvinists and Lutherans into one new 'EVANGELICAL' Church; and in so doing, while matters proceed smoothly enough with an indifferent or a submissive people, he now and then stumbles on a stump of obstinate old orthodoxy; and in this case, if he will not say *peccavi* (which a king and a public man can rarely do), he becomes, with all his piety and peacefulness, a Henry VIII., and nothing less, in principle; and he also must victimise his score of Sir Thomas Mores, or other worthies, though in a bloodless fashion, by the more decent and temperate martyrdom of the nineteenth century. Such has hitherto been the history of 'evangelical' piety on the throne of Prussia; while its present workings and expected explosions chain the eye of the reflective, before all other parts of Europe, chiefly on Breslau, on Königsberg, and on Berlin.

Let us now, to complete the outline, cast a glance on the political and military aspect of his majesty's character; and here we cannot do better than choose as our text the short characteristic of the Prussian monarch given by his great adversary, Napoleon: '*Le roi de Prusse, comme caractère privé, est un loyal, bon, et honnête homme; mais dans sa capacité politique c'est un homme naturellement plié à la nécessité; avec lui on est le maître tant qu'on a la force, et qui la main est levée.*'* Now, if the part of this portraiture which relates to the king's political character be softened down a little, and expressed in phrase a trifle more polite, it seems to give the whole truth of the matter, so far as we can judge, fairly enough. In the political career of Frederick William III. we see nothing of that consistent and homogeneous character which is impressed on his ecclesiastical movements; an incoherent alternation of caution and rashness, liberalism at the helm to-day, and despotism to-morrow, indicate plainly enough that in this sphere the ostensible leader of affairs was in reality led, and that the royal movements were in all cases the result, not the cause, of the circumstances with which they were connected. We have, therefore, to seek for the political history of Frederick William III. more in the times than in the man; for he was, in fact, nothing of a born king and a ruler of men; the

* 'Las Cases,' in *Fain*. 1813. Vol. I., p. 99.

great stage of public life was not his natural element; and he was by temperament utterly ignorant of the grand, and to **kingly** actions in critical times indispensable, science of **DARING**. He had one great virtue, however, which our Charles I. **did not** possess; he had modesty and sense enough, when necessity pressed hard, to allow himself to be used by those circumstances which he could not control. If he could not be the steam in the coach, as little would he be the drag, much less would he be the impertinent peg, that by pushing itself in at every hole, where it was not required, might even cause an explosion. In his long reign of forty-three years, while, on the one hand, ill-timed timidity and vacillation had reduced the kingdom of the great Frederick almost to the bounds of the original electorate; on the other hand, well-timed decision and steady resolution achieved in the course of a few years a social regeneration in Prussia, more important in its consequences than the political importance acquired to the same country by the European renown of the famous Seven Years' War. A man naturally cautious, and a king essentially conservative, the preacher of moderation and progressive development in all things, became, in fact, under the sudden pressure of urgent circumstances, a bold state surgeon, amputating limbs by wholesale, cutting off thousands of legs (as Nero wished to do necks) at one fell swoop; was, unquestionably, as one of his own academic men said, 'the most radical reformer in Europe.' Such an excellent thing is it, when a man, however far out of his natural place, still retains that one virtue, which is the soil of many virtues, docility, or the capacity of benefiting by the hard lessons of experience!

The first great era in the king's political life is that from his accession, in 1797, to the battle of Jena, in October, 1806. Frederick William III. found his kingdom isolated from the great European alliance against France, by the peace of Basle, made in 1795. At what period precisely he should have taken up arms against the even more glaring acts of Gallic insolence, we shall not undertake to decide; certain it is, that he took them up at the very time when he ought *not* to have done so; and the crowned Corsican, by the slowness and indecision of his adversary, had the full advantage, with regard to Germany, of that old Roman maxim, so skilfully exhibited by the sententious Tacitus, '*Dum singuli pugnant, universi vinicuntur.*' But on this part of the king's conduct, so unlike the bold preventive style of his great ancestor, we have the benefit of direct evidence from a man who could say of those eventful days with a more just pride than any man in Prussia, '*Et quorum pars magna fui.*' In Von

Gagern's correspondence with Stein,* we have the following most instructive utterances from the fiery old baron:—

"It was not Frederick William II.," says he, commenting on Gagern, "but his successor, Frederick William III., who is to be blamed for the long duration of the peace with France. The former wished for war—loved war—hated the French, and allowed the peace of Basle to be made against his will; and there was nothing for which he was so eager as that it should be broken with all possible convenience. He was well read in history, and with his high notions of royal dignity could not but be sensibly alive to the danger that threatened Europe from French preponderance. Had this king been alive in 1799 he would have taken part in the war against France. Both with the army and with the people at that time there was a very general desire for war. Neither were the ministers to blame. Lombard was not a shallow nor a weak man; as little was Haugwitz. Both had good understandings, the former a great deal of classical learning, a thorough knowledge of French literature, and no vulgar poetical talents. Both were immoral and *roués*; Lombard of low birth (his father was a wig-maker, and therefore he often used to say *mon père de poudreuse mémoire*), both having been bred in the licentious school of Riesen and Lichtenau. Haugwitz wished war in 1799. In the conference which he, the Duke of Brunswick, and the king, held at Petersburg in May, 1809, war was in fact resolved on, and Prussia was to take part with Russia. Haugwitz went to Berlin for the purpose of arranging the final details with Count Panin. The king, however, on the road from Minden to Wesel, took back his resolution, gave Haugwitz instructions to back out of the matter the best way he could, and the event is known to all the world. The discontent in Prussia at this impolitic hesitation and delay was universal. At this time Haugwitz should have given in his resignation."

This not merely on Stein's authority, but on a due consideration of the late king's character, and reviewing the whole circumstances of the war in 1806, we take to be the real state of the case. If the vain confidence of the Prussian aristocracy is most righteously called on to bear one third of the burden of Jena, and if another third is no less justly (as in all military matters it ought to be) laid to the charge of CHANCE, to complete the prostrating forces, we must call in the doubtful and undecided temper, the vacillations and tergiversations of Frederick William III. Weakness upon a throne, indeed, never was capable of any thing better; and as a politician, so far as we have been able to see, the late majesty of Prussia was essentially weak. Of a piece with this ill-omened beginning is the whole after-course of his public life; nowhere do we find him acting on any other principle than that negative one of all weaklings and cowards—*don't be in a hurry*,

* 'Antheil,' iv., 48.

don't anticipate Providence, wait upon God; and as caution sometimes is a virtue, and much oftener than rashness leads to a safe result, so we find that, after the event, when it has happened to turn out in his favour, the doubt and the delay of a weak man, whom nature never equipped to sit upon a throne, becomes, in the courtly style of episcopal and bureaucratic eulogisers, the most rare wisdom and the most prophetic intuition. Bishop Eylert, professing as he does to abstain altogether from the difficult science of politics, descants nevertheless with considerable pomp of words, on the extraordinary sagacity of Frederick William in 1811 and 1812, when all his best advisers and the substantial men in his service were eager for a league with Russia; but this landed perspicacity of royal vision was in fact nothing more than the same spirit of doubt and indecision that had brought the same sovereign, to his own utter shame and ruin, to refrain from war in 1799 and 1805, nothing higher than the vulgar instinct of choosing the side which seems the safer for the day, and waiting the moment when a man may afford to act rashly at the least possible risk to his own flesh. The king waited in 1811 till he had seen what 1812 might produce. The thing produced happened to be the thing desired; but what if the contrary had chanced?—what if Napoleon (a thing certainly within the fairest range of probability) had succeeded as well against the modern ‘Scythians’ as Alexander the Great did against the ancient?—where was Prussia then? Bound neck and heel at the foot of haughty Gaul, with the one favourable opportunity of shaking off the hated yoke, lost perhaps for ever. Let us hear, therefore, no more empty laudations of the political sagacity of Frederick William III., in 1811, or at any other period. He understood Luther, and the Lutheran liturgy; but he did not understand politics. Not even in 1808, when he made Baron Stein his minister, and forged his famous Agrarian Law, was Frederick William III. a great legislator; nor in 1811, when he made Blücher, and Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau his generals, was he a great commander; but in both cases greatness was forced upon him; in the one case by the battle of Jena, in the other case by the people of Prussia, and he received it (to this praise he is well entitled) in both cases not ungraciously.

There is one more point yet remaining, and it is a sad one. The King of Prussia, in his private character, was, as we have seen, remarkable for nothing more than for his plain, direct, unvarnished manner, and for his love of truth. But in his public character we see him publicly arraigned by his own people as a de-

ceaser and a liar ; as a person at least who, on the pledge of certain solemn promises, induced his people to hazard their lives for his safety, and then, when that safety was secured, found it inconvenient to attempt the fulfilment of the self-imposed obligation. The matter is well known, and does not require any detailed exhibition in this place. We merely state it as a fact known to all who take any interest in continental politics, that in the year 1808, under the pressure of necessity, Frederick William III. called men to his counsels who were of decidedly liberal opinions, and originated not a few measures of a decidedly popular character; that under the fresh impulse and salutary inspiration of these measures, the tremendous struggle of 1813, was begun and carried to a successful conclusion chiefly by the efforts of Blücher, Gneisenau, and the Prussian PEOPLE, emphatically so called; and that in furtherance of these popular measures, and under the influence of that liberal inspiration, the late King of Prussia, in May, 1815 (in anticipation of the renewed contest at Waterloo), gave a deliberate public promise to his people that he would grant them a representative constitution in conformity with the demands of the age. Now it is quite true that promises of this kind relating to complex social changes, even when given with the most honest purpose, and acted upon with the most zealous diligence, cannot be fulfilled, for the most part, so soon as either party would desire; but it is equally certain that the space of twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—is long enough for an absolute monarch of ordinary vigour and determination, in ordinary circumstances, to take steps for carrying his expressed will into execution. Frederick William III., however, lived exactly a quarter of a century after the giving of this public pledge, in the midst of his loyal subjects at Berlin, and Europe still looks in vain for the assembling of a national parliament on the banks of the Spree, and for the re-echoing of a free popular voice from the Rhine to the Niemen. So far from this, we have seen Prussia since the paltry proceeding against the students in 1817, closely banded with Metternich, Gentz, and the other minions of Kaiser Franz at Frankfort, in what we cannot designate otherwise than as a secret conspiracy to rob the German people of their dear-bought political liberties, and to reduce the royal word* of the King of Prussia, in its practical operation, as

* "Charles I. sent a message to parliament wherein he desired the houses' charity to let him know whether they will rest upon his *royal promise* in favour of their liberties; which promise he had made at several times, and chiefly by the lord keeper's speech made in his own presence. If they rely on it, he assured them it should be *really and royally* performed."—*Hume*.

It seems to be implied here that the word of a king, like that of a Quaker, is as good as another man's oath. Let history be consulted.

much as possible, to a mockery and a SHAM. The conclusion from all this is, that his late majesty, in the matter of the constitution, was either a liar meaning purposely to deceive, or a political weakling unable to carry his own plans into execution, and shrinking dastardly from the spirit which himself had raised. The former supposition is altogether inconsistent with his known character; there remains only the latter; and it is a supposition in perfect consistency both with his previous political conduct, and with the opinion of Napoleon already quoted, that in political matters his late majesty was the child of circumstance and the slave of necessity; not to be trusted unless when the arm of chastisement stood ready uplifted to enforce a prompt and a decided obedience. The same pliability of temper, that after the battle of Jena, when the aristocratic party failed him, threw the royal pleasure of Prussia into the hands of Stein and other constitutional reformers, did, after Waterloo, prepare him, as swiftly as decency would allow, for sinking back into the arms of the old bureaucratic party that now, when the storm had been weathered by better men, dexterously played themselves back into place. Once in possession of the royal ear, these men had no difficulty in conjuring up a thousand phantoms of conspiracies and convulsions, rebellions and revolutions, to work upon his large organ of caution and conservativeness; and though they could not induce him, being an honest man, deliberately to recall his word, they supplied him with reason after reason sufficiently weighty to make him delay its execution from day to day, and from year to year; till at last, after twenty-five years waiting for the more convenient season, the fond old promiser dropt quietly into his grave, leaving the double legacy of royal perjury and popular resentment to his successor. Such a kingly game of shuffling the cards with solemn pledges and promises was played in Britain by several crowned individuals in succession, at various periods preceding the year 1688. What it led to then in our island all true Britons now, both Whigs and Tories, contemplate with satisfaction; what it may lead to on the banks of the Spree, at the present hour the living Majesty of Prussia ought certainly, while it is yet time, in all seriousness to consider.

ART. VII.—1. *Geschichte der französischen Revolution bis auf die Stiftung der Republik.* (History of the French Revolution up to the establishment of the Republic.) By F. C. DAHLMANN. Leipzig. 1845.

2. *Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution, Vorlesungen an der Universität zu Bonn im Sommer 1829, gehalten von B. G. NIEBUHR.* (History of the Age of the Revolution, a Course of Lectures delivered at the University of Bonn in 1829.)

OF the mere course of events during the French Revolution it can scarcely be possible that much remains to be told. From the multitude of elaborate narratives to which the great convulsion has furnished a subject, as well as from the newspapers, pamphlets, and memoirs which illustrate it, no portion of history has attained equal publicity. It is true that many curious questions are still unsolved, because the transactions which they concern were in their nature secret, as the earlier treasons of the Duke of Orleans, or the machinery by which leaders such as Danton or Hebert directed the ruffians of the suburbs to the perpetration of any convenient sedition or murder: but these obscure details are either lost for ever, or only to be recovered by accident—the historian has little chance of further success in his researches. More may remain to be done in the negative direction, by stripping off the picturesque covering which the French have so liberally bestowed on their history, in emulation of Barrère and Napoleon. The celebrated scene of the sinking of the *Vengeur* is probably one of a hundred brilliant episodes in the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, which, originating in pure fiction, have become in France articles of national faith. Many of Mirabeau's happiest bursts of eloquence,—above all, his celebrated defiance of the king in the person of the astonished master of the ceremonies, appear to be as entirely fabulous as some of Napoleon's most celebrated evolutions; and if the greatest of French orators and of French generals thought their exploits incomplete without the aid of fiction, it is not too much to suspect the literal veracity of their inferiors, and to fear that wherever we meet with an unusually successful piece of stage effect, the imagination of the narrator has been at work. Perhaps it is desirable that this duty of sceptical criticism, which certainly will never be undertaken by the French, should also be declined by the perfidious enemies of France and of the human race, our cold-blooded countrymen, and left to the future industry of Germans, who deserve and have the credit of comparative impartiality and conscientious industry. After all, the exposure of misrepre-

sentations of particular events is a matter rather of literary curiosity than of historical importance.

However little novelty the historian can hope to attain in the materials of his narrative, there is still abundant room for the exercise of judgment in arranging them, and in appreciating their tendency and effect. As yet no single writer has made the Revolution his own, in the sense in which portions of ancient history belong to Thucydides and Tacitus. The greater French historians of the present age have declined the task, and Thiers, the most celebrated of those who have undertaken it, seems deliberately to affect and cultivate a spirit of partisanship, where impartiality would be easier as well as better. In England the cognate failing of affected toleration and sympathy for opponents is not uncommon, producing perhaps less injustice but far more platitude. Mr. Alison, though it has been said that he writes to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories, often seems to suspect that right and wisdom were on the side of the Jacobins, even in their worst excesses. Neither his laborious work, nor the hasty compilation of Scott, forms so valuable a contribution to history as the singular work of Mr. Carlyle, which, with all its appearance of reckless irregularity and brilliant wilfulness, expresses the results of a profound and original judgment, in the graphic reality with which the characteristic and prominent scenes of the Revolution are represented. As a work of art, however, Carlyle's history appeals to a taste which, even among sensible and judicious readers, is not universal, and in all cases it presupposes or requires considerable supplementary knowledge. To those who prefer more regular drawing, even though the picture should be less like life, we can recommend Dahlmann's well-written and instructive work. He offers it as a continuation of his 'History of the English Revolution,' formerly noticed in this Review; but we think he does injustice to the present publication. Containing the events of four years in the space which, in the former book, was allotted to two centuries, the work before us is an interesting narrative, instead of a comparatively dry and colourless summary of events. The author admits that the time is not yet come for him to look at his book without personal feeling, 'and judge from my own impressions, whether my mode of viewing the question is sufficiently profound and original to justify visiting the book-loaded world with a new work on this subject, handled, as it has been, so infinitely often.' We are inclined to think his book not superfluous, and regret that he should have concluded it at one of the most interesting points of the whole Revolution—the dethronement of the king in the autumn of 1792. The fall of Robespierre,

or the establishment of the Directory, would have offered a far more natural termination.

One of the most instructive parts of Dahlmann's book consists in his introductory account of the political condition of France; and of the various changes of government from the accession of Louis XVI. to the assembling of the States General. In illustrating the downward course of affairs from Turgot to Brienne, he shows at once the school of political opinion to which he belongs, in his uniform desire to base every change and improvement on an historical foundation. The Jacobinical theory, that the rights of man may be expressed in a few plain propositions, and developed into all the institutions requisite for a state, is in itself plausible and intelligible; but it is separated by the widest gulf which can disunite political creeds, from every system, however popular in its character, which recognises historical rights as the conditions and means of present expediency. Turgot himself is not free from the charge of encouraging the prejudices of his contemporaries in favour of abstract and theoretical rights which statesmen would do well not to mention, till they are prepared to carry them out in practice. That various highway duties were oppressive and unjust was a sufficient reason for altering the laws under which they were enacted; but Turgot's declaration that they were illegal as being opposed to natural justice involved every theory which was afterwards carried out by the Jacobins, and every principle necessary to justify the far more extensive revolution now advocated by the French and German Communists. As in the case, however, of many other statesmen, his practical good sense enabled him to tolerate a convenient inconsistency in his opinions. No minister of the time was less disposed to weaken the executive power or more rigorous in enforcing obedience to the law. If the king had possessed firmness and courage to support him, it seems almost certain that the Revolution would never have happened. Dahlmann's judgment of the characters of the successive ministers, and of the causes which led to their failure, corresponds in a great measure with that of Carlyle. In Necker he sees little more than an inflated pedant, while of Maurepas, Calonne, and Brienne it is scarcely possible that two opinions should be formed.

Of the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly his judgment is generally unfavourable, though free from bigotry and prejudice. A warm admirer of the English constitution, he blames the supineness of the court and ministry in not defining the form of the States General beforehand, in such a manner as to form an upper house of the great nobility and prelates; and he warmly applauds the subsequent efforts of Mirabeau to secure the uncontrolled ex-

ecutive power of the crown. At the time of the meeting of the states, or even earlier, it may be doubted whether the establishment of a mixed constitution was possible. The nobility who were afterwards reconciled to the cause by the pressure of common danger, had long been engaged in a determined opposition, which was rendered more violent by the supposed popular leanings of the king. An upper house formed from the high aristocracy was wholly unknown to the ancient constitution, and would have been odious to the great body of the lesser nobility. The parliament of Paris had declared that the old form of the states must be preserved; and an attempt to combine the three independent orders into two houses on the English model would probably have met with universal resistance. From the time when the Assembly of Notables was dissolved, only one chance of avoiding a violent convulsion remained; and the king can scarcely be blamed for not adopting it, as it could scarcely by possibility have occurred to him, to appoint Mirabeau minister with unlimited powers. His knowledge of finance, his instinct of business, his commanding genius and indomitable courage, might have impressed the leaders of the Assembly with respect and fear, and confined them to practical improvements compatible with the existence of the monarchy. Not inferior to Strafford in grandeur of character, he would have met with no Pym or Cromwell in Barnave and Lameth, or in the formal and puritanical Lafayette; and instead of concentrating, like the great viceroy, the hatred of the people on his cause, he would have represented the triumph of their influence with the crown. Nothing can be more just than the censures of Dahlmann on almost every successive step, by which the Assembly at the same time engrossed the executive power, and showed its incompetence to administer it; but at a time when Mirabeau was almost the only man in France who thought a working government the first condition of liberty, it was probably impossible that a wiser course should have been adopted. Absolute power to construct a constitution can only lead to unlimited caprice. There are no institutions which are uniformly and indisputably the best; there are none free from some defect in theory, which is easily put into words; while the indirect and complex good which they produce in practice, is not easily reduced into plausible statements such as influenced the well-meaning but inexperienced debaters of the General Assembly.

A peculiar interest attaches to Niebuhr's account of the French Revolution, not only in consequence of his unequalled knowledge of universal history; but from the eager interest which he took in contemporary politics, from his experience in public affairs, and above all from the intimate acquaintance with his personal cha-

acter, which has been so generally diffused by the publication of the 'Memoirs of his Life.' The 'History of the Age of the Revolution' is not strictly speaking Niebuhr's composition. In 1829, he delivered a number of lectures on the subject at Bonn; and his son, Marcus Niebuhr, the editor of the 'Memoirs,' has compiled the present publication from a collation of several note-books supplied by students who attended the course. We have no hesitation in saying, from internal evidence, that the reports must be accurate and characteristic. They contain the positive and vehement opinions, the ready application of remote parallel cases, and, above all, the decided and rather uncommon political doctrines, with which every reader of Niebuhr is familiar. We have, besides, great confidence in the industry which German students are wont to bestow on their *Hefte*, mindful of the advice given to their predecessor long ago by the craftiest of professors.*

In an introductory lecture, Niebuhr states his peculiar qualifications to be the historian of the Revolution, at the same time that he regrets that other employments have prevented him from undertaking the task. History, in the strict sense of the word, he says, can only be written by contemporaries speaking from personal experience, and as no historian of the time has yet appeared, it is probable that none will appear hereafter.

"I embrace, therefore, with the more pleasure, an opportunity of presenting a true and faithful outline of the time which I have witnessed, here as in a family circle connected with myself I must claim your confidence in my knowledge of the history. I have for the most part witnessed the period which I am about to describe, and in circumstances which gave me the opportunity of learning more of what happened than many others. When the *Hesperia sonitus ruinæ* burst forth, I was thirteen; I lived in a nook of Northern Germany as son of a father who had connexions with the whole of Europe, and knew the world far and wide. My father who had many friends and supporters in England, thought of getting me admitted into the service of the East India Company, and with this view was anxious to make me acquainted with different countries and nations. I therefore began early to interest myself in newspapers and public events. In our domestic circle I heard of the events which occurred, read the newspapers myself, and had them explained to me by my father, and in this way obtained a knowledge of the institutions and relations of states as they then existed, which few of my age could enjoy. Afterwards I went early, while I was still in my seventeenth year, from my father's house to Hamburg, and became acquainted with emigrants, who were personally involved in the course of events, and who showed a favourable disposition to me, on

* "Doch euch des Schreibens ja befeisst,
Als dictirt' euch der Heilig' Geist."

Mephistopheles in the Faust.

account of my father, who was naturally an opponent of innovation. In this way I acquired the most perfect familiarity with the course of events, and in my twentieth year I was able to talk with emigrants about particular circumstances, in such a manner, that they believed I had lived at Paris, so vivid a picture had I of the Revolution and its principal characters. It was with unutterable pain and interest that I made myself master of the occurrences of the time. From my twentieth year I entered into public affairs and the great world. Even at that time I was intrusted with many diplomatic commissions in which the ministry did not wish to appear. My first relations of friendship were with emigrants; afterwards I formed them with men of the Revolution. Next I went to England and lived there some time among the different factions of emigrants; there I saw courtiers of the old régime, men who began the Revolution, men who soon deserted it, men who stood by it till the 5th of October; in short, men of all parties; and they were in general communicative and cordial. There I soon accustomed myself to independence, and to the consciousness that I belonged to none of their parties. Afterwards I returned to public business; I withdrew from politics, and devoted myself as much as possible to science. During the Consulship I looked at events only from a distance. In 1806, I entered the service of our own state (Prussia). I was instantly carried into the current of the transactions of 1806 and 1807, and from that time to 1815 I was in the midst of events. In 1808 I was sent on a mission to Holland, when the noble Louis Napoleon was then king, and honoured me with his favour; I came often into contact with Orangists, Jacobins, Bonapartists, and listened to their narratives. In 1816, I went as envoy to Rome, and there I formed the closest relations with the men of the Restoration, including ultras of the *côté droit*, but principally with members of the left centre. I believe that there is not a secret of the Richelieu administration which I have not heard from the mouth of men, who themselves proposed and managed its plans. This is the summary of my life, given to show that I have the means of knowing the events of our time accurately. I believe that I have as vivid a perception of them as any one could have, who had lived in France; with the advantage of not being compromised in any thing, which unluckily affects the opinion of many an excellent man in France. For instance, Royer Collard is a very upright man, but he has not quite a just view of these transactions. He has a kind of giddiness in looking on the past, and a different mode of judging of it from that which he applies to what is now going on under his eyes."

Before entering, however, on the history of his own time, Niebuhr devotes a considerable space to the characteristics of the eighteenth century, which prepared the way for the Revolution. With all its shallowness and vice he justly considers that the condition of Europe had greatly advanced from the rudeness of the preceding age. Of Germany, indeed, his account differs little from that which many modern writers have given, and which

Bruno Bauer, as mentioned in a late number of this Review, delineates as a justification of his hostility to religion and government. The only political changes which he sees with satisfaction are those which were produced in Prussia by the practical wisdom of Frederick William I., and by the genius of his celebrated son; but a great social improvement had been produced by the dawn of literature in Germany, and the influence of French and English writers. Manners became less coarse, women were treated with greater respect, and a kind of sentimental enthusiasm, which was fashionable among the young, had an elevating effect, which for the time saved it from being ridiculous. It was common, Niebuhr says, in his own time, for fathers to congratulate their children, on having fallen on a time so much better than that in which they had themselves been brought up. The theories of the French reformers and philanthropists were everywhere dominant on the Continent. In adopting their easy and plausible doctrines, opinion seemed to have made a wonderful advance, and Europe was full of the generous and unselfish feelings which attach to great and beneficent changes, as long as they are only talked about. But in proportion to the spread of knowledge, and the enlightenment of the people, was the growing weakness of the governments, retaining, as they did, the forms of the middle ages, or of the sixteenth century. Joseph II. in Austria, and Charles III. in Spain, as well as ministers such as Aranda and Pombal, were themselves devoted to reform, and reckless of established immunities and privileges: but their determination to forward liberal measures by arbitrary power, and the obvious inconsistency of exempting royalty from change, when all other prescription was invaded, left the kingly revolutionists without popular support to meet the hostility of the numerous and powerful classes, whose interests they attacked. In the Peninsula the spirit of reform died with its originators, and in the Austrian dominions it produced dissensions which incapacitated the imperial government from prosecuting the war against France with vigour. The Belgian aristocracy looked with complacency even on the Jacobin levellers, as the most formidable enemies of their own levelling sovereign.

In England alone freedom of political action had kept pace with boldness of speculation. The form of government was, on the whole, consistent with public opinion, and the abundant vents open to temporary irritation, prevented it from ripening into habitual disaffection. Immediately before the French Revolution, the English minister was, as Niebuhr observes, the only great statesman then directing any European government. It was the singular fortune of Pitt to enjoy at the same time the

confidence of the crown and of the landed gentry, and the unbounded admiration of the people. Since his death, he has had the still more singular fate of being accused of narrowness and bigotry, on the very points in which he was furthest in advance of his age. Niebuhr does him justice by appreciating his enlarged commercial policy, his desire to emancipate the Irish Catholics, and his practical wisdom in checking in a time of general convulsion the desire for a change in the parliamentary franchise, which he had encouraged in a period of quiet and safety. Above all, he recognises that steady though disappointed love of peace, which even among his countrymen was so long obscured by calumny, and which M. Thiers, in 1845, is not ashamed to ignore. Until the breaking out of the revolutionary war, the rapid and steady advance of the country under Pitt's administration, had brought it, in Niebuhr's estimation, to a higher pitch of greatness than has been attained by any modern state. England has since been richer and more powerful, but it has never so indisputably held the first place in Europe. Even in France, though the feelings of the government were jealous and hostile, the general enthusiasm for liberty made the free-born islanders popular for a time, and the pupils of Montesquieu wished for nothing better, in 1789, than to copy, as nearly as possible, the principles of our limited monarchy. But realities have no chance with phrases in a trial of speed, nor is the Bill of Rights as expansive as the Rights of Man. In 1792, the wretched Girondists, while they were trembling under the frown of Danton, despised their neighbours for submitting to a king; and two years later, the Convention excluded English soldiers from quarter, and invested their nation with those attributes of horns and hoofs, which the imagination of the French populace still loves to attach to the inhabitants of perfidious Albion.

As a practical and professional financier, Niebuhr deserves attention when he investigates the financial causes of the Revolution: but the progressive derangement of the French revenues is too well known to admit of much novelty of elucidation. As the readers of his former works are aware, he regrets the neglect in modern times of the rule of the canon law, which forbade raising capital sums by loan with interest, and, therefore, compelled governments to procure money by the sale of perpetual annuities, redeemable at the option of the state, but not at the will of the annuitant. Without entering on the question, we may say that he seems to be fighting with a shadow. His objection may apply to the first experiments of the modern system of national debt, when particular revenues were assigned over to the creditors as a security; but in the present day fundholders

are precisely in the position of the state annuitants of the sixteenth century, as they have no power of calling up their principal, and yet are subject to the liability of being paid off, if a fall in the rate of interest renders such a proceeding advantageous to the debtor. The derangement of the French revenues proceeded from causes altogether independent of the mode of borrowing; from extravagance in expenditure, from miserably ignorant and unjust modes of taxation, and from the indifference which many ministers exhibited to the support of public credit. It was not from any attempt of the public creditors to call up the capital, but from the inability of the government to defray the interest of the debt, that it became necessary to invoke the aid of the States General to effect the equal system of taxation which the parliaments steadily prevented the king and his ministers from adopting.

It is hardly necessary to say that Niebuhr utterly disapproves of the more extravagant proceedings of the National Assembly, of the spoliation of the Church for the benefit of the landowners, of the wholesale abolition first of feudal superiorities, and a year later, of titles of nobility; and, above all, of their assumption to themselves of the executive power. He goes further, however, and in defiance of political economy and modern prejudices, he laments the destruction of guilds and of other exclusive trading corporations, in conformity with his uniform belief that the multiplication of independent and anomalous powers in a state, is the indispensable security for individual freedom—Jacobinism and despotism require absolute uniformity. Niebuhr, who hated Jacobins and despots equally, wished to see the utmost possible variety, such as belonged to the only two constitutions which he greatly admired, the Roman republic and the English parliamentary monarchy. As a security against central absolutism, he advocated the existence of hereditary nobility, though his personal feelings were strongly opposed to the social preponderance of an aristocracy, and though he steadily refused to be ennobled himself.

However anti-revolutionary an historian may be, it is necessary for him to recognise the Revolution, when he finds it accomplished, and to estimate the conduct of those who direct it with reference to the circumstances, which have become inevitable. Among the leaders of the Revolution, Niebuhr allows two men only to be really great, Mirabeau and Carnot. He justly admires Carnot's resolution to defend his country for any government against any enemy. He perhaps passes too lightly over his passive share in Robespierre's proscriptions, for which no defence has ever been offered, but that a division of labour among the members of the government was necessary, and that Carnot did not take the mur-

dering department, though he countersigned all the sentences of death. We should also suspect, that Niebuhr and most other writers over-rate his strategical abilities and successes, but we bow to the weight of authority. Like Lafayette, Carnot retained to the last the phrases of his youth and the most perfect self-satisfaction. Of Mirabeau, as an orator, a statesman, and a financier, Niebuhr's admiration is unmingled and almost unbounded. In favour of his genius and practical wisdom, he is willing not only to pardon the excesses of his private life, but to overlook his pecuniary transactions, which certainly throw a stain on his personal integrity. It is, however, very important to establish the principle, that ability is the first requisite of a statesman. A man of commanding powers will seldom exercise his authority with purely selfish motives, and in great affairs a fool cannot, if he will, be honest. Of Sieyès and Talleyrand, and other persons of revolutionary celebrity, Niebuhr's judgment differs little from that which has generally been formed. Of Lafayette, his character is worth quoting.

"Among the heads of the moderate right side was the Marquis of Lafayette, who commanded the national guard, and had been one of the principal composers of the *droits de l'homme*. Before the Revolution, he had enjoyed great popularity, which showed itself particularly in his appointment as commander by a spontaneous movement in Paris; but from that time he was a mere figure put forward by a party. He is* an honest, well-meaning man; he went to America from youthful enthusiasm, and showed himself there a capable officer, and in the Revolution always displayed freedom from selfishness and cowardice; it is inexcusable to attribute to him the events of the fifth and sixth of October. But his misfortune was, that he was proclaimed as a great man without being one—the greatest danger that can occur to a man, especially to people of narrow views. Lafayette is the most singular mixture of vehemence and phlegm; his ideas are limited, and in almost every question, one may know beforehand what he will propose. His imagination is poor, his eloquence meagre. But his name was very important to the democrats, on account of his family connexions. His wife, a Noailles, belonged to the first families of the court; he was himself not strictly speaking a member of the great nobility, but of a distinguished family in Auvergne. Then, they had in him a man whose honesty nobody doubted; he gave a colour to the follies of the democratic party. He was thoroughly honourable, and is so up to this day; but he has probably acquired no one new idea, nor submitted to be instructed on any point since 1789; he is wholly incapable of moving forward, and therefore he is to me unendurable (*unerträglich*). His being honest and virtuous is something negative, the first commencement of political importance; with all this, a man may commit an infinite amount of wickedness. The pro-

* It must be remembered that Lafayette was alive when Niebuhr spoke of him.

verb applies to him : 'L'homme de bien est extrêmement peu de chose,' a proverb which in other cases has been greatly misapplied."

For similar reasons, Niebuhr regards the far less honest and equally narrow-minded Girondists with unmixed antipathy. Approving of every popular atrocity which forwarded the establishment of their theories, utterly blind to the inevitable consequences of encouraging the populace to perpetrate exactly so much murder as would bring their favourite republic to the top of the revolving wheel, they formed probably the most remarkable example on record of the consecration of every thought and the sacrifice of every plain duty to a puritanical system of cant. There is, however, one redeeming feature in their character ; if they sacrificed others, they sacrificed themselves also. They were many degrees above the sordid dishonesty of administering public affairs with a view to selfish interests. As compared with the Condés and Retys of the Fronde, they were honest and upright men ; not so much because they intrigued less or lied less, but because their crimes and meannesses had an object beyond themselves, the name of Virtue, the name of Freedom, the ideal French Republic. Their crime was a pragmatism self-satisfaction which precluded them from inquiring into their own principles, or the real interests of the state. From the mere vulgar criminality of wilfully perverting their power to their own private profit, they are free in the same sense in which many honest fanatics were free from it, while they assisted in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

This comparative praise, moreover, belongs to the leaders of the Revolution in general. It was not till the time of the Directory that jobbers and selfish adventurers came to the head of affairs. The Revolution was the working out of an idea which had long occupied almost every imagination in France ; and the imagination is generally unfavourable to meanness. Castles in the air seemed now capable of being brought down to the solid earth, and such fabrics are seldom dens of thieves. Not only were Lafayette and Roland in this sense unselfish, but even Danton, notwithstanding the stains on his private integrity, committed his colossal crimes with a real desire for the triumph of freedom, and for the security of France. There was another leader, too, as unassailably honest as the best of the Girondists, the pure and incorruptible Robespierre, who was perhaps, as was said of Rob Roy, in comparison with the Glasgow bailies, 'bating the Reign of Terror and the death of the queen, and one or two other things he did, an honestest man than stood on any of their shanks.'

The great defect of the French people, and especially of their leaders during the worst period of the Revolution, consisted, in a great measure in a want of courage, arising from their not being

equal to the circumstances in which they were placed. Great events, it has often been said, make great men, and there is no want of historical examples to make the saying plausible. Great men make great events, is Mr. Carlyle's truer, yet not altogether true statement of the same phenomenon. The French Revolution was a great event—few greater have occurred in history; yet, neither form of the proposition can be made to fit with the facts of the time. The judgment of contemporaries on this point, has, to a great extent, been confirmed by posterity. 'It is a new creation of a world, and the actors in it are a handful of flies,' said one, who living with and among the nominal leaders of the time, felt and wondered at the disproportion, which we too, at the distance of half a century can see, but cannot altogether explain. For the solution of the difficulty would be the explanation of the Revolution itself, of the great convulsive movement, which the men who were thrown successively by its action to the top, partially mis-directed, but by no means originated. It is comparatively easy to form a general estimate of the characters of those, whose names were successively identified with the progress of the struggle; of Lafayette, for instance, and Mirabeau, Vergniaud and Robespierre; but what was the influence excited by each, for what share in the Revolution each was individually responsible, is a question, which, even if there were no such thing as a disputed fact in French history, would still be difficult of solution.

The truth is, that all which even the greatest of them contributed to the advance of the Revolution, consisted in their giving it sufficient guidance and consistency to overcome external obstacles. It derived little of its force from its leaders. The whole nation was possessed by the zeal which can only be inspired by undoubting faith. For fifty years, every writer, who seemed to have an honest love of truth, or a regard for the interests of mankind, had uniformly attacked some part of the religious or political traditions, which still retained all the marks of external sovereignty. Excluded, without exception, from all practical share in government, the current theories in turn excluded existing systems from all share in the ideal constitution. To the people, reason appeared to be appealed to only by the innovators. They saw that princes and nobles recognised Rousseau as their teacher, and that even bishops did homage to Voltaire; all in utter ignorance of the real grounds on which their own privileges were justifiable or excusable. When some of the broader conclusions of fashionable philosophism penetrated to the knowledge of the lower classes, they naturally believed that the creed which was so unfavourable to rank, could only have been adopted by the rich and noble, from an irresistible persuasion of its truth. The peo-

ple could not know the temptation which attracts men to dally with opinions dangerous to themselves, or the zest which imaginary self-denial adds to actual enjoyment—the aristocracy wished to combine the advantages which they derived from the sacredness of established institutions, with a monopoly of contempt for the superstition which invested them with sacredness. But when the new faith descended to the people, they took it up in earnest. Hierarchy and aristocracy, by their own admissions, were founded on selfishness and abuse. The wildest violence of the multitude seemed to be directed against brute unreasoning force. They had been taught, that a perfect constitution was possible, and that it was hindered from approaching only by the selfish interests of the privileged classes. Even when the Monarchy was destroyed, their faith in political perfectibility was unshaken. The ideal happiness, which they were promised, was assuredly not to be found in a recurrence to their past condition, assuredly they had not already attained it—where should it lie but in further change, in more complete destruction of the tyrants who delayed its coming. In this faith they rebelled and massacred, and fought, till they had roused the hostility of Europe, and the instinct of self-preservation was added to enthusiasm, to urge them to farther deeds of valour and bloodshed. Who, as Carlyle asks, would sit quiet with the millennium next door, separated from him only by traitors? ‘Tremble, ye traitors,’ he proceeds, ‘dread a people which calls itself patient and long-suffering, but which cannot always submit to have its pocket picked in this way —— of a millennium.’

In this universal enthusiasm of the nation was to be found, not only the living principle of the Revolution; but the explanation of the circumstance that few of its leaders were great men, and that the greatest of them accomplished but little. The multitude was, probably, at first neither better nor worse than the mass of a population might be expected to be found, when exposed to the effects of ignorance and poverty. In its excitement, it became like an intoxicated man, more fearless and forgetful of self, and at the same time more ferocious and reckless. But, the leader of an infuriated mob is almost necessarily weak or wicked. Only a blood-thirsty maniac like Murat, could keep pace with the violence of the people, without a deliberate consciousness of guilt. The only field for great qualities was in resistance; only Mirabeau was powerful enough to stem the current for a time, and before it had reached the height of flood, he was removed from the conflict by death. One indispensable requisite of greatness consists in a business-like instinct, which can discriminate between definite practicable objects and empty systems of words. Great men would not have wasted time like the *Constituent Assembly*, and the

Girondists, in discussing the merits of constitutions, till they had first secured the means of enforcing obedience to them. They would have provided a moving force, before they adjusted the machinery. Robespierre, almost alone, relied on the extreme Revolutionary spirit as the support of his power; but, he also was filled with impracticable dreams of a future reign of fraternity and benevolence, in which his only instrument of government, the guillotine should be laid aside. His method could not be lasting, and he had provided no alternative to succeed it. It is more possible, however, to attribute greatness to Robespierre than to Roland or Brissot.

The greater part of the writers on the French Revolution, may be divided into two classes, separated by the distinction which has been drawn between Greek and English tragedy; the ancient drama, moved as it has been said from without, the modern containing all its springs of motion, like a watch, within itself. English writers have generally devoted their principal attention to the obvious abuses and evils of the monarchy, to the mismanagement of the finances, and the imbecility of the king himself. The French Royalist Memoirs descend to minuter agencies, to freemasonry, to the Duke of Orleans and his bribes, even to the queen's disregard of the consecrated forms of the *grande* and *petite levée*. French historians, on the other hand, and speculative essayists, dwell too exclusively on the progress of opinion, the power of popular conviction, and the irresistible march of democracy. Yet the causes which they assign, are entitled to precedence, over the mere casual and external conditions which permitted them to operate. A universal conviction of right and justice, penetrating the people, and only repudiated by the privileged class, when they personally suffered from it, was the essential principle, the indispensable cause of the Revolution. If the revenues had been equal to the expenditure, if taxation had been equalised in time, if Lafayette had been wise and the king firm, the Revolution might probably have been postponed or averted. Like all forms of human action, it required room and opportunity to develop its full organisation; but if the living principle of enthusiasm and faith had been absent, no facility or opportunity would have produced it. Many states have survived financial distress or bankruptcy, abuses have been remedied and endured, weak statesmen and kings have floundered on till worthier successors arose. But in France, there was a coincidence of weak resistance and attacking force, like that which prepared the still graver convulsion, which overwhelmed the ancient world. As the Roman Empire might long have held together in its decrepitude, but for the great expansive

movement which threw on it the tribes of the North; so France required the force of the new faith in philosophism, to overthrow the old fabric of royalty and feudalism. The revolutionary spirit was the *causa causans*, the errors of the government, the *causa sine quâ non*.

The great practical importance of this distinction is to be found in the application of the Revolutionary history to the political prospects of our own time. The world can never more be ignorant of the danger which awaits all established institutions. The Rights of Man have henceforth an established place in history, beside the laws and constitutional customs, which they incessantly threaten with destruction. Historical and chartered rights, admitted limitations of arbitrary power, no longer form the whole demand of the speculative and disaffected. Since the birth of Jacobinism, the ancient belief of the sacredness of national laws, has been irrecoverably shaken; and in the minds of the most numerous classes in all European states, supplied by an entirely new faith in the power of human will to attain political perfection. It is scarcely necessary to show the untenable nature of the Jacobinical creed. A constitution established in virtue of the rights of man may be instantly attacked in further exercise of those rights, and must either fall or maintain itself by force, in defiance of its original principle. Loyalty and willing obedience, the only mode of reconciling liberty with law, can never be paid to a government which claims no higher right than that which it derives from its conformity to reason. 'I always wished,' said Carnot, when an exile in the later times of the Directory, 'that the people should submit to law rather from custom and feeling, than from compulsion.' It was strange that he should appeal to the prejudices and habits which he shared so largely in destroying. Perhaps the revolutionary party throughout the world now understand their principles better. Triumphant Jacobinism renders freedom impossible, but to the multitude equality is dearer: and, indeed, freedom has never been so well understood or so firmly defended as by those who have prided themselves on their superiority to the populace, as the citizens of Rome, the German and Italian burghers of the middle ages, and the upper and middle classes of Englishmen. But although a Jacobin government must be so far inconsistent with its origin as to maintain itself by force, it would remain not the less a reality in the new order of things which it would substitute for existing institutions. It would gratify the passions and ambition of many if realised; and while it yet remains a matter of speculation, it appeals to a conviction which will always possess the minds of a formidable proportion of the inhabitants of civilised

states. Its objects may be plausibly defended; but for the present, assuming that Jacobinism is dangerous, we must admit that the positive and active elements of revolution are widely diffused through Europe. Even if we could shut our eyes to the profound dissatisfaction which always ferments in the manufacturing cities of England and France, the slightest but significant symptoms of a diseased political condition are accessible to every observer. Of the revolutionary literature of Northern Germany, we gave some specimens in a recent number of this Review, and we remarked that among the characteristics of the writers was to be found the significant feature of excessive sentimental philanthropy. To those who are familiar with the popular writings of the generation before the Revolution, it is not uninteresting to remark the sudden burst of sentimentality which has again overspread Europe. In shallowness, folly, effeminacy, and venal extravagance, Eugene Sue may be considered the chief purveyor to this morbid craving for excitement, which, as was shown in the Revolution, so readily changes itself into a thirst for blood. His childish phantasmagoria of impossible events, his conventional melodramatic effects, his bugbear mysteries and mountebank heroes, would have been confined to their natural office of astonishing and touching benevolent elderly ladies, but for the philanthropy which, with its transcendent silliness, gives a crowning charm to the whole. His readers are tired of reality, and delight to believe that all the weariness which they feel, is caused by the injustice of human arrangements. It is said that the 'Wandering Jew' influenced the fate of the Jesuits in France. In a sound state of opinion it would, perhaps, have affected at most the private sentiments of a *grisette*.

In England, sentimental romances have, as yet, scarcely influenced legislation; but, of late, we are grievously overrun with mawkish philanthropy. A grave writer would, perhaps, be little attended to, who should assert that almsgiving was the only virtue, and the possession of power the only vice; yet the same doctrine is incessantly propounded and illustrated in the light literature which forms the only reading of the bulk of our respectable classes. The comparatively rational cant, borrowed from political economy, has in ten or twelve years entirely disappeared, and a whining compassion for poverty has supplanted the invention of systems for relieving it. Looking neither before nor after, despising historical regard to the past, dispensing with economical calculations for the future, philanthropic sentimentalism can suggest no remedy for the evils of society, but to take from the rich and give to the poor, to crush existing power, and trust to some unmeaning phrase, such as 'the universality of the human heart,' to

disguise the necessity of finding a substitute. There is nothing new in the opinions: the danger of them consists in the diseased condition of feeling which alone can make them popular. Toryism has recognised the general craving by coming forward with its philanthropy too, its tender recollections of monastic distribution of alms, its theatrical alliance between the noble and the labourer. Fortunately it is in England long before opinion influences action. If sentimentalism should become practically operative, if the educated classes, persuading themselves that they are unjust and tyrannical, commence a change, as the same classes did in France, without definitely foreseeing and planning its extent, the multitude will adopt their feelings in earnest, and, unless forcibly prevented, carry them out to their natural consequences.

It is the nature of Jacobinism to extend its sphere. The French Revolutionists would have revered nothing willingly, but some positive institutions escaped their hostility, by escaping notice. Private property, as the basis of society, was never seriously attacked, and indeed it had formed a part of the first article of the American creed. But if ever the will of the multitude is again let loose, the struggle will not be to reduce *Monsieur* to *Citoyen*, but to bring capitalists and proletarians to a level. Eugène Sue, the most skilful sycophant of popular fancies, is the professed advocate of the Communism which is said to form the political faith of the artisans of Paris and Lyons. In England, the literary organs of the follies of the day feel that the barometer has not yet sunk to the point of Socialism and community of property; but such is the only rational result with which philanthropy can be satisfied, when it disregards the consideration of the laws of wealth; nor if opportunity offered, would consistent reasoners to draw the inference be wanting. We say nothing here against Communism. It is not altogether a silly or contemptible scheme. The silliness attaches to the effeminate writers and empty-minded readers, who would whine away institutions without seriously wishing for the only possible alternative. Of course our censure does not apply to those who wish for definite changes, good or bad, with a view to distinct and practicable objects.

On the other hand, Europe appears to be in a safer state than at the latter part of the eighteenth century. England, France, Prussia, Austria, have all governments which, with all their defects, are wiser and more vigorous than those of Louis XVI. and his predecessor. The outward hindrances in the way of a general convulsion are greater, and forces of a different kind are ready to neutralise, in part at least, the fanaticism of anarchy. The French Revolution has compelled the interests and opinions which were

opposed to it, to rationalise themselves by recurring to their principles, and consequently to recover a part of the strength which they had lost by time. The votary of ancient laws, the adherent of a church, is now ready with his theory, and if necessary with his faith, to oppose the faith which demands a change. The Jacobins may, perhaps, find imitators and rivals in violence; but the imbecility and ostentatious selfishness of the emigrants would scarcely be reproduced at the present day. There may be much to suspect and to criticise in the greater part of the reasonings, which have been invented in later years to justify ancient systems; but they all contain some portion of truth, and above all, they pay homage to reason. It is not necessary that a political theory should be impregnable; but it must furnish a colour to those whose prejudices are concerned in supporting it, and suggest an apparently unselfish basis even for their selfishness. Profounder reasoners who see that it is not wholly sufficient, will not fail to discover that a similar defect exists in opposing systems also, and in all political theories, to leave a large margin for experience and chance.

The evils, too, of modern society are less. Taxes are imposed with more approximation to equality, and the vexations of feudal duties have everywhere been mitigated or abolished. Still there was much truth in Calonne's saying: '*Les abus sont les ressources de la monarchie.*' In political economy, above all, existing anomalies are so many storehouses of wealth, which may be opened to a population, which for the very reason that they have not been opened before, has not become too numerous to enjoy them. With a line of custom-houses and a corn-law surrounding each of the thirty-three provinces of France, with a nobility and hierarchy possessing two-thirds of the land, and as yet untaxed; with every abomination of *corvée* and *gabelle*, labour duty, and rent in kind, which had survived from an obsolete condition of society, and lastly, with abundant advice and information at its command; and with a clear knowledge of the advantages of change, the French government had the rare felicity of being able to enrich its subjects and itself by a few simple words, which it required only courage and earnestness to convert into binding laws. But Calonne was satisfied with uttering at once a witticism and a truth, without endangering his popularity at court, by making use of the resources he described. In modern times the store of wealth invested in abuses, has become considerably diminished. Nor will any one contend that, however large he may think the field still left for change, the existing systems of England, France, and Germany, are as bad as that of the old Bourbon monarchy.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Life of Mozart.* By EDWARD HOLMES. Chapman and Hall.

2. *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique.* Par F. J. FÉTIS. Paris: Fournier.

THAT the present, though not a time eminent for its productions, is a period full of interest to all lovers of the art of Music, no one that watches the turns of the tide, can doubt. The increased facilities of intercourse which, during the last twenty years, have been afforded to the inhabitants of Europe; the rapidly strengthening disposition to study Art intellectually—no longer as an isolated phenomenon, but as bound up with opinions and manners—have not been unattended with noticeable results. There has been a diffusion of general enlightenment: and with it, of charity. England no longer looks suspiciously at France, nor Italy at Germany. The other day, when our queen was in the Rhine-land to witness the inauguration of Beethoven's monument, her 'cousin of Prussia' gathered for her entertainment a Spaniard, a Swede, an Austrian, a Wirtemburger, a Bohemian, and an Hungarian, while a company of Parisian journalists and musicians was bidden to look on and listen. To our thinking, the concerts given at Brühl and Stolzenfels were curious signs of the times. Nor are such intimate meetings, such wanderings to and fro, unaccompanied by curiosity in research. There is a desire to inquire into the lives of artists; to collect together such particulars as shall afford the world not merely a view of their professional career, but also some idea of their characters as men and women. The wholesale contempt of musicians as a race of 'inspired idiots,' however convenient to indolence, or necessary as an excuse for the scornful want of sympathy too often carefully paraded by the 'strong-minded,'—is, happily, voted obsolete, narrow, and unreasonable. We believe the taste for such investigations will spread yet further, at least among those who find pleasure in analysis. "Heard melodies," says Keats,

"—are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Did we only confine ourselves to the tracing of undeveloped talents among those who have filled the world with their genius, the pursuit would not be chimerical, nor the occupation useless.

Even in a work, of necessity so compressed and devoted to the technicalities as this general 'Biography of Musicians,*' by M.

* As it is probable that we may illustrate our remarks upon Mr. Holmes's 'Life of Mozart,' by the aid of M. Fétis, it is expedient to state how far we conceive his

Fétis, we could prove, from some hundred articles, that what we have advanced has reason and truth for its foundation. We could make out, for instance, with no undue recourse to conjecture sufficiently attractive portraits of Lulli the wit, 'holding his own' at the French court; of Farinelli, the nobleman by nature, making no mean figure among Spanish grandes and statesmen. Instead, however, of expending labour and ingenuity in setting forth the claims of a class, let us for the present content ourselves with studying a single figure; because the collection of many sketches laid before us by Mr. Holmes, presents us with a whole picture of unhopèd-for variety and vigour.

There are few names so perpetually invoked by the musician and amateur as that of Mozart: few artists, whose capacities of mind and whose works of imagination have been less completely understood. The man who had never learned to pack his clothes when on a journey; whose wife carved the meat for him at table; who could neither gather nor keep a fortune, and whose decease was attended by presentiments amounting to portents, has been again and again cited as a signal instance of rare genius in Art, unaccompanied with any other talent, by those, who, desiring to debase Music, have wished to disparage her priests. On the other hand, the composer has been deified as the Raphael, as the Shakspeare of Music—presented with attributes, gifts, and versatilities, more affluent and incoherent than ever fell to the lot of one poet-mortal: and his true place, it seems to us, in the history of Art, not as yet assigned to him. So that, in these days, when admiration is something better than a cant, and knowledge more extensive than such as a catechism or dictionary of terms affords—a complete biography of one so severely criticised, and so outrageously praised, is a benefit, for which many will be

work to be reliable. Generally speaking, the musical knowledge of M. Fétis seems to be as extensive as his sympathies are catholic—possibly more extensive than precise. It is rare, however, to find so vast a volume of topics treated with so few appearances of prejudice or inconsistency. As regards the schools of France and Flanders (the due importance of which is only beginning to be recognised) the work of M. Fétis seems to us unique. It is also copious and learned, when dealing with the church music of Italy. The field of Germany being more familiar, the section devoted to it is, probably, the one best executed in all similar modern publications. We are bound to add that whenever he touches the musical past, or the musical taste of England, M. Fétis fails signally. He is inaccurate, flippant, and totally unaware of the relative proportions of the different parts of his subject. Indeed, from the singular choice of his celebrities, and the partiality with which they are treated, we are led to imagine that he has merely availed himself of an English 'Biography of Musicians,' published some twenty years since, in which it is difficult to say whether the sins of omission or commission are greater. To make the work of M. Fétis in any respect complete or self-consistent, the English articles should, with very small exception, be re-written. Fortunately we shall have no occasion to refer to them.

thankful:—students of character, as well as students of counter-point.

May we not be permitted to express pleasure in the fact, that this fullest and best-ordered among many biographies of the great Austrian composer, should be of English origin? We have been accused abroad (by our cousins-German especially) of coldness and indifference to Art and artists: nor is the reproach totally unmerited. Yet a long list of cases, bearing an opposite import, might be drawn up. Would Handel have worn out his mighty mind in this country, had all been so dark, and so chilling, and so antipathetic, as the reproach asserts? Would Haydn have remembered his sojourn in London, by aught beside its brilliant harvest of guineas, had the twelve grand Symphonies he wrote for Salomon fallen on the ears of deaf adders? And who cheered Beethoven's death-bed, when Austrians and Prussians, and the fickle French left him to lonely sickness, and the terrors of impending poverty?—the phlegmatic English. Further, not only some acquaintance with the memoirs of the last century, but also some familiarity with the state of contemporary manners at home and abroad, enables us to assert, that in no land is the worthy artist more honourably treated than in ours. He may not, it is true, be starred with crosses—nor, as befell Rubini at St. Petersburg, be honoured by being appointed to the command of a regiment. Our court usages do not lend themselves to encouraging the exhibition of talent—and our great lords and ladies are apt to humiliate their favourites with lavishing silly raptures on them. Neither is our great public leavened with so simple and hearty a taste for music apart from display, as pervades all ranks of German society. But in England, the artist need not sue: nor waste his independence in the anti-chambers of Chamberlains, and Chamberlains' friends. Be he Jew or Gentile, he will be frankly and cordially entertained by the enlightened of all classes, according to the measure of his talent and his breeding. And the names of Garrick, Burney, Siddons—to say nothing of the grateful memories boasted by the Farinellis and Catalanis—and the position which these players and that music-master occupied in our choicest circles of intellect and rank and imagination—may be cited: without fear of rejoinder from lands, where the mime has been denied Christian burial, as in France;—or the *cantatrice* is, in virtue of her office, stigmatised as a *puttana*, as in Italy; or the great musical thinker, if he have Israelitish blood in his veins, is sneered at by landlords and tavern waiters, and his presence, a blot in select circles, is apologised for, as in Germany. Mr. Holmes's book, then, is not the first plea in mitigation we should put in, against a sweeping

censure: though it possibly may be one of the strongest and most permanent in its impression.

What Mr. Holmes has done, is well done. His first object has been to set before the world his hero in the most favourable light possible. Never was biographer's faith in his subject more implicit or unbounded: and, in these faithless days, when Niebuhrs pick the legends of Old Rome to pieces, and Lanes so load the dear old 'Arabian Nights' with notes, that the romance reads more strangely like a volume of 'Useful Knowledge' than is acceptable: such warm-hearted and poetical idolatry is not a thing to be quarrelled with; even though we must account for some excesses in omission and commission, to which it gives occasion. If, therefore, in the following pages, we shall call upon M. Fétis to assist us in correcting what appears to be a misjudgment, or in throwing light into some dark corner, we are not to be understood to censure our author—still less to denounce his task as carelessly fulfilled. Rhadamanthus would make at best an ungracious biographer, however indispensable it is that he play the critic: and though the caviller and arguer must glean after the panegyrist, and may gather here and there a handful of full ears, let it be remembered, that they are only let into the field after he has filled the wain: nor does it by any means follow, that his eye has overlooked the fragments of food they snatch up, because he has left them on the ground.

Few places are calculated to leave a more agreeable impression on the mind than the city of Salzburg, which, indeed, deserves its reputation as the most picturesquely placed among all the towns of southern Germany. The pilgrim who has been lingering among the lovely scenery of the Salzkammergut, cannot complain of descending from poetry to prose on entering it: more especially if, as we have done, he wind along the road at the foot of the castle, at the last hour of day, when the mountains that girdle the town cast their long empurpled shadows across the plain—for then, too, he may chance to be welcomed, as we were, by a silvery and cheerful tongue from the huge cathedral—to which the twilight gives a grandeur not its own—chiming that freshest of melodies, 'O cara armonia.' And if he have a grain of the 'fanatico' in his composition, his heart will leap up with the thought that he is in Mozart's town! The birth-place of a genius could hardly have fallen in a more engaging spot. One of Mozart's parents, too, was no common person. Not only was Leopold Mozart as handsome for a man, as his wife, Anna Bertlina, was beautiful for a woman, but he was shrewd and far-sighted, if not profoundly cultivated, as well as warm-hearted. The character 'satirical,'

which he bore among his easy-going townsfolk speaks volumes: that epithet being, in nine cases out of the ten, the complaint of unconscious inferiority. He had literary aspirations and fancies, the existence of which, in an Archbishop's valet-musician compelled not only by his position, but by the peculiar temper of his master, to bow and cringe, argues the existence of no common force of character, of no common ambition. The delight, then, may be judged of such an one, at finding himself parent of a boy whose genius was as prodigious as his temper was affectionate. Few Adnaschars' dreams are at once so entrancing and so reasonable as visions like his, and it is not wonderful that he abandoned himself to their full enchantment, without stop, let, or misgiving. But while it is to be regretted, that the child Mozart was so early steeped in the fascinations of a life of prodigious exhibition, it must also be noted that Leopold Mozart seems to have been, according to his order, a wise, no less than a fond father. The education he gave to his son was more than ordinarily general:—in Music, deep, thorough-going, and sufficient—and, while possibly he forced one of the most brilliant geniuses ever bestowed on artist in its development, to the premature exhaustion of its possessor, it should be honourably recollected, that in no instance did he urge his son—however great the discouragement, however imminent the need of success—to those mean compliances '*ad captandum*,' which have seemed the inevitable resource of the proprietors of precocious talent. The little Wolfgang, and his sister, 'Nannerl,' appear to have enjoyed a reasonable share of childish gaiety. The former, indeed, was one who mixed up merriment with the most serious concerns of life, and whose South-German liveliness never forsook him till, as he emphatically phrased it himself, 'the taste of death was in his mouth.' But if this elasticity was not destroyed by the compression of home-tyranny, neither was it sufficiently balanced. The fearful responsibilities attendant on the education of the gifted, seem to have been understood by Mozart's father, to mean an encouragement of artistic enthusiasm, and cultivation of the affections. The Mozarts were devout: but theirs was a religion of masses and pilgrimages, expiations and deprecations, the morals of which did not get beyond a sense of honour, nor reach that higher but less obtrusive sense of duty, the fruits of which are self-denial, patience, and a practical and progressive consciousness of responsibilities bearing proportion to endowments.

We may be thought to sermonise unwelcomely in place of drawing upon the engaging pages of Mr. Holmes, for some of the anecdotes and details of young Mozart's career;—but our author's pages have been already diligently ransacked, and his manner of narration, artless, yet not careless, has been too universally com-

mended, to make any large amount of quotation, or any new tribute necessary:—whereas it seems to have been as yet hardly sufficiently understood, either by Mr. Holmes or his public, that as a commentary on prodigy-life, this work has a philosophical interest of deep and serious importance. How many existences have been wrecked, and promises falsified—how many brilliant endowments turned into the most direful plagues which can vex the earth—how many homes have been made cheerless, hearts broken, and hands debased to the vilest of services, owing to a forgetfulness on the part of those who have watched over Genius in its youth, that their stewardship was a strange and a difficult office, beyond every other, calling for the sacrifice of present to future! We would have the parents of Mozarts in embryo, fix their eyes not merely upon the master's magnificent works; his 'Jupiter Symphony,' and his 'Don Giovanni,' and his Twelfth Mass, but upon his vexed life, his early death, and his forgotten grave. When Father Mozart was leading the boy about in triumph from Vienna to Paris, and from Paris to London, and writing with so lively and artless a joy, of the kisses and snuff-boxes, and rich clothes, and sweet words bestowed on 'Wolf-erl' by the great ones of the earth—he little thought that he was rejoicing over the waste of nervous energy;—over the annihilation of youth with all its blessed emotions;—over the implanting of a taste for desultory labour and dissipation, over the shutting out all that real knowledge of life and its trials, which ought to steal upon, not startle, the pilgrim; over the extinction of every gift, save one:—which might flourish, indeed, preternaturally, but not healthily, for being deprived of support and relief and balance.

Enough, however, of this strain of speculation, when we have pointed out that it runs like an under-current through all the pleasure we take in this engaging book. The records of Mozart's childhood, which Mr. Holmes has collected, as we have said, are full of amusement and curiosity. The boy began to experimentise in creation, almost before his hand could stretch an octave on the piano, or stop a single note in tune on the viola. When only four years of age he composed regular minuets, in which the Mozart grace was dimly shadowed out. When only six, he had blotted down a concerto, so 'immensely difficult that nobody could play it.' At the same age we find him mollifying a cross custom-house officer with his violin; nor much later, distinctly making out tunes with one finger on the pianoforte, after the Emperor Francis had covered the keys with a handkerchief—calling out with most uncourtly sincerity to correct one of the princes who played false in a violin solo—and, with true infantine audacity, assuring Marie Antoinette, 'that she had been very kind, and he would marry her,' because she had comforted him on the occasion

of his falling. Though so bold, however, in some encounters, he was terrified by the sound, nay, by the sight of a trumpet: and sunk to the ground pale and half fainting when one was blown in his hearing, to mure him to it. A vein of the whimsical, too, is to be traced in the nursery nonsense which he insisted upon seriously singing in thirds with Leopold Mozart, every night before retiring to rest—a practice only laid aside when he was nine years of age—and in the fancy, that ‘when his father was old, he would have him preserved in a glass case, the better to contemplate and admire him.’ Pity that all these pleasant qualities;—these joys of a fairy-land, which the least precocious among us quits too soon, should almost as early as they budded have been disturbed by the knowledge of envy and uncharitableness—by the explanation of such ugly words as cabal, intrigue, and jealousy—by the necessary fostering of a spirit of self-assertion, not to call it selfishness! At a very early stage of the Mozarts’ journeys, want of success at Stuttgart is ascribed to the intrigues of Jomelli and his ‘great prejudice against the Germans.’ Little less sadly suggestive is the pleasant announcement, that the boy had excited so much wonder by his performance in the church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg, that his name ‘was to be inscribed on the organ as an eternal remembrance.’ What was either the dark or the bright passage but a premature initiation of the child into the fever of ‘life and longing vain? What was left for the man to learn or to enjoy?

It is noticeable that in Mozart’s youth, the Artist’s career in Germany seems to have been largely, if not exclusively dependant on the patronage of ‘the great’;—that travelling *virtuosi* did not so much direct their steps in quest of publics as of princes. Concert-giving seems, in those days, to have been a speculation far different from what the Catalanis, and Paganinis, and Liszts, have since found it. In England, it is true, there were, even then, guineas to be gathered, and here and there, in other European capitals, a great personage might throw a purse of gold into the player’s lap, though such solid encouragement was chiefly reserved for the benefits of the Camargos, Sallés, and Vestrises of the *ballet*.—But the general public seems to have been at once parsimonious and meagre in number. Then lesson-giving was too ill-paid to soften its abomination to an artist of Mozart’s temperament. What drudgery so horrible as to superintend for a meagre recompense the stiff and idle fingers of some foolish young lord, or to hammer one’s own brains with the vain hope of extracting thence a capacity for some incapable lady of genteel parentage! Nor, in those times had the mania of learning music spread so wide as it did during the first five-and-twenty years of this century. Still less encouraging was the condition of musical

publication. The discovery of multiplying copies of favourite works, by means of engraving, had hardly as yet led to the establishment of a reciprocal system of advantage in publication. It was hardly possible to guard against piracy, so lax was the law (even as compared with its present ill-ascertained provisions) so scanty intercourse. There seemed no alternative, therefore, for an instrumentalist and composer, save starvation or a court appointment. And it is painful—aware as we are that the parties most concerned were not alive to the humiliation—to read how the clever, spirited father of such a son as Mozart, traversed Europe in every direction to find escape from the valet-musicianship of Salzburg and the tyrannical requisitions and selfish neglects of the Archbishop,* in another servitude better paid and less onerous. In all these respects the world has changed for the better. Let those who write about Art rail as they will against the desecrating cupidity and money-getting spirit of our times; to our apprehensions it is less desecrating than that reverence which might mean sycophancy: and the Artist, whether he be poet, or dramatist, or musician, or painter, is more honourably employed, even when bargaining for hard money with his publisher, than, when as of old, he was to be seen among adventurers, and panders, and protectors, haunting the antichambers of the great, with obsequious words on his lips, and bitter contempt at his heart;—above a lackey, and yet a visiter whom lackeys were permitted to flout; below an equal, though sometimes capriciously treated as a boon companion.

But not the least beautiful of the thousand instances of com-

* Such perpetual stress is laid upon the untoward circumstances of the Mozarts' position, by Mr. Holmes, who gives the fullest credence to all the statements contained in their letters, that we cannot refrain from citing a testimony of a somewhat different import, which would, in part, refer their impression of wrongs wrought and justice denied, to natural impatience, and absolve the patron from a part of the accusations launched against him. The passage, however, is from the musical tour of Dr. Burney; and he, it will be recollected, was not given 'to speaking evil of dignities.' The final judgment of Mozart's genius as a composer, may have been an affair of ignorance, as much as of intrigue:—similar complacent verdicts having been always passed on those who are in advance of their age.

"The Archbishop and Sovereign of Salzburg," writes Burney, "is very magnificent in his support of music, having usually near a hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, in his service. This prince is himself a *dilettante* and good performer on the violin; he has lately been at great pains to reform his band, which has been accused of being more remarkable for coarseness and noise, than delicacy and high finishing. The Mozart family were all at Salzburg last summer. * * * I am informed that this young man, who so much astonished all Europe by his infant knowledge and performance, is still a great master of his instrument. My correspondent went to his father's house to hear him and his sister play duets on the same harpsichord; but she is now at her summit, which is not marvellous; 'and,' says the writer of the letter, 'if I may judge of the music which I heard of his composition in the orchestra he is one further instance of early fruits being more extraordinary than excellent.'"

pensation, which the annals of life reveal, is afforded in the fact, that Genius finds in its very disabilities, materials for progress and triumph. Without taking the side of Walpole, when, writing in the character of the King of Prussia, he promised Rousseau entertainment, by *getting up misfortunes for him*—certain is it, that, since the days when the acanthus, crushed down by the tile, wreathed itself into one of the most beautiful combinations of Architecture—contempt, vicissitude, and ungenial circumstances, have done no little part—not merely in calling out the energies of the persecuted, but absolutely in determining the form of their efforts. While speaking of the grave consequences of Mozart's career as a prodigy, we are bound to own, that the immense versatility of talent which he was compelled to exhibit while seeking the desired Court Eldorado, may have operated favourably on the development of his musical genius—may have given it self-reliance, courage, and rescued it from the eccentricities into which the more retired and scholastic are apt to fall. And this leads us to another point, illustrated by what may be called the prodigy-career of the young Mozart, to which we must call attention. For the sake of it we must leave, with but a passing mention, the more amusing details, of how *philosophical* French morals were found by Leopold Mozart—how, he presently discovered, that to gain the love of the English, a show of philanthropy was advisable, how, won by the acquiescence of the Hollanders, in Wolfgang's giving a concert during Holy Week, he relaxed greatly in orthodox antipathy to Lutheranism, with which he had started from Salzburg;—with many more such unconscious revelations of character, precious and pleasant. Much has been said of the increased demand made on the musician's exertions of late days: but this complaint is a popular fallacy. Their fashion, only, has in some respects changed. What singer is there now, who could touch the passages noted by Mozart, as having been sung by La Bastardella? What average organ player can conform to Handel's coolly written direction, in the score of the 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day:' *Here take the theme of the chorus, and execute a fugue upon it?* How many pianists, even, can improvise a cadence in a Pianoforte Concerto, worthy of the name? The transcript of the *programme* of the concert, given for Mozart, by the Philharmonic Society at Mantua, cannot, of course, be accepted as a specimen of what every *virtuoso* was expected to accomplish;—the young Salzburger, being professedly a marvel. Yet it throws a light upon the artistic cultivation of the time; from which many a renowned wonder player of our days, who makes his fortune on the strength of a dozen show pieces, would turn away in utter dismay.

Omitting here, all specifications of the compositions, by Mozart, which were to be executed, we find that he undertook the following engagements;—and the perfection with which he was accustomed to fulfil his promises, may be gathered from the fact, that his excellence in spontaneous performance, was ascribed by the envious Viennese professors, to Mascarille's well-known receipt for making *impromptus*. At Mantua, the young Mozart could hardly have prepared, beforehand, the feats here noted:—'A Concerto on the Harpsichord, presented to him, and executed at sight.' 'A Sonata for the Harpsichord, performed at sight, introducing Variations of his own invention;' and, lastly, the whole repeated in a different key to that in which it was written.' 'An Air, sung and composed extempore, by the Signor Amadeo, on words not previously seen by him, and accompanied by himself on the harpsichord.' 'A second Sonata for the harpsichord, performed extempore on the same, on the subject proposed by the leader.' 'Fugue for the harpsichord, on a given theme, executed extempore, by the Signor Amadeo, and brought to a perfect termination according to the rules of counterpoint.' 'Symphony in which he will improvise a part for the harpsichord, from a single violin part placed before him.' 'Trio, in which he will perform a part extempore on the violin.'

Chance has made us conversant with some of the modern musical feats which will figure in biographies to come. We have heard Malibran in the extravagance of her gipsy gaiety, rehearse 'Deh parlate!' half a tone sharper than the orchestra, the latter stubbornly refusing to give way. We have listened while Hummel, in the space of three-quarters of an hour, so presented the principal themes of 'Masaniello,' that the whole story as well as the spirit of that brilliant opera, seemed told by the pianoforte: without singers or chorus, or dresses, or scenery. We are familiar with, perhaps, the rarest display of musical ingenuity extant—the duett improvisations of Mendelssohn and Moscheles—where the coherence between the players is less wonderful, even, than their resolution to throw out each other; a delicious and animated and symmetrical whole being, in both cases, the result. We have seen Liszt's memory tested by the severest and most unexpected trials—now to the point of his playing through, at an instant's warning, some long orchestral piece, without failing to indicate one single point or effect—now, by his returning to some obsolete *passacaglia* or *gigue* of the harpsichord writers, or to some closely-knit exercise of Clementi or Cramer, with a correctness as sure as if the book was on the desk before him. Yet, save in the mere matter of finger accomplishments, the above list of Mozart's performances distances all the wonders cited. Readiness of in-

spiration and command over scientific resource could not be carried further. It is the union of the two which largely contributes to make the master's music so charming. Unlike other great men, whom the possession of great thoughts has made somewhat uncomplying and tyrannical, Mozart seems to have been royally rich enough to afford to conciliate and propitiate. He could produce the effect required by such means as lay under his hand. Whereas we have seen of later days composers of renown taking a wilful pride in compelling voices to do what instruments were made for, and instruments to 'un-pipe' and 'un-wire' themselves in an agonising strain to imitate vocal attempts.—Mozart seems to have found pleasure in making his imaginings accessible and genial to those who had to execute them. It was a saying of his, Mr. Holmes tells us, 'that he prided himself on suiting a singer with an air as a tailor would fit him with a coat.' At a later page of the book, we find that in directing the first rehearsal of 'Don Giovanni,'

"Mozart was obliged to stop the orchestra at the scene in the cemetery, 'Di rider finirà,' 'Ritardo andace,' &c., as one of the trombone players did not exactly execute his part correctly. The scene was accompanied by three trombones only. As the passage, after repeated attempts, had no better success, Mozart went to the desk of the player, and explained to him how he would have it done. The man, who was a crusty fellow, answered with some rudeness, 'It is impossible to play, and if I can't play it, I am sure you can't teach me!' 'Heaven forbid,' returned the composer, smiling, 'that I should attempt to teach you the trombone; here, give me your part, and I will soon alter it.' He did so on the spot, and added two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons." —Life, pp. 286-7.

How different is a spirit like this from Beethoven's, when torturing Mademoiselles Sontag and Ungher, over the Mass in D Major, and insisting upon their getting through the notes, no matter at what cost—from Cherubini's when writing the 'Medea,' which utterly destroyed the voice of Madame Scio, its heroine—from Meyerbeer's, when 'aggravating' the French opera band at the rehearsals of 'Les Huguenots,' till one and all mutinied and declared they could and *would* do no more! It is a nice point for the casuists to determine whether the greatness which despises, or that which respects limits, be of the higher order—whether audacity or reserve be the nobler. Mozart's considerateness, however, seems, in some measure, ascribable to remorseless exercises of his powers like the above, and thus far shows us the bright side of prodigious exhibition as influencing the artist's career;—in the musician tutored, however, the man might be destroyed. The preparation and destruction are not necessarily compatible.

Once more,—while endeavouring, from Mr. Holmes's pleasant pages, to trace and to collect the influences which made Mozart what he was,—we must not overlook a point of special, rather than general application, which has been already too much lost sight of by modern historians of Art: these being mostly sectarians. It is clear to us, that the great German musician was widely and deeply obliged to the Italians. In his day their supremacy was great; almost undisputed throughout southern Germany. Indeed, with the solitary exception of those whom Sebastian Bach had drawn round him, a very limited number, there was hardly one German artist, northern or southern, beyond the sphere of Italian singers, or players, or contrapuntists, or chapel-masters. It is now the fashion to make light of the obligation. For one student of Palestrina, or Clari, or Colonna,—of Marcello, Scarlatti, Jomelli, now to be found in Germany, France, or England;—we shall find hundreds grappling with the crudities of Beethoven, and on his individualities and exceptions, forming a theory and a course of training. The most salient results we see are the diffusion and acceptance of ugliness for strength, and extravagance for sublimity. So, too, have there been legions of violinists thrown into a state of spasmodic palsy for life by Paganini, and of singers rendered incurably *bizarre* in the desperate hope of emulating Malibran. Dangerous and pitiable folly! However excursive be the genius of the inventor, the student, while mastering first principles, is only safe so long as he analyses what is beautiful and complete. The laws and rules which the enterprising make for themselves, are, in the larger number of cases, only applicable to themselves: and, if acted upon by imitators, lead to confusion, affected singularity, repulsiveness of form, and frenzy of colour.

Something like the above, we imagine, are the determining causes which gave to Mozart's life its character, and to its genius its colour. His works are too well known to call for separate analysis, the less so, as we may have a few general words to say with regard to them, ere our task is closed. Too well known, also, are the events of his life;—how he wooed one sister and wedded another—how he continued in perpetual quest of the life-appointment, which was to bring his entangled affairs right—lavishing his talent here, there, and everywhere; on the worthless, the scheming, and the ungrateful: how the disappointment of his hopes (to admit his biographer's view of the subject) threw him into reckless gaiety and frivolous companionship, by which his early wasted frame was further enfeebled—how superstitious misgivings darkened his death-bed: and unblessed, and unhonoured by the people to whom he had done such honour, he was laid in the grave. These things, we say, are too familiar, to

call for us yet again to trace Mozart's steps from artistic triumph to artistic triumph, and from moral failure to moral failure. One or two musical questions, however, may be illustrated; and an anecdote or two contributed, for the consideration of Mr. Holmes, ere his work comes to a second edition—with the view, too, of still illustrating, collaterally, the annals of art and the history of the artist.

We are enabled by the first matter in debate, to afford the reader a very agreeable idea of Mozart's powers of description. There is, at all events, neither fatuity nor want of observation in the following portrait. The subject is Vogler, and in the background the Electoral Palace at Mannheim, before whose gates Mozart was lingering, in the hopes of there finding the desired anchorage. Taking every word of the following for granted, Mr. Holmes is not wrong in lifting up his voice against the charlatan, so unmercifully pictured.

"Vogler's history" (writes Mozart) "is short. He came here in a miserable plight, exhibiting on the clavier, and composed a ballet. His condition excited pity, and the elector sent him to Italy. Afterwards, on visiting Bologna, the Elector inquired of the Padre Valotti respecting Vogler. "O altezza, questo è un grand' uomo," &c. He then asked Padre Martini. "Altezza, è buono, ma a poco a poco quando sarà un poco più vecchio, più sodo, si farà, si farà. Ma bisogna che si lengi molto."

"Vogler on his return became a priest, and was immediately appointed court-chaplain. He has composed a 'Miserere,' which every one tells me is perfectly intolerable to listen to, the harmony being all wrong. He found that it was not much relished, and went to the Elector to complain that the orchestra, from spite to him, played badly on purpose. In short, he has so managed matters (engaging also in some serviceable intrigues with women) that he has been appointed Vicekapellmeister. He is a fool, who fancies that there can exist nothing better nor more perfect than himself. He is hated by the whole orchestra. He has often brought Holzbauer into trouble. His book will better teach arithmetic than composition. He gives out that he will make a composer in three weeks, or a singer in six months, but the products of his system have not yet made their appearance. He contemns the great masters, and spoke to me of Bach with great disrespect. Bach composed two operas here, of which the first pleased more than the second. As the title of the last-mentioned was 'Lucio Silla,' the same which I had composed at Milan, I felt curious to see it. Holzbauer had told me that Vogler possessed it, and I asked him to lend it me. 'Willingly,' said he, 'I will lend it to you to-morrow. But you will not find any master-strokes of genius in it.' A few days afterwards, on our meeting, he said to me, very satirically, 'Well, you have now seen something beautiful. Have you gained any ideas

from it? 'One air is very pretty.' 'How do the words go?' he inquired of somebody near him; 'Of which air?' 'Why, of that abominable air of Bach's. Let me see—' *Pupille Amate*,' which he was certainly drunk when he wrote!' I really thought that I must have taken him by the nose. I, however, made as though I had heard nothing, and went away without saying a word. He has already outlived his favour at court."—*Life of Mozart*, pp. 117-18.

A word or two more on the Abbé's compositions:—

"Yesterday, that is Wednesday the 19th (apparently of November, 1777), was again a gala day. I attended the service, at which was produced a bran new mass by Vogler, which had been rehearsed only the day before yesterday, in the afternoon. I stayed, however, no longer than the end of the 'Kyrie.' Such music I never before heard in my life; for not only is the harmony frequently wrong, but he goes into keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head; not in an artist-like manner, or in any way that would repay the trouble, but plump and without preparation. Upon the conduct of the ideas, I will not attempt to speak; I will merely say that it is quite impossible that any mass by Vogler can satisfy a composer worthy of the name. For though one should discover an idea that is *not bad*, that idea does not long remain in a negative condition, but soon becomes—beautiful? Heaven save the mark! it becomes bad, exceeding bad; and this in two or three different ways. The thought has had scarcely time to appear, before something else comes and destroys it, or it does not close so naturally as to remain good, or it is not brought in in the right place, or it is spoiled by the injudicious employment of the accompanying instruments. Such is Vogler's composition."—*Life*, pp. 119, 120.

This passage calls forth a note; more being meant therein than meets the ear. When Mr. Holmes recommends it to the thoughtful student as matter for deep consideration, adding 'The lesson is Mozart's—he might also, we think, have called attention to the fact; that in Vogler's career and the young Salzburger's criticism, the modern direction of German music, when it parted company from Italian, is shadowed out. Let us turn to Fétis, for a notice or two of this reprobated person. From his childhood the Abbé Vogler seems to have been one of those erratic, crotchety beings who pick up and combine knowledge in their own way, rather than follow any systematic course of instruction. 'He taught himself,' says Fétis, 'to play upon several instruments, and invented a system of fingering the harpsichord, which he communicated to his pupils.' His literary studies in the Jesuits' College at Wurzburg were followed by his joining the order:—a step, which we are told, was followed by many temporal advantages, and which—to theorize after the fashion of M. Eugene Sue—may have introduced the shrewd young Franciscan into some of those habits of intrigue, which are so pithily

denounced above. One so restless and aspiring was, at all events, not likely to profit deeply by such a course of deliberate and regulated study as Italy afforded: and we shall accordingly find Vogler in Italy, flying from Valotti to Padre Martini; and leaving the latter again, for Rome, where he took Priest's orders, and, where we are told, he got some ideas from Misliveczek, better known in Italy as 'Il Boemo.' He had not long been established at Mannheim, it seems, before Mozart's arrival: some two years later (in 1779) when the Elector Palatine was transferred to the sovereignty of Bavaria, disgusted possibly by the failure of his opera 'Albert the Third,' he resigned his appointments as court-chaplain and Kapellmeister, and successively wandered through France, Spain, Greece, and the East, 'to make,' we are told, 'researches relative to music.' The last region we must think, 'a barren land,' despite of its having ripened the genius of France's youngest composer, M. Felicien David.

On his return from these progresses, the Abbé Vogler took service with the King of Sweden; but, restless, it would seem, by temperament or by training, he appears thenceforward never to have remained long constant to one place, or one occupation:—now playing on the organ in different German cities; now exhibiting in London on the *orchestron*, a precious invention of his own, the name of which is hardly remembered; now publishing treatises, courses, systems; now producing operas at Copenhagen, Vienna, Munich, &c.: and, lastly, setting up his tent at Darmstadt, (not then, as now, the deadest of dead court towns,) and what is more to the purpose, opening his school there. From this school proceeded the two inventors of Modern Germany—Weber and Meyerbeer. The figure made in Art by these two men is in some sort an answer to Mozart's sarcasm; while, at the same time, the peculiar form thereof, attests the justice of his criticism. It would have been expecting a miracle to look for his tolerating such an entire departure from the old Italian principles of harmony and of continuity, as the authors of 'Euryanthe' and 'Les Huguenots' manifest. While, however, we note the dash of empiricism in Vogler's genius and in his progress, which naturally made the Abbé offensive to so complete and so conscientious a musician as Mozart, it were unjust not to point out the large share an original man had in forming the genius of other original men: and since at the outset of his life, he sits under the heavy ban of a greater artist, let us, for justice' sake, see what forms his career as instructor and theorist had taken towards its close. To this end we will translate a page from M. Fétis's biographical notice of Meyerbeer, apprising the reader that the materials were probably furnished by that great musician himself. After mentioning that

Meyerbeer's precocious genius had been placed under the training of Bernhard Anselm Weber, conductor of the Berlin opera; who, as well as the greater Von Weber (Carl Maria), had been a pupil under Vogler—

"One day," Fétis continues, "Meyerbeer took a fugue to his master. Enchanted with the *morceau*, Weber proclaimed it to be a *chef-d'œuvre*, and sent it at once to the Abbé Vogler, by way of proving that he, too, knew how to form scholars. After waiting some time for an answer, a voluminous packet was at last received. It was opened with eagerness, but oh vexatious surprise! in place of its containing the expected praises, a practical treatise on the fugue appeared, written by the hand of Vogler, and divided into three parts. In the first the rules for the formation of music of this class were succinctly set forth. The second called 'The Scholar's Fugue,' contained Meyerbeer's analysed in its several parts, and thence proved to be not good. The third part, which was entitled 'The Master's Fugue,' was one which Vogler had written on Meyerbeer's subjects; this, too, was analysed bar by bar, the master giving his reasons for the adoption of one form in preference to another."

"Weber was struck dumb: but, for Meyerbeer, Vogler's criticism was a flash of light. . . . All that in Weber's instruction had seemed obscure and unintelligible presented itself to him as clear and easy. Full of enthusiasm, he set himself to writing a fugue in eight parts, according to the Abbé Vogler's principles, and forwarded it immediately. This new attempt was received by the master differently from the former one. 'A fair future in art is before you,' he wrote to Meyerbeer. 'Come to me here at Darmstadt; I will receive you as a son, and point out to you the sources of musical knowledge.' Incessantly occupied with serious studies, the life led by Vogler's pupils was truly artistic and scientific. After the Mass, which Carl Maria von Weber was obliged to serve, because he was a Catholic,—the master assembled his scholars and gave them an oral lesson on counterpoint, then set them to work in composing some movement of church music on a given theme, closing the day with the analysis of what each had written. Sometimes, also, Vogler went with Meyerbeer to the cathedral, where there were two organs. There they improvised together on the two instruments, each taking in his turn the subject of the fugue given, and developing it."—Fétis—*Art., Meyerbeer.*

The reader will readily admit that this latter picture is far more gracious than the former one. The value of Vogler's instructions remains still an 'open question:' but the circumstance of his having contributed to form the taste of two inventors should, we think, be accepted as 'a plea in mitigation,' by all who take a catholic and comprehensive view of Art. How in Weber the

* 'Unfortunately,' adds M. Fétis in a note, which speaks of the publication of this treatise, 'the analysis of Vogler is deficient in correctness, nor is his own fugue too good a one.' This criticism is oddly at variance with the passage of text immediately following.

Abbé's antipathy to Italian principles was perpetuated—how in Meyerbeer it was so corrected as to throw the student into an eclecticism the most original which the world of Art has seen—are matters the examination of which would lead us too wide: and, what is less desirable, assuredly land us in controversy. Those who are curious to work out our idea further will find interesting food for comparison and speculation in later pages of *Mr. Holmes's Life*, where Sarti's published observations on Mozart's quartetts, dedicated to Haydn, are discussed. The Italian composer's strictures on Mozart's 'crudities' are, in tone, whimsically like those lavished by Mozart on the eccentricities of the Mannheim Abbé. "Such is the slavery to the conventional," remarks Mr. Holmes, "by which the public at large are enthralled, and the bold inquirer must often be content to wait till the accumulated opinions of years gradually reverse the verdict of contemporaries!" Something of this moderation, we think, might have been brought in to qualify Mozart's severity against Clementi (see *Life*, p. 198), and to correct his oracular tone with regard to future results of the Abbé Vogler's systems.

There will be small dissent, we imagine, from any of Mozart's views with regard to his own operas:—still less exception taken against the stores of anecdote which Mr. Holmes has collected with regard to 'Idomeneo,' 'Die Entführung,' 'Figaro,' 'Don Giovanni,' and 'Die Zauberflöte.' Of 'La Clemenza' and 'Cosi' less is known. The artless fondness with which the composer describes his own works is to us very engaging. The world is, however, too fond of calling this paternal self-occupation vanity; and Mr. Holmes falls into the error, when writing (p. 219) of 'the amusing partiality for his own performances' with which Gluck 'favoured his friend and correspondent the Bailli du Rollet.' This is another illustration of the 'choleric word' and 'flat blasphemy' adage. For a couple of anecdotes, not worthless as rendering completer the history of Mozart's immortal operas, we are indebted to a somewhat out-of-the-way source—the 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles' of Mrs. Jameson. When that lady was in New York, some seven years ago, she "was introduced to a fine old Italian, with long and flowing white hair, and a most venerable and marked physiognomy: it was Lorenzo de Ponte, the man who had first introduced Mozart to the Emperor Joseph," (*quare*, on what authority?) "and who wrote for him the text of the 'Don Juan,' the 'Figaro,' and the 'Cosi.'" The same page gives us a glimpse of the latter days of Shikaneder, the Vienna manager and buffoon companion of Mozart's married life; to save whom from ruin the thrifless and good-natured composer wrote 'Die Zauberflöte' even at a moment when 'Death was with him dealing.'

Those who have denounced the manager as one of those unworthy creatures who prey upon the gifted, will accept as a piece of poetical justice the following picture of his latter days:—"Shikaneder," says Mrs. Jameson, "was patronized by Joseph, Mozart's 'good Emperor,' and much attached to him. After the Emperor's death he went mad, and spent the rest of his life sitting in an arm chair with a large sheet thrown over him, refusing to speak to his family. When any one visited him, he would lift the sheet from his head, and ask, with a fixed look, 'Did you know Joseph?' If the answer were 'Yes,' he would perhaps condescend to exchange a few words with his visiter, always on the same subject—his emperor and patron; but if the answer were 'No,' he immediately drew his sheet about him, like a shroud, hid his face, and sank again into his arm-chair and obstinate silence: and thus he died."—*Winter Studies*, vol i. pp. 281, 282.

Another contribution to the history of Mozart's operas, as indicating the powerful hold they have retained on the sympathies and imaginations, not merely of musicians, but also of men of letters, might have been found in Hoffmann's analysis of 'Don Juan,' where, by way of accounting for the impassioned tone of the composition, which was personal rather than premeditated, he credits Mozart with a profound and mystical view of the subject. This, Hoffmann assumes, must have presented itself to the composer in its psychological, and not merely its picturesque aspect. As a piece of ingenious rhapsody, the essay is well worth half an hour's attention, and was worth a foot note; though its value, as we have said, lies in its illustration of the ingenuity of commentators, as attesting the greatness of their subject. So, to the end of time, there will be no end of theories about Shakspeare, in explanation of the marvels of his genius:—and, after having surmised that he must have visited Scotland, because he could imagine Glamis and Cawdor and 'the blasted heath,' some speculator, bolder grown, may possibly proclaim cousinship for him with Ahasuerus the Wanderer, and insist that 'Egypt's' pomp, as she sailed down the Cydnus, could only have been thus pictured by an eye-witness.

Mr. Holmes leaves much to be said with regard to the origin of 'The Requiem,' and the part which Mozart really bore in its composition: so much indeed, that time and space forbid our here arguing out the question, or even marshalling the evidence, of which the world is at present in possession. Zelter's earnest and laboured discussion of the subject, published in the well-known 'Correspondence with Goethe,' ought at least to have been adverted to, as a singularly honest piece of musical writing on a musical subject; such specimens being rare. There is an appearance, almost, of avoidance of the difficulties of the question by our biographer, which is hardly satisfactory.

We must offer a few speculations on yet another musical point, in which Mr. Holmes's partisanship has carried him too far. Desirous of aggrandizing Mozart's stature, by measuring him against his contemporaries, our biographer is particularly restless with respect to Gluck; accuses him of loving parasites and intrigues, and thus accounts for the slack intercourse maintained between him and Mozart: whereas, the latter's preference for Shikaneder and Stadler the clarinet-player, and for Arlequin and Pierrot, might have been cited as certain to make any close companionship with the philosophical artist restrained and uncomfortable. In another page Mr. Holmes asks, how is it that 'Gluck's operas no longer keep possession of the stage?' Does he count how many of Mozart's operas are ever to be heard in Germany, France, and Italy? Three at the most. Does he forget that *four* of Gluck's—the two 'Iphigenias,' the 'Alceste,' and the 'Armide'—have, ever since they were written, formed a part of the stock repertory of Berlin: that one at least, in like manner, takes its turn at Frankfort, at Stuttgart, at Munich, at Vienna, to our certain knowledge—we believe we might add, at every *first-class* opera-house in Germany? At the very moment we are writing, the French papers are describing the gorgeous preparations ordered by their King for the representation of 'Armide,' for the delectation of our Queen, provided she visits Paris this year. Nor is Mr. Holmes profound or happy in his judgment of Gluck as a composer. In forming it, he seems to us to have listened to others, rather than looked into matters for himself. Let us quote a few lines:

"Give him (Gluck) some great situation or striking sentiment to express, and he did it in perfection, but in the mere luxury of music divested of action, and in the numerous other ways in which music, though vaguely, addresses itself to the passions of the soul, he has no power." In this passage, we apprehend Mr. Holmes means to say, that Gluck was poor as a melodist; though, virtually, in place of this impression, he gives the master the highest praise which can be given to a dramatic composer, who is bound to avoid, not court, 'the mere luxury of music *divested of action*.' But let us take our critic according to his meanings. It is true that Gluck has left fewer melodies than Mozart, since his sterner system of working precluded their admission, and the number of his mature compositions is smaller. But we deny his 'powerlessness.' To our apprehensions, the opera of 'Orfeo' contains a tenor part as full of fine melody, as various, too, in its colouring, as any single part in any of Mozart's operas. If the air, 'Objet de mon Amour,' with its enchanting answer of Echo; if the *bravura*, 'L'espoir renaît dans mon ame;' if the wondrous prayer to the demons, 'Laissez vous toucher,' and the *rondo*, 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice' (which will be

sung so long as there are ears to hear and hearts to feel) do not substantiate this assertion, whether the questioner choose to take up his ground on the parts of *Zerlina*, or *Dun Giovanni*, or the *Countess* in 'Figaro,' or *Pamina* in 'Die Zauberflöte'—Criticism must be allowed to use the sliding scale of sympathy and antipathy, instead of maintaining any unchanging standard of truth and beauty. There is a less amount of what may strictly be called *tuneable* in the two operas on Iphigenia's story; but let us turn to 'Armida,' and where, if not there, are we to seek for the 'luxury of music?'—where, for such a flow of haunting and voluptuous melody as befits the land of enchantment? There may be movements more rhythmically fanciful—in Mozart's 'Magic Flute' for instance, the chorus, 'Gia san ritorno';—but for that delicious flow of sweet sound which 'steeps the senses in Elysium,' it is impossible, we think, to outdo the great tenor *scena*, 'Plus j'observe,' the close of which has a picturesque romance of the most exquisite imagining, or the Naiad's song, 'On s'étonnerrait moins,' or *Lucinda's* ballad,* 'Jamais dans ces beaux lieux,' or the chorus, 'C'est l'amour qui retient dans ses chaines.' A hundred causes could be pointed out why the operas of Gluck have been, and might at any future time be again laid aside: one main reason being, that they are not written for any particular singer. But thus, also, may Shakspeare's 'Lear,' 'Othello,' and 'Merchant of Venice,' be forsaken for a while; if an actress appears, for whom Knowles writes his 'Hunchback,' or an actor, in spite of expectation, succeeds in embodying a Talfourd's 'Ion.' The latter have special claims, and will enjoy a success so long as the special order of executive talent for which they were suited, shall appear. But the really great plays will survive a hundred fashions and forced reputations—beautified and not depreciated by the flight of Time, and the silence in which they have lain. Such, we conceive, is the place occupied by Gluck's operas. They may be already more antique, but they are less old fashioned than Mozart's.

Such are a few among the many speculations which this very agreeable book has suggested; put forth in no cavilling spirit, but rather as offering a view of the silver side of the shield, when Mr. Holmes is confident of the gold,—or of the *or* when he would blazon it as wholly *argent*. We will now, like true comrades, offer him a fair opportunity of retaliation, having still on our minds some remarks which he will esteem heretical, of which we must deliver ourselves ere closing these notices.

* As we are labouring to establish Gluck's versatility, we may be allowed to call attention to the simple but delicious contrivance of the accompaniment of long-sustained notes for the voice, which sets off this melody with a fulness of beauty not to be surpassed.

In the opening paragraphs of this article, it was intimated that Mozart's place among the great musicians seemed to us hardly to have been rightly adjudged. He has been perpetually set *above them all* on the score of his versatility; it being forgotten that versatility of effort does not of necessity imply variety of fancy. It may appear paradoxical to some, but the intense seal of individuality which is stamped on all his productions, while it engages our sympathies, qualifies, in some measure, our enthusiasm. The greatest artist is he, who the least interposes himself between his thoughts and the public. It will surprise many,—above all, the legion of those who accept reputations on trust,—to hear it asserted, that (taking their respective eras and disposable materials into account) Handel more frequently laid by his *Handelism* than Mozart the *Mozart-ishness*, of which he speaks with so intelligent a modesty, when pressed as to its origin by a friend (see *Life*, pp. 315, 320). There is a wider range embraced by such airs as 'Wise men flattering,' 'He was despised,' 'Cease thine anguish' ('*Athalia*'), 'O ruddier than the cherry,' 'Sound an alarm,' and 'Lascia ch' io piango' ('*Armida*'),—and by such choruses as 'Cheer her, O Baal,' 'The people shall hear and be afraid' ('*Israel*'), the 'Hallelujah' of 'The Messiah,' 'Wretched Lovers' ('*Acis*'), and 'See the conquering Hero comes,' (to string together at random the first compositions which present themselves,) than is circled by the entire body of Mozart's writings. For some of the specimens just numbered have no mark of the master upon them, howsoever they may bear marks of his time: while others, again, possess a virgin freshness, and delicacy of invention belonging to no century, impossible though it be for those familiar with them, to cast themselves loose of associations of time and place. Whereas, we cannot call to mind a single piece of Mozart's, in which some harmony, some phrase, some luscious close, or some exquisitely resolved discord, does not refer the work to its author as surely as the carnations of Rubens, or the brocade of Veronese, or the Holy Madonna countenance of Francesco Francia. He has always seemed to us the solitary specimen of dramatic self-abstraction, and intense personality or manner combined (the one not damaging the other) which could be cited: and it is because qualities so opposite have been deemed impossible of existence in the same person, that Mozart has been credited by his enthusiasts with attributes, in reality, not belonging to his music. Let us not, for an instant, be thought to take part with M. Jules Maurel and the herd of flippant French critics who have denied the greatness of the author of 'The Requiem' and 'Figaro.' They acted according to their vocation, which is to sneer and de-

stroy without understanding; we would fain understand without sneering or destroying: deep love and reverence in our creed implying, also, intimate knowledge:—the worship of a *mens sana*, not the idolatry of the enthusiast. Thus, in considering the mass of Mozart's music—whether for the orchestra, or the chamber, the minster, or the opera house—we cannot but perceive that one sentiment (with little exception) colours the whole: the affectionate, tender, voluptuous spirit of the man: not incapable of mirth, but carrying through that mirth an undertone of something deeper and more mournful—not too sensual to soar to sublime heights, but still never raised by soaring above its own mortality.

“The still sad music of *humanity*”

is the line which occurs to us, whenever we attempt to characterise Mozart. To illustrate—let us compare ‘Figaro’ with ‘Il Matrimonio Segreto,’ and the superior pensiveness of the former must make itself felt—though the opera founded on Beaumarchais’ drama, containing, as it does, none of the suppressed *tragedy* of the hero’s soliloquy, (which gives the character in the play a closer analogy to *Shylock’s*, than the generality are aware)—is assuredly infinitely more superficial and heartless, than the story containing the fears and the persecutions of the secretly-married *Caroline*.—In like manner, we cannot but think that the passion of ‘Don Giovanni,’ must be owned to be exceeded in many parts of the ‘Fidelio’—that the fantasy of the faëry-work in ‘Die Zauberflöte,’ is less wild and ærial than the supernatural music of ‘Der Freischütz’ and ‘Oberon,’—and that though the classical grandeur of the concerted music in ‘Idomeneo’ and ‘La Clemenza’ be great, Gluck towers higher in his three Greek Operas. On the other hand, for delicious natural melody, adorned by every garniture that scientific experience can suggest, neither Cimarosa, nor Beethoven, nor Weber, can stand before Mozart. He had rhythm without formality, grace without affectation, variety without pedantry—knew where to place those orchestral touches, which give to the vocal portions of a work a crowning charm, not wholly their own—how to elaborate without cumbrousness, how to accumulate without strain after climax. And his own glass, through which, we must repeat, he viewed every theme, whether ‘grave or gay, lively or severe,’ was tinged with such a delicious and delicate colour, that we wonder not, if the world has been so fascinated as to forget the tinge, and to declare that the rich, mellow, and tender hue is real, and not a matter interpolated. Perhaps, in short, there has been little or no music so complete as Mozart’s. Produced under every possible temp-

tation to haste—adapted, as much of it professedly was, to exhibit or conciliate the peculiar qualities of peculiar artists, who are not, as a race, very scrupulous how they are conciliated, so they be only sufficiently exhibited; the perfection of finish and the avoidance of common-place in his writings are extraordinary: the traces of a fatigued or unwilling invention, so few as not to deserve mention. It is rare to meet an artist who is so profoundly scientific, so admirably clear of anything like scientific parade. On the contrary, when even Mozart puts forth the scholarship of his art, he manages to give the dry exercise a certain grace and eloquence, imparting to it a picturesque attractiveness, and permanent value, of which the pedants never dreamed. Here we come upon the bright side of the man's individuality. He could not be severe, as distinct from beautiful. Others may, and have been stronger and more startling:—but none so uniformly winning; none so perpetually retaining his hold over the many and the few. And none, be it recollected, have extended their efforts over so wide a surface. The quantity of Mozart's known music is probably exceeded by the quantity which is forgotten. Yet he died among 'the youngest of the crowned.'

To speculate upon what might have been added to gifts so magnificent and comprehensive, had education and circumstance been more kind, is somewhat too much like chronicling events which never happened, to be long indulged in. And the English have so recently begun to consider the musician's art as any thing better than a luxury to be enjoyed without respect, that to speak of the serious interest of the matter, may be thought bombastic. Yet we cannot take leave of this 'Life of Mozart,' without regarding the question as in some sort opened afresh, by its publication and the general interest it has excited. Some future day, then, we may possibly attempt to trace more clearly the destinies of Art, the responsibilities of the Artist,—and the duties of those to whom his childhood (for training) or his youth (for directing) or his manhood (for praising) are confided.

- ART. IX.—1. *Adalbert von Chamisso's Werke*. 2e. Auflage, 6 Bände. Leipsig. 1842.
 2. *Chamisso*, par M. J. J. AMPÈRE, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mai, 1840.

WE would fain perform in some degree an act of tardy justice to the memory of a poet of no mean order, and a man of rare and sterling worth. Considering the early and extensive popularity which the story of Peter Schlemihl obtained in this country, it is surprising how rarely the author's name is mentioned amongst us. Few English readers, we believe, are aware that he ever wrote a line of poetry, or acquired any other title to celebrity than that which his far-famed romance conferred upon him. Yet neither as to the man nor his works is this neglect deserved. Both have long been regarded in Germany with fervent love and admiration, and both commend themselves to our sympathies by qualities peculiarly adapted to win the cordial esteem of Englishmen. But even were it not so, even though Chamisso claimed our attention on no higher grounds, curiosity at least might well be directed towards the productions of a Frenchman, whose German style has been accepted in the country of his adoption as a model of purity, force, and elegance. Such an example of eminent mastery achieved both in prose and verse over a language which was not the writer's mother tongue, is almost unique in the history of literature.

Louis Charles Adelaide, or, as he was afterwards called, Adalbert von Chamisso, was one of the younger sons of the count of that name, and was born in the Château de Boncourt, in Champagne, in January, 1781. His family, which was of Lorrainian origin, had been distinguished for its loyalty to its suzerains, its ample feudal honours and possessions, and its intermarriages with many reigning houses. Not less eminent than its prosperous fortunes were the disasters that afterwards befel it. Adalbert's parents were residing in the château where he was born when the Revolution broke out. Boncourt was assailed, ransacked, and destroyed. No stone was left standing on another, and of the many valuable heirlooms it contained not a fragment was saved. Of all the losses then sustained, what the family most regretted was a sword, bestowed, with the rank of captain, by Marshal Villars, on Chamisso's grandfather, then aged fifteen, for an important military service performed with singular address, coolness, and intrepidity. The marshal's sword was afterwards replaced by another, still more precious, perhaps, as a token of gallant and generous fidelity to a fallen master. Chamisso's two elder bro-

thers, Hippolyte and Charles, were pages in the service of Louis XVI. Charles especially was always by the unfortunate monarch's side in moments of peril. He was severely wounded on the eventful 10th of August, in defending the king, and would have been killed but for the favour shown him by one of the mob. Louis was not ungrateful; imprisoned and closely watched as he was in his own palace, he seized a favourable moment to present the brave page with a sword he himself had worn in better days, accompanied by a scrap of paper about the size of a crown-piece, which he had secreted under his coat, and which contained the following words in his own handwriting:

"I recommend M. de Chamisso, one of my faithful servants to my brother; he has many times risked his life for me,

"LOUIS."

Such was Chamisso's origin, such were the circumstances surrounding his childhood: a feudal manor in Champagne, a family strongly attached to the usages and traditions of an expiring order of things. How different was the tenor of his after life, from what its first auspices portended! Had any one at Boncourt, in 1781, cast the nativity of the noble babe just born there, the prediction would surely have taken any other shape rather than this: that the boy was to be a distinguished German author, who should translate the songs of the democrat Béranger into the language of another people, and should be throughout all his life the steady, temperate, but intrepid approver of those great social changes, the first fruits of which to himself were to be loss of fortune and station, exile, and long continued adversity and privation. Chamisso seems to have been sent into the world expressly to rebuke a selfish age by his noble example, and teach men of all parties justice, moderation, and obedience to the manifest will of Providence. How beautifully his faith as a reformer was reconciled with the most affectionate and reverent tenderness for the past, may be seen from his exquisite lines on

DAS SCHLOSS BONCOURT.

Ich träum' als Kind mich zurücke,
Und schütt'lte mein graies Haupt;
Wie sucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang' ich vergessen geglaubt?

Hoch ragt aus schatt'gen Gehegen
Ein schimmerndes Schloss hervor,
Ich kenne die Thürme, die Zinnen,
Die steinerne Brücke, das Thor.

Es schauen vom Wappenschilde
Die Löwen so traulich mich an,
Ich grüsse die alten Bekannten,
Und eile die Burghof hinan.

THE CHATEAU DE BONCOURT

A dream wafts me back to childhood,
And I shake my hoary head.
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions,
I thought were for ever fled.

There glistens o'er dusky foliage
A lordly pile elate;
I know those towers and turrets,
The bridges, the massive gate.

Welcoming, kindly faces
The armorial lions show;
I greet each old acquaintance,
As in through the arch I go.

Dort liegt die Sphinx am Brunnen;
Dort grünt der Feigenbaum;
Dort, hinter diesen Finstern,
Verträumt ich den ersten Traum.

Ich tret' in die Burgkapelle
Und suche des Ahnherrn Grab,
Dort ist's, dort hängt vom Pfaler
Das alte Gewäffen herab.

Noch lesen umflort die Augen
Die Züge der Inschrift nicht,
Wie hell durch die bunten Scheiben
Das Licht darüber auch bricht.

So stehst du, O Schloss meiner Väter,
Mir treu und fest in dem Sinn,
Und bist von der Erde verschwunden,
Der Pflug geht über dich hin.

Sei fruchthar, O theurer Boden,
Ich segne dich mild und gerührt!
Und segn' ihn zweifach, wer immer
Den Pflug nun über dich führt.

Ich aber will auf mich raffen,
Mein Seitenspiel in der Hand,
Die Weiten der Erde durchschweifen,
Und singen von Land zu Land.

There lies the Sphinx at the fountain;
There darkly the fig-tree gleams;
'Twas yonder, behind those windows,
I was rapt in my earliest dreams.

I enter the chapel, and look for
My ancestor's hallow'd grave;
'Tis here, and on yonder pillar
Is hanging his antique glaive.

I try to decipher the legend,
But a mist is upon my eyes,
Though the light from the painted win-
dow
Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
Thou standest before me now!
Yet thou from the earth art vanish'd,
And over thee goes the plough.

Fruitful, dear earth, be thou ever;
My fondest blessings on thee!
And a double blessing go with him
That ploughs thee, whoe'er he be.

For me, to my destiny yielding,
I will go with my harp in my hand,
And wander the wide world over,
Singing from land to land.

Though we may not coincide with M. Ampère in considering this piece as our author's *chef-d'œuvre*, we fully agree with him that it is admirable in construction as well as in sentiment, and that it will live. The theme is one which has been treated thousands of times, and which, indeed, will never be old; but it comes from Chamisso's hands, stamped with as distinct an individuality as though it did not belong to the common domain of human life. The first stanzas suggest, by the simplest means, a vivid picture of the feudal manor; and Burns himself never wrote any thing more touching, any thing that strikes home more directly to the feelings, than the last stanza but one. As the present accomplished King of Prussia said in a letter written by him, when crown prince, to the author, no one can read these lines without involuntarily returning upon the poet's head the blessings he invokes on the husbandman, who guides the plough over the beloved site of his father's house.

Little is known of Chamisso's childhood, except that he was even then remarkable for the taciturn and thoughtful disposition that characterised his manhood, and already evinced a propensity to the pursuits of the naturalist and the reveries of the poet. 'I used,' he says, 'to observe insects, search out new plants, and stand at an open window on stormy nights, contemplating and reflecting.' When his more volatile companions teased and ridiculed him for his backwardness to join in their romps, his

mother would come to the rescue, and cry out to his persecutors, 'Let him alone; he will outstrip you all by and by as a man, as much as he surpasses you now in good conduct and information.' He used to say of his own fourth son, a delicate boy, whose apparent weakness of intellect occasioned his mother much uneasiness, 'Never fear, the lad will come right in time; he is exactly such as I was myself at his age.'

Chamisso was nine years old when his impoverished family fled from France. At thirteen, he studied drawing and miniature painting, at Wurtzburg. At fifteen, after having been for some time a pupil in the painting department of the royal porcelain manufactory of Berlin, he became one of the Queen of Prussia's pages. At seventeen, he entered the Prussian army; three years afterwards (1801) he was a lieutenant, and his family returned to France. The first occupation of the young Prussian officer was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the German tongue; for at twenty years of age he was not yet perfectly familiar with the language, in the literature of which he was afterwards to take so prominent a place. To this period belong two of his earliest known productions, a translation into German prose of a French tragedy ('*Le Comte de Comminge*'), and some French verses addressed to a countrywoman of his own, the young and fascinating widow, Ceres Duvernay. He was in love with her—the reader will already have concluded so much as a matter of course; and M. Ampère is by all means right in saying, that the verses he addressed to the object of his passion were fully as bad and as high-flown as became the occasion of a first love. We mention these two pieces chiefly for the purpose of placing in juxtaposition the comments made upon them respectively by the author's two friends, German and French, Hitzig and Ampère. The former says of the tragedy, that 'it bears proof of the writer's painful wrestling with a language which he had not yet made completely his own. He mistakes even the meaning of words, and says for instance '*heilsame Flamme*' instead of '*heilige Flamme*.' At the same time there is manifested a certain suppleness of expression, and an involuntary tendency to rhythm. The prose runs into verse without the author's perceiving it.' Of the lines to Ceres Duvernay, M. Ampère says: 'I quote them only to show to what a degree our countryman was already German as regarded the bent of his imagination, even in his French verses. This fanciful madrigal reads like a translation from the German. Chamisso rendered into that language the coquettish and rather insipid French verses which Madame Ceres Duvernay addressed to him. His adoptive language was then, as it were, the natural speech of his imagination and his heart. Then

and ever after he felt more at ease in using it than his mother tongue.'

Chamisso heroically proposed for the fair widow's hand, his sole means for maintaining a wife and family being the not very magnificent appointments of a Prussian lieutenant. Fortunately, the lady was no green girl, and his suit was rejected. Disappointed in love, he soon found consolation in the friendship of a little knot of embryo poets, most of whom have since become distinguished in various walks of literature and science. Among them were La Motte Fouqué, Robert, the brother of Rahel, Varnhagen, Neumann, Koreff, De la Foye, an emigrant like himself, and now professor of chemistry at Caen, and Hitzig, Chamisso's dearest and most intimate friend, his posthumous editor and biographer.* The young friends combined together to start a poetical annual or *Musen-Almanach*, for which poor Chamisso, besides acting as editor, contrived to find the funds; for the hard-hearted German publishers refused to exchange their good dollars for the effusions of the gifted obscure, and none of his coadjutors had either money or credit enough to help the vessel of their hopes off the stocks. The important work at last appeared, and soon procured its authors the unspeakable delight of having admirers of both sexes, and enemies of one. The *Green Book* (this was the title of the collection) ran a long and prosperous career, and was in its revived form the medium through which Freiligrath first made his way to fame. Graver occupations by and by broke up the little intimate circle formed by the founders of the work, and obliged them to disperse in pursuit of their several callings. But neither absence nor time abated the strong attachment Chamisso had conceived for 'his brothers,' as he delighted to call them. He wrote to them frequently, and the correspondence between him and them went on without interruption through all the vicissitudes of an erratic life. Let the world make itself merry over the 'Quarrels of Authors,' let it laugh to its heart's content at the petulance, the wayward weakness, and the fretful jealousies of the *genus irritabile*; laughter is the natural and appropriate corrective of these things; but the genial glow, the strength and fulness of literary friendships, are matters, we imagine, beyond the range of the world's ordinary speculations. Chamisso, who in every act, thought, and purpose was thoroughly in earnest, carried with him to the grave the whole freight of his

* Hitzig, who had already published the lives of Hoffmann and Warner, says touchingly 'at the close of his preface to the life of Chamisso, 'This is my last biographical work, for death cannot take from me another Adalbert (*denn es kann mir kein Adalbert mehr sterben*).'

youthful affections, no particle lost by the way, only the store augmented by fresh accessions made during the voyage of his life.

In September, 1804, war being about to begin against France, the young lieutenant thus expresses, in a letter to De la Foye, the vague thirst for action that tormented him: 'I could beat myself with my fists! Here am I, a young fellow of four-and-twenty, and have done nothing, seen nothing, enjoyed nothing, suffered nothing, become nothing, won nothing, nothing, clean nothing, in this miserable, miserable world!' Meantime, he was not idle, but applied himself 'six, eight, or ten hours daily,' to the study of Greek. He was also desirous of entering one of the German universities, but his family strongly objected to this project, and he abandoned it.

The campaign opened, and Chamisso left Berlin with his regiment (Oct., 1805). During his toilsome marches he was constantly occupied with his pet Green Book. Homer was never out of his hands, and Greek phrases are scattered through all the letters he wrote at this time to his most intimate friends. The great events of the day occupy but a small place in these letters; the matter of which they consist is chiefly personal—the movements of the writer's imagination, his hopes, reminiscences, and affections, and the few books he is able to procure. 'I am reading the Scriptures,' he says, 'diligently, and with edification. I have read Matthew's gospel, and am now comparing it with John's. Matt. 14, 22, *et sqq.* This passage has struck me. . . . If we have winter quarters here, I shall be a theologian. I have a hope, a charming hope; I shall perhaps be able to procure books here from the Göttingen library.'—'I imagine,' says M. Ampère, 'there was not in the French army a lieutenant whose correspondence resembled that of Chamisso. Courier might be an exception as regards Homer, but Courier did not read St. Matthew.'

"Chamisso's military career," we quote from Ampère, "was terminated by an event that caused him intense mortification. It would, perhaps, be too harsh to reproach him with having consented to bear arms against the French. Be it remembered that he had quitted France at nine years of age, and that he was bound by gratitude and honour to the country that had given him bread and a sword.* But whatever judgment be pronounced on the decision he came to, or rather, which destiny prescribed to him, justice should be done to the noble sorrow he evinced on the too prompt surrender of a fortress (Hameln) which he would gladly have contributed to defend. The long letter in which he relates

* "Here the soil, there the men are foreign to me," he used sadly to exclaim, "nowhere can I find contentment."

the event is full of earnest protestations against such dastardy; and he looks on this disgrace, which he submits to with rage and despair, as a punishment for the course he had, after many inward struggles, adopted with repugnance and gloomy forebodings.

"Chamisso obtained a passport for France, where his family now were; but before he departed he wrote to Hitzig, 'I am a German at heart, and for life.' And this was true. He was never indifferent to the fortunes of France, but by his inward nature he belonged to Germany. His frankness, his straightforward plainness, the awkwardness of his manners,* his disposition at once studious and pensive, his inclination for travelling, or for a tranquil life amid a small circle of friends, the originality of his ideas, always a little encumbered by a mode of expression, strong indeed, but painfully laboured; every thing about him, in short, even to his personal appearance, was more German than French. Did he owe this Teutonic strain to the Lorrainian origin of his family? I cannot tell; but really he seemed predestined to the part he filled. Chance did not so much give him to Germany, as restore him to her."

Forced from the land of his choice, and unable to strike root in that of his birth, Chamisso remained for many years in that morbid condition of feeling incident to men of strong temperament and generous mind, who find themselves condemned to live without a definite aim or occupation. His family wished him to settle once for all in France, but in spite of his attachment to a family that deserved all his affection, his heart was with his early friends in Germany. He returned to Berlin, where he expected to find Varnhagen at least, but his friends had all left the capital before he arrived. He spent three weary, purposeless years there, in a state of extreme despondency, augmented by the false position in which he was placed by his birth. He saw Germany rising up around him, and buckling on its weapons against the coming struggle for liberation; and, unable to take part in the movement, he exclaimed with somewhat coarse energy against the fate that doomed him 'to rot in the midst of all this fermentation, without even turning out good for manure.'

In 1810, he was called to France, to fill a professorship in the new college of Napoleonville; his errand was again a fruitless one, but the journey made him acquainted with Madame de Staël and with M. de Barante, the historian, then prefect of Vendée. With the latter he spent the winter of 1810-11, agreeably enough, instructing the future translator of Schiller in German literature, and filling up his leisure with the perusal of old fabliaux and romances of chivalry. He was also a welcome guest of Madame de Staël's, at Chaumont and Blois; and after her banishment he followed her to Geneva and Coppet.

* This must be understood in a conventional sense only. Chamisso was not formed to shine in the *salons* of Paris; but he was a gentleman in the best import of the word.

"Chamisso," says Ampère, "with his bluntness, his *salvagery* and his pipe, made a singular figure amongst that brilliant, elegant, and romanesque society. Yet Madame de Staël appreciated the elevation of his soul, his singleness of heart, and the originality of his mind. As for him, he was somewhat astounded, somewhat ill at ease, and half seduced, like a Scythian in Athens. He has expressed with rather blunt vivacity the impression made on him by the extraordinary woman with whom chance threw him in contact: 'After all, I like De Staël better than the German (Schlegel); she has a more just intuitive perception of life than he, though she has less skill in dissection; she has also more life, more heart under her ribs (*mehr Lieb' im Leibe*); she possesses the good qualities of the French, ease of manners, *savoir vivre*, and grace; but she hates them cordially, her friends even not excepted.' Elsewhere he says: 'She is an extraordinary being, combining the earnestness of the Germans, the warmth of the South, and the manners of the French. She is sincere, open, impassioned, jealous, all enthusiasm; she conceives ideas only with her soul. She has no feeling for painting, music is all in all for her, she lives only in its tones; she must have music about her when she writes, and in reality she writes only music. The geometry of life fares but badly here—she is equally enthusiastic for freedom and for chivalry. Intrinsically she is a thorough aristocrat, as she is herself well aware, and every thing she knows she tells her friends. A heroine of tragedy she is, who must needs receive, bestow, or throw away crowns. Her former life was passed in the region wherein were formed the political tempests that decided the fate of the world. She ought at least to hear the rattle of the carriage wheels in Paris. She pines away in this exile.'"

It was one of the caprices of the De Staëlish society, to play *petite poste*, instead of carrying on oral conversation. The game was played thus: the company sat round a table supplied with writing materials, and wrote down questions and answers on the slips of paper which were rapidly passed and repassed between each two interlocutors. In this way it was contrived to afford each individual the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête*. Hitzig has published a few specimens of these dialogues, out of a large collection he found among Chamisso's papers. The following is one of them:—

"*St.* You have a great deal of *esprit*, and you pay no attention to your accent. You know all the tongues, and are ignorant of your own. You are handsome, and are astonishingly negligent of your person. Lastly, you have some friendship for me, and you cannot give up your pipe for my sake. How comes this incompleteness, when you want only the will to make so distinguished a figure?

"*Cd.* How shall I reply? You are a proficient in flattery, whilst I am inexpert with the language even of praise. Spare me, we do not meet with equal weapons. Do not plane away the bark from an oak, in order to polish it; it would die. Leave it above all in the forest; it is there it thrives.

"*St.* Do you think me wanting in energy? I will not allow you to be in the forest, if I am not there too. I do not seek to strip you of your leaves, but of the briars about you. I do not flatter you, I do what is better,

"*Ch.* You will not allow me to be in the forest if you are not there! You do not choose to be in the forest! What, then, would you make of me? Where would you have me be?

"*St.* I would have you be what you are, energetic in heart, and elegant in outward things (*dans les formes*), ancient and modern, the savage and the gentleman—in short, a combination of contrasts, which is perfection."

It was during his visit to Coppet that Chamisso began the study of botany, which was afterwards the professional occupation of his life. In 1812, he made a pedestrian tour in Switzerland, hesitated on the frontiers of Italy, and then turned short round to the north, hungering for his beloved Germany. Hastening to Berlin, he entered the university as a medical pupil, and began to study anatomy and physiology with intense zeal. His mind now recovered its natural serenity; he saw a glimpse of blue sky, as he says himself; he had a laudable and definite object to strive for, that of fitting himself to take part in a scientific expedition.

He was again painfully agitated by the events of 1813, but not so as to be diverted from the course he had begun. 'I had no longer a country, or rather, I had not yet a country.' He was Frenchman enough to feel for the disasters of the great Russian expedition. In the midst of the warlike movement in Germany, he would sometimes cry out, 'The time has no sword for me.' Again, he says in a letter to Varnhagen, 'To a war against France—being the fellow that I am—I must not, cannot contribute any thing; but in aid of a war for the defence of North Germany, I could freely carry my bones to market—and something of the sort may possibly come to pass. I assist here in exercising the militia, and if it comes to a war of peasants I may very likely take part in it—*pro aris et focis*—I will not refuse to perish with you.'

It was to beguile his uneasiness during this year, and to amuse his friend Hitzig's wife and children, that he composed his famous tale of 'Peter Schlemihl,' the man who was rendered miserable by the loss of his shadow. Ampère has an ingenious passage on this subject, which is worth quoting:

"Is there a latent moral in this whimsical story? Without doing like Schlemihl, and running after a shadow, it seems to me we may attribute to the author the intention of expressing this truth, that in society, as it is now constituted, virtue, merit, and even fortune, are not every thing. It is not enough that one is rich, something more is wanting to give one mark and consequence in the world; there needs a slight

shadowy something, designated by the vague, but not insignificant words, speciality, notability, position. To be other than a nobody in society in these days, when men are no longer classed according to rank, one must bear a known name, or have produced a book, or possess some striking accomplishment; one must have the supplementary aid of fashion, or enjoy a celebrity, a notoriety, a distinction, as they phrase it, of one kind or another. This is the indispensable shadow for which the devil sometimes tempts us to sell our souls, and without which we succeed in nothing. The author of 'Peter Schlemihl' is right in concluding, that when one has not a shadow, one ought not to go into the sunshine."

We accept this interpretation, although since it was written Hitzig has published Chamisso's positive declaration that he had no didactic purpose in view when he composed the tale. We hold that every well-constructed story, inasmuch as it purports to present a regular series of events and circumstances, bound together by known laws, must of necessity supply data from which may be deduced one moral or more. In other words, the details of any fable will suggest pointed analogies just in proportion as they are consistent with each other and coherent. It is generally conceded that although the poet's functions have a moral tendency, he is not required to be solicitous about teaching categorically; and perhaps it would not be too much to say that if he thinks about his moral at all, the less he does so the better. Chamisso appears to have been of this opinion:

"I have seldom," he says, "any ulterior aim in my poetry; if an anecdote or a word strikes me in a particular manner (*mich selbst im Leibe von der Seite der linken Pfote bewegt*) I suppose it must have the same effect on others, and I set to work, wrestling laboriously with the language, till the thing comes out distinctly.*"

"If by chance I have had a notion to evolve, I am always disappointed with the way in which the thing turns out. It looks flimsy; there is no life in it. . . . You may call me for this a nightingale, or a cuckoo, or any other singing bird, rather than a reasoning man; with all my heart! I ask no better. . . . Schlemihl, too, came forth in this way. I had lost on a journey my hat, portmanteau, gloves, pocket-handkerchief, and all my moveable estate. Fouqué asked me whether I had not also lost my shadow; and we pictured to ourselves the effects of such a disaster. Another time, in turning over the leaves of a book by Lafontaine (I do not know the title), was found a passage in which a very obliging man was described as producing all sorts of things from his pocket in a party, as fast as they were called for; upon this I remarked that, only ask him civilly, the good fellow would, no doubt, lug out a coach and horses from

* This was a favourite expression of our author's, and marked what he considered the most commendable quality in any composition. When he communicated a new copy of verses to a friend for his opinion, his first question was always *ob es herauskommt?* was all perfectly clear? did every figure stand out well from the canvass?

his pocket.—Here was Schlemihl complete in conception, and as time hung heavy enough on my hands in the country, I began to write. In truth I had no need to have ready the 'Baron de Feneste' (D'Aubigné's philosophical romance) to have picked up all sorts of practical knowledge, touching the *φαινεσθαι* and the *εἶναι*. But it was not my object to embody this knowledge, but to amuse Hitzig's wife and children, whom I looked upon as my public, and so it has come to pass that you and others have laughed over my performance."

Here is a ludicrous trifle by our author, which was no doubt meant for nothing more than what it appears, though it would be easy to 'moralise it into a thousand similes.'

TRAGISCHE GESCHICHTE.

'S war Einer, dem's zu Herzen ging,
Dass ihm der Zopf so hinten hing,
Er wollt' es anders haben.

So denkt er denn: 'Wie fang ich's an?
Ich dreh' mich um, so ist's gethan—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.'

Da hat er flink sich umgedreht,
Und wie es stund es annoch steht—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da dreht er schnell sich anders 'rum,
'S wird aber noch nicht besser drum—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich links, er dreht sich
rechts,
Es thut nicht Gut's, es thut nicht
Schlecht's—

Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich wie ein Kreisel fort,
Es hilft zu nichts, in einem Wort—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Und seht, er dreht sich immer noch,
Und denkt: 'Es hilft am Ende doch'—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

A MELANCHOLY STORY.

A man there was sore vex'd in mind,
For why, his pigtail hung behind;
The thing he fain would alter.

Thinks he: 'With half a turn here
goes

To see it stick beneath my nose—
'This tail that hangs behind me.'

So, bounce! he turns him round about;
'Tis odd! he cannot make it out—
The tail still hangs behind him.

The other way with might and main
He pirouettes; 'tis labour vain—
The tail still hangs behind him.

He turns him left, he turns him right,
'Tis all the same, unlucky wight!
The tail still hangs behind him.

Like a teetotum round and round
He spins; and yet no change is found—
The tail still hangs behind him.

He keeps on spinning hard and fast;
'T will sure, 'thinks he, 'come right at
last'—

The tail still hangs behind him.

Let us return to the life of Chamisso. He employed the latter part of 1813, and the greater part of the following year, upon natural history, attending lectures on mineralogy, which surprised him with the discovery 'that stones had so much sense in them,' assisting in the arrangement of the Crustacea in the Zoological Museum of Berlin, and exercising himself in writing and speaking Latin, preparatory to taking his doctor's degree. The storm of war broke out again in 1815, and made him more than ever solicitous to withdraw for awhile from the scene of strife. He endeavoured to join the Prince de Neuwied, who was about to travel in Brazil, but was disappointed in this and many other similar

attempts. At last the opportunity he so much longed for arrived. Taking up a newspaper one day at Hitzig's, he chanced to see the announcement of a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole and in the Pacific, which was about to be undertaken on board the Russian ship of war, commanded by Otto von Kotzebue, son of the German author of that name. Stamping with his foot, Chamisso exclaimed, 'I wish I was with these Russians at the North Pole.' 'Are you in earnest?' said Hitzig. 'Quite so.' And, on the 15th of July, Chamisso left Berlin for a voyage of three years.

He published a very lively and entertaining account of this voyage, which we strongly recommend to the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly.' We extract only one very short passage, for the sake of a piece of literary history connected with it.

"The island Salas y Gomez is a bare rock rising out of the waves. * * * No traces of incipient vegetation are yet discernible upon it. It is the abode of countless swarms of sea birds, which seem to prefer such naked rocks to verdant islands, even uninhabited, since where there are plants, there are also insects, such as ants, which are particularly injurious to their broods. * * * Fragments of a wrecked vessel are said to have been discovered at Salas y Gomez; we looked for them in vain. It makes one shudder to think of the possibility that a human being may have been cast upon the island, for the sea birds' eggs would probably have sufficed but too well to prolong his forlorn existence between sky and ocean on that bare sunburnt rock."

In this passage, written most probably during the voyage, though not published until long afterwards, we have the rudiment of a terrible and pathetic monodrama. It lay germinating in Chamisso's mind for eleven years, until, in 1829, he produced his grandest work, SALAS Y GOMEZ.

This poem, remarkable, among other merits, for the majestic strength of its Dantesque rhythm, consists of four parts, in the first of which Chamisso describes his landing on the island with the crews of two boats sent off from the *Rurik*. The seamen dispersed themselves along the shore in search of fresh water, whilst he proceeded towards the interior and reached one of the two summits. Here he was startled by a strange discovery; the rock beneath his feet bore indubitable traces of the presence of civilised man; five rows of crosses, ten in each, were scratched upon it; and an inscription in European characters was still discernible, though nearly effaced, as it seemed, by footsteps. Heaps of eggshells, lying near the spot, also indicated that the person whose food they had contained had been a long sojourner on the island. Chamisso immediately began to explore the mystery suggested by these appearances, and found a clue to it at length on ascending another eminence. There he

saw a naked old man stretched on the rock, apparently dead, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his long silvery hair and beard nearly covering his emaciated form. As soon as he had recovered from the surprise this spectacle occasioned him, Chamisso summoned his companions; they gathered round the old man, who just then opened his eyes, and moved his lips, but presently expired without being able to utter a word. A signal shot from the *Rurik*, followed by a second and a third, obliged the spectators of this melancholy scene to return in haste to the vessel. They left the body of the old man as they had found it, and Chamisso became heir to all his property, consisting of three stone tablets, filled with writing in the Spanish language, traced with a pointed shell. The remainder of the poem is made up of their contents.

The first tablet narrates the catastrophe by which the aged solitary had become the tenant of the desolate rock. Returning to his home in South America from a successful course of commercial adventure, he lay one night on deck, gazing on the starry glories of the tropic sky, and indulging in all those blissful visions which the hour naturally awakened in his mind. In the prime of manhood, he had acquired an ample fortune, and was about to attain the fulfilment of his dearest hopes. Love, honour, and all earthly happiness awaited him at home; but that home he was never to behold. The vessel struck on a coral reef, filled and instantly went down. His companions all perished; he alone was reserved for a more dismal fate. The island on which he was cast, abounding in sea fowl, afforded him the means of prolonging the most frightful state of existence humanity could endure or imagination conceive. Less fortunate than Crusoe he was unable to recover any fragment of the wreck, which, having stranded on the reef far beyond his reach, lay there for years until it was gradually carried out to sea by the current. Crusoe's pitiable fate brought with it its own antidote in the energies it excited, the ingenuity it called forth, its varied incidents, and lively, alternating emotions. But the solitary of Salas y Gomez had no occupation to beguile the horrors of his naked, blank, monotonous existence; and he closes the first chapter of his awful history with the words, 'Not even the hope of dying soon is left me.'

We will translate as faithfully as we can the last two divisions of this noble poem; but after mature consideration we have thought it advisable to make some departure from the order of the rhymes. The *terza rima* has never been thoroughly naturalised amongst us, nor does it satisfy an English ear, but leaves on it an uneasy impression of vagueness and incompleteness. We grow weary of the never-ending flow of alternate rhymes, and wish they were sometimes rounded to a close by the interposition of a couplet, as in

the *ottava rima*, or of some other principle of variety. May this be done by a translator without injustice to his original? We think it may. A poem in *terza rima*, it appears to us, may be rendered into English heroic measure with rhymes at irregular intervals, without greatly offending against Bishop Lowth's excellent canon;* at all events we will make the attempt.

THE SECOND TABLET.

I sat above the shore ere break of day;
 The starry Cross declining low foretold
 The near approach of morn; the east still lay
 Wrapt in deep gloom, only in fiery play
 The sheeted foam beneath me gleam'd and roll'd,
 With straining eyes I watch'd the horizon's verge,
 And thought the weary night would ne'er be done,
 So did I long to see the sun emerge.
 The nestling birds uplifted, one by one,
 As if in dreams, their voices; on the surge
 Died the pale lustre; the clear sky withdrew
 From the sea's bosom, and in depths of blue
 The starry choir melted and disappear'd.
 I knelt in prayer, and tears stole down my beard.
 Now in its majesty came forth the sun
 That kindles gladness even in hearts foredone.
 Upward I look'd. A ship! a ship! full sail,
 Running before the breeze, and hither steer'd!
 My God forsakes me not, he hears my wail.
 O God of love, that dost in mercy chasten,
 Scarce had I knelt to thee in penitence,
 Ere thou hadst pity on me, and dost hasten
 To snatch me from this grave, and bear me hence
 To dwell with living men once more, and press them
 To my full heart, and gaze on them, and bless them.

Up to the islet's topmost crag I flew,
 And scann'd the ship, with expectation livid.
 Onward it came, and larger and more vivid
 It loom'd upon the sight, and with it grew
 The unutterable agony of hope,
 My doom dependent on the telescope!

* "In exhibiting the works of great poets in another language much depends upon preserving not only the internal meaning, the force and beauty as regards sense, but even the external lineaments, the proper colour and habit, the movement, and as it were the gait of the original."—*Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. Lecture 3.*

No smoke! no rag to wave! bare and forlorn,
 My arms alone for signal spread abroad;
 Thou seest my wretchedness, compassionate God!
 And still the ship across the waves was borne,
 Its steady way with bellied canvass cleaving,
 And lessening fast the space 'twixt it and me.
 Hark! hark! it was no dream my ear deceiving,
 It was the boatswain piping cheerily,
 O! with what greedy ears I drank the sound!
 Heart, weary heart, how will thy pulses bound,
 When the sweet music, so long mute for thee,
 Of human speech shall break thy trance profound.
 They have descried me, and the rock, and now
 They shift the sails, they change their course—O Thou
 In whom my trust is!—southwards!

Well, they need

All vigilance to shun the reef, they steer
 Wide of the breakers; that is well; take heed,
 Hope freighted vessel, safely, safely speed.
 Now were it time—O my prophetic fear!
 Look here! look here! lay to! lower down the boat!
 Yonder to leeward, yonder make for shore.—
 They pause not on their course, no boat they lower;
 They reck not, know not of my misery.
 And onwards still I saw the vessel float,
 Far, far away with bellied canvass speeding,
 Increasing fast the space 'twixt it and me.
 Rigid as stone, I watch'd it still receding,
 Till it was lost in the void infinite blue.
 I saw it no more. O! then indeed I knew
 That I was mock'd, foil'd, cheated; and out burst
 The smother'd tempest of my rage and grief.
 Dashing my head against the rocks, I cursed
 My Maker and myself; in frenzied mood,
 All thought in one tumultuous anguish drown'd,
 Three days and nights I lay; tears brought relief
 At last on the third day; hunger subdued
 My impotent rage; I raised me from the ground,
 And stagger'd forth in quest of joyless food.

THE LAST TABLET.

Patience! Uprising in the east, the sun
 Sinks westward in the bosom of the main;
 Once more he hath his daily circuit run.
 Patience! From north to south, and north again,

My shadow ranges with the sun's career;*
 A year is closed, another hath begun.
 Patience! Its destined march, year after year,
 Pursues and halts not; but I mark no more
 Their number since the fiftieth cross I traced.
 Patience! I loiter by the sea, and pore
 Vacantly on the wide, blue, watery waste,
 And hear the surge boom on the rocky shore.
 Patience! Let sun, moon, stars, roll on their path,
 Let chilly rain or burning sunshine fall
 On this blanch'd head; I am inured to all.
 It is an easy thing to brave the wrath
 Of the wild elements in open day;
 But sleep! when torturing dreams the soul appal;
 And worse, the long, long, sleepless, cowering night,
 When from the brain, in visible array,
 Mem'ry's perturbed ghosts stalk forth and wring me
 With looks and tones that nigh to madness sting me—
 Phantoms begone! Who gave you such dread might?
 Why wave in air thy locks of raven hue?
 I know thee, and my blood runs thick and cold,
 Thy features, fiery hearted boy, to view.
 Thou art myself, as in the days of old,
 Lured by false hope, impetuous, buoyant, bold;
 I am thyself, the image on thy grave.
 Wilt babble still of things good, true, and fair,
 Of love and hate, and powers that action crave?
 Thou fool! look here, I am what thy dreams were;
 And bringst thou back these outworn mockeries?
 Fond wife, forbear. Dead in this heart love lies;
 Wouldst thou in ashes wake unwonted fire?
 O bend not so those sweet, sad looks on me.
 Illusion all.—Quench'd are thy lustrous eyes,
 And mute thy voice of gentlest melody.
 The exquisite bloom, the heaven of young desire,
 Have faded from thy cold sepulchred form.
 Time's deluge welters o'er my buried world,
 And I alone, upon this bleak rock hurl'd,
 In hideous solitude survive the storm.
 What! ye pale shapes of life, do ye gain say
 Him who belongs already to the dead?
 Back to your nothingness! 'Twill soon be day.
 Rise up, O quickening sun, and with thy light
 Chase these importunate visitants of night.
 He breaks in splendour forth, and they are fled.

*It will be recollected that between the tropics, the sun is half the year north, and half the year south, of the spectator's position.

Alone once more ; the creatures of my brain
 I hold within their silent calls comprest.
 Fail not, old stiffen'd limbs, bear me again
 To take my daily sustenance from the nest ;
 Soon shall ye lie in undisturb'd repose.
 If you deny your aid, hunger will close
 The wretched strife, and I shall be at rest.
 The tempest in my heart hath spent its rage,
 And here, where I have sorrow'd, suffer'd, striven,
 Here have I vow'd to end my life and woes.
 O grant it, Lord, by whom the strength was given
 To conquer my despair and bear my cage,
 Grant that nor ship nor men this rock may reach
 Till I have sigh'd my latest breath away ;
 Here let my quiet bones unnoticed bleach.
 For my few lingering hours, what were it worth
 O'er kindred graves, a living corpse, to stray ?
 All, all are slumbering on the lap of earth
 That should have welcomed back the ocean ranger ;
 No tongue now names me in my place of birth.
 Thy chastisements, O Lord, I have endured ;
 But in my home to sit down as a stranger—
 No—bitterness is not by wormwood cured.
 As I have lived, so let me die, all lonely,
 My hope, my trust in death, Thy mercy only.
 Down from Thy heaven upon my bones will shine
 The starr'd presentment of Thy cross divine.

Chamisso's *Odyssey* was now ended, and the happiest portion of his life was about to begin. Returning to Berlin in the autumn of 1818, he employed the remainder of that year in arranging the specimens of natural history he had brought home, and which he bestowed on the Berlin Museum. Meanwhile, not yet seeing any certain prospect of a suitable appointment in his favourite Prussia, he wavered between two alternatives—to undertake another voyage, or to marry. Necessity alone seemed to recommend the former course, but every instinct of his nature pleaded for the latter. Had he been acquainted with Burns, as he was with Shakspeare, he would never have tired of repeating the lines:

" To make a happy fireside clime
 For weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life."

As it was, he was continually ruminating a verse of Göthe's to the same purpose:

"Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell' er sich wie er auch will."

"Better than this can no man do, set about it how he may."

In his first letter to De la Foye, after his return, he writes very characteristically: 'To marry—good—but whom? Ay, that's the question!' It was a question, however, which he could have answered to his own satisfaction had he dared. She whom he desired for his bride was one he had often nursed as a child on his knee, and amused with wonderful stories, or with all sorts of curious pantomimes, in which he was very expert, to the great delight of numerous small patrons. On his return from his voyage he found the child grown into a lovely woman; his heart was deeply moved, but he hardly hoped to be heard with favour, if he spoke; so he kept silence. Meanwhile, his friend Neumann was preparing to set him an example that had the happiest effect. Neumann, who was like himself fast approaching the close of his fourth decade, was accepted by a young girl, the orphan of a brother poet, whom Hitzig brought up with his own daughters. This was an encouraging omen for Chamisso, whose hair was already gray. His biographer says:

"This event made an indescribable impression upon him. When Hitzig brought the new bride to meet him on the threshold of his house, he caught her up in his vigorous arms, rushed up stairs with her to the family room, and there gave her the heartiest kiss of friendship. But the matter did not stop with Neumann; news of De la Foye's marriage also arrived, and Chamisso wrote to him again: 'Don't grow conceited in the imagination that this comes by contrivance of your own wise head; no, my dear fellow, I know better; it is in the air now, it is endemic; our friend Neumann, for instance.—As regards myself, I see how it will be with me—marriage in spring as naturally as cold in the head in winter. No matter how cautious I may be in going out, all will be of no use.'

"And so it came to pass. The spring of 1819 brought Chamisso honours: the university of Berlin conferred on him the degree of *doctor honorarius* of philosophy, and the Society of Natural History admitted him a member of their body; it brought him an official appointment, that of a curator of the Botanic Garden; and a bride, Antonie Piaste, then eighteen, who had grown up as an elder sister with Hitzig's daughters, being the niece of the female friend, who, after the death of Hitzig's wife, had devoted her life to the care of his children."

Chamisso writes to Varnhagen, May 7, 1819:

*** "You know my bride, Antonie Piaste, the handsomest and dearest of those maidens whom, as Hoffmann says, Hitzig keeps about him to kiss his hand and call him papa—the one whom Loest betrothed to me, as a child, in 1807—now I fetch her home. I have chosen with my understanding, and taken hold of the chosen object with my heart; I could almost say, 'I have fallen in love in accordance with a plan.' She is young, blooming and strong, handsome and good, pure and innocent, clear, cloudless and serene, calm, rational and cheerful, and so amiable!

"If you come back soon to Berlin, I hope that you will find me in a little house that stands close by the Botanic Garden (I am the director's assistant, with a salary of 600 dollars, and have selected that little house for my official residence), busily and pleasantly occupied with my flowers, and with a helpmate like them. But if any old friend returns here some twenty years hence, then I hope to God he may find me just in the same place, and just as ever engaged with my flowers and my helpmate; only there shall sit by our side a blooming girl, that shall repeat faithfully and unaltered her mother's present image—for I should be loath to forego the pure satisfaction with which my artistic eye rests on my Antonio's form. We have cast anchor, the ship is moored, I have no further desire than to see what now is, continue forth in its tranquil development."

There was an end now to Chamisso's melancholy, which, indeed, had been, when at its worst, the most pardonable and the least selfish possible. The sober hope expressed in the last lines of the above letter was for many years amply fulfilled.

Whilst he was writing verses for his young wife, and arranging the Herbaria of the Museum of Berlin, Chamisso it is probable, scarcely recollected his quality of French emigrant. He was agreeably reminded of this, in the autumn of 1825, by a call to Paris to receive 100,000 francs lodged to his credit by the Commissioners of the Indemnity Fund. He was welcomed with marked distinction by the learned world of Paris, and passed his time far more pleasantly than he had done when he visited the luxurious capital in his needy and obscure youth. The letters he wrote home were filled with accounts of the many remarkable things, literary and theatrical, social and political, which Paris presented to his view at that stirring period. But in the midst of all this excitement he did not lose sight of the least every day detail of his beloved home. 'Don't forget,' he says, writing to his wife, 'don't forget the roses; don't forget the children's letters; don't forget to strew food for the sparrows on my window. I shall return to you the same as I left you; let me find every thing again just as it was.'

After his return from Paris, in 1827, a second German edition of 'Schlemihl' was published, with an appendix containing a small collection of his poems. Up to this time he had no serious belief in his own poetical powers, and in a letter to Varnhagen's sister, (May 24, 1827), he says, 'That I am no poet, nor ever was, is manifest, but that does not prevent me from having a feeling for poetry.' But the new publication began to attract public attention towards him, and, in June, 1828, he ventured to write to De la Foye, 'I almost begin to think I am one of the poets of Germany.' The matter was put beyond all doubt by the reception given to his 'Salas y Gomez' in the following year. Soon

after this we find him mentioning, with honest pride, that next to Uhland's Poems, none were in such frequent demand for presents as his own; bridegrooms especially selected them as gifts for their brides. One or two more specimens will not be out of place here.

DIE STERBENDE.

Geläute schallt vom Thurm herab,
Es ruft der Tod, es gähnt ein Grab,
Ihr sünd'gen Menschen, zum Gebet!
Ein gleiches Loos bevor euch steht.
Im Sterben liegt ein schönes Weib,
Sie weint um ihren jungen Leib,
Sie weint um ihre sünd'ge Lust,
Sie ringt die Hände, sie schlägt ihre
Brust.
Es harrt des Ausgangs ihr Gemahl,
Blickt starr und kalt auf ihre Qual;
Sie windet sich in dieser Stund'
Zu seinen Füßen, sie öffnet den Mund:—
"Vergieb mir, Gott, in deiner Huld,
Vergieb, Gemahl, mir meine Schuld;
Ich klag' es an in bitt'rer Reu',
Weh' mir! ich brach geschwor'ne
Treu."—
"Vertrauen ist Vertrauen werth:
Und machst du mir kund, wie du mich
entehrt;
So mach' ich dir kund in deiner Noth,
Du stirbst am Gift, das ich dir bot."

THE DYING WOMAN.

A grave gapes for its prey; the bell
Tolls forth a passing spirit's knell.
To prayer, ye sinful sons of clay!
That bell will toll for you one day.
In death-throes lies a fair young wife,
She weeps her dear exuberant life,
She weeps her passionate joys unblest,
She wrings her hands, she smites her
breast.
With bosom stern and eye of stone,
Her husband waits her parting groan.
Writhing she crawls along, and lies
Before his feet, and gasping cries:—
"Have mercy, mercy, gracious Hea-
ven!
Speak, husband! say I am forgiven!
O bitterly my guilt I rue,
I broke the troth I vow'd to you."—
"Frankness should be in kind repaid:
You say, my honour you've betray'd;
Know this then, in your agony,
You die of poison mixed by me."

An awful tragedy! How its gloom is deepened by the solemn conciseness of the lines! They seem oppressed like the breathing of one who whispers the secret of a murder in the dead of night. The rugged energy and pathos of the following verses are equally in keeping with their subject.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.*

Three dollars, three, for my dog to pay!
Lightning strike me this moment, I pray!
What can they mean, these tyrant police?
Where will their grinding of poor men cease?

* Drei Thaler erlegen für meinen
Hund!
So schlage das Wetter mich gleich in
den Grund!
Was denken die Herrn von der Polizei?
Was soll nun wieder die Schinderei?
Ich bin ein alter, ein kranker Mann,
Der keinen Groschen verdienen kann;

Ich habe nicht Geld, ich habe nicht Brod,
Ich lebe ja nur von Hunger und Noth.
Und wann ich erkrankt, und wann ich
verarmt,
Wer hat sich da noch meiner erbarmt?
Wer hat, wann ich auf Gottes Welt
Allein mich fand, zu mir gesellt?

I am a broken, old, weary man ;
 And earn a penny I never can ;
 I have no money, no bread, no dole ;
 Hunger and want are my portion sole.

And when I sicken'd and fever shook me,
 Who pitied me when all else forsook me ?
 When alone in God's wide world I stood,
 Who was it bore me companionhood ?

When my woes were sorest, whose love was unflinching ?
 Who warm'd my limbs when the frost was pinching ?
 And when I was hungry and surly, who
 Growl'd not, but patiently hunger'd too ?

Our wretched life we have both, old friend,
 Drain'd to the dregs; it must have an end;
 Old and sickly thou'rt grown like me;
 I must drown thee;—and this is my thanks to thee!

This is my thanks for thy love unswerving!
 'Tis the way of the world with all deserving.
 Though my part in many a fight I have play'd,
 'S death! I am new at the hangman's trade.

Here is the cord, here is the stone,
 There is the water—it must be done.
 Come hither, poor cur, not a look on me cast;
 One push with my foot, and all is past.

Wer hat mich geliebt, wann ich mich
 gehärmt?

Wer, wann ich fror, hat mich gewärmt?

Wer hat mit mir, wann ich hungrig
 gemurrt,

Getrost gehungert und nicht geknurrt?

Es geht zur Neige mit uns zwei'n,

Es muss, mein Thier, geschieden sein;

Du bist, wie ich, nun alt und krank,

Ich soll dich ersäufen, das ist der Dank!

Das ist der Dank, das ist der Lohn!

Dir geht's, wie manchém Erdensohn.

Zum Teufel! ich war bei mancher

Schlacht,

Den Henker hab' ich noch nicht ge-
 macht.

Das ist der Strick, das ist der Stein,

Das ist der Wasser,—es muss ja sein.

Komm her, du Köter, und sieh mich
 nicht an,

Noch nur ein Fussstoss, so ist es gethan.

Wie er die Schlinge den Hals ihm
 gesteckt,

Hat wedelnd der Hund die Hand ihm
 geleckt,

Da zog er die Schlinge sogleich zurück,
 Und warf sie schnell um sein eigen
 Genick.

Und that einen Fluch, gar schander-
 haft,

Und raffte zusammen die letzte Kraft,

Und stürzt' in die Flut sich, die töndend
 stieg,

In Kreise sich zog und über ihm schwieg.

Wohl sprang der Hund zur Rettung
 hinzu,

Wohl heult' er die Schiffer aus ihrer
 Ruh,

Wohl zog er sie winselnd und zerrend
 her,

Wie sie ihm fanden, da war er nicht
 mehr.

Er war verscharrt in stiller Stund';

Es folgt' ihm winselnd nur der Hund,

Der hat, wo den Leib die Erde deckt,

Sich hingestreckt und ist da verreckt.

As he tied round its neck the fatal band,
The dog fawn'd on him and lick'd his hand—
He tore back the cord in trembling haste,
And round his own neck he bound it fast.

And wildly he utter'd a fearful curse,
And wildly he gathered his latest force,
And he plunged in the flood; white eddies rush'd,
Recoiled, chafed, bubbled, and all was hush'd.

In vain sprang the dog to his rescue then,
Howl'd to the ships for the aid of men,
Whining and tugging gathered them round—
'Twas the corpse of the beggar they laid on the ground.

To the grave in silence the beggar was borne,
With the dog alone to follow and mourn;
And over the turf that wrapp'd his clay,
The fond brute stretch'd him, and died where he lay."

His visit to Paris had confirmed Chamisso in the strong confidence he reposed in the fortunes of the liberal cause. To that cause he had always been earnestly, but temperately devoted. It may, therefore, be easily imagined how deeply he was affected by the news of the July revolution. It was on the 3rd of August, the King of Prussia's birthday, that the account of the dethronement of Charles X., was published in the second edition of a Berlin journal. Chamisso had no sooner cast his eye over the paragraph, than he jumped up from his desk, where he was sitting in the most complete *negligée*, ran slipshod and without a hat, through the streets crowded with holiday folks, and rushing in upon his friend Hitzig, threw down the paper before him, exclaiming, 'There!' He was in an ecstasy of delight and pride; he remembered at that moment that he was born a Frenchman, and he exulted as a prophet in the fulfilment of his confident predictions. In the autumn of that year he attended the meeting of natural historians at Hamburg, and seeing the tricolour flag flying at the mast-head of the first French ship that reached Germany since the great event, he shouted aloud for joy. But his enthusiasm did not get the better of his sound judgment. On the 18th of August he wrote a remarkable and, in some respects, prophetic letter to his friend De la Foye:

"Berlin, August 18th, 1830.

"Are we to wish you joy? I think yes. But fair and softly! I see that with much vigour, you have need also of much prudence. The old man, who found a very aristocratic cast of things ready to his hand, might with ease have given this full development; he might have put himself at the head of the vanguard, and guided, led, and made his own, the whole amount of that force, the existence of which has

been now so fully demonstrated. A noble vocation! But the new man will not find matters so easy. A pure democracy is handed over to him; hence he will have no opportunity to put himself in advance of the nation, and make them follow his lead; he will have quite enough to do to keep the pace, and make it appear that he is not dragged forward against his will. Things had already gained the stability that fifteen years' duration conferred; now all is shaken, and the new order of things must again trust to time for its solidification. What is built up to-day, may easily be pulled down to-morrow, with a view to further improvement; and what is there which men may not think fit to improve?"

Chamisso's existence had now reached the culminating point from which began its continuous descent. In 1831, he was seized by that worst form of influenza, which we all remember to have been the precursor of the cholera. It broke down his iron constitution, and left behind it a chronic affection of the lungs, from which he never recovered. His declining years were still cheered by the increasing honours conferred on him, both as a poet and a naturalist, but they were visited by a calamity for which there was no balm on earth. His wife died on the 21st of May, 1837, in her thirty-sixth year. He bore this fatal blow with manly fortitude, thankful for the blessings he had enjoyed, and patiently awaiting his dismissal. It was not long delayed. He survived his wife exactly fifteen months, and expired on the 21st of August, 1839.

Most characteristic of the man, was the manner in which he passed this interval. Earnest and strenuous to the last, he increased rather than relaxed his mental activity. He found in occupation the best alleviation of his sorrows, and employed himself simultaneously on two works of very dissimilar character. He published a grammar of the Havai language, spoken in some of the islands of the South Sea, and entered upon an elaborate philological investigation of the kindred dialects; and he joined Baron Gaudy in translating, or rather, as he says, *Germanising* a selection of ninety-eight songs of Béranger. He continued also, the troublesome task of editing the 'Musen Almanach,' and shortly before his death, he showed that the old ardour was not extinct within him, by undertaking a journey to Leipzig, in order to run over the first portion of the Dresden Railway. He was radiant with delight. Speaking as a poet, he called the locomotive '*Time's wings*;' and in the language of a naturalist, he defined it as a *warm-blooded animal without eyes*. He looked on the invention as the certain commencement of a new era, and deemed that every moneyed man was morally bound to contribute a portion of his means towards the promotion of a system from which such grand results were to accrue.

We cannot more appropriately sum up the character of Chamisso, than in the words of his faithful and excellent friend, Hitzig :

“ What is it that before all other things so strongly charms us in the character of Chamisso? To me it seems to be the childlike innocence or *naïveté* which he displayed in his intercourse with the world, whether his part therein was assigned him by circumstances, or was voluntarily sought by himself. Next to this I place the conscientiousness, which, when he thought he had in any way offended, impelled him to not merely passive but active repentance. Hence the advice given him by Hitzig, when he saw no hope of escape from his cheerless position in Berlin, ‘ that he should commit some piece of folly, and so have something to do in labouring to make amends for it.’ This leads me to mention another of Chamisso’s characteristic qualities, his appetite for action. So long as he was not restricted physically, he was in perpetual motion bodily or mental ; either running, in the strictest sense of the word, (for what he called walking was a pace with which no decent man could have kept up) or sitting as if nailed to his seat, in order to finish something about which no one hurried him but himself. Habits like these could of course have belonged only to a person of thoroughly sound constitution, such as Chamisso enjoyed until within a few years before his death. He had a gigantic appetite and an excellent digestion, the result of which was not corpulence (for he always remained thin) but solid strength and vigour. To no one more aptly than to Chamisso might be applied the phrase *mens sana in corpore sano*, for his judgment was as healthy as his body.

“ Chamisso was a man of thoroughly noble character. Premeditated striving after effect, selfish policy, and what is called knowingness, from all these he was freer than any man we ever knew, and we may lay claim to an extensive acquaintance with mankind. If innate nobleness of feeling be indeed the prerogative of noble blood, and follow from the consciousness of being descended from exalted progenitors, then was there no worthier representative of his caste than Chamisso, lightly as he estimated the outward privileges connected with it. How rightly, and without any discontented feeling, he estimated the modern position of things in this respect, appears, among other evidence, from the remarkable words with which his will concludes :

“ ‘ I determine nothing as to the future career of my sons. The world in which I have lived was a different one from that for which I was brought up, and so, too, will it be with them. I would have my sons acquire the power of relying upon themselves in various walks in life, and in various lands. Cleverness and capacity are the best fortune, and this I would have them win. I should wish them to study, as far as they may have the means, but should either of them choose to adopt a burgherlike trade or calling, I have no objection to this whatever. The age of the sword is gone by, and in the world, as it now is, industry achieves power and nobility. At any rate, it is better to be a clever working man than a scribbler, or one of the inferior pack of placemen.’

"Let us now recapitulate what we have said. A man wholly without guile, full of restless activity, which in him was never directed to the acquisition of outward advantages, but always to the production of what was good and beautiful, and that for its own sake alone, a man of the noblest strain of thought and feeling, and sound to the very core: such was Adalbert von Chamisso; and if to this we add what our readers have already seen from his letters, that he was a friend beyond compare, then have we the portrait of an individual who would have commanded our most admiring attention, although the man who combined all these rare qualities had never written a line of prose or composed a single verse."

We close this article with the last lines composed by Chamisso. He published them separately, for the benefit of the poor old woman mentioned in them, and says of them in one of his last letters: 'If I cannot write myself into riches, yet I can make others rich. *Il fait des souverains et dédaigne de l'être*. The accompanying leaf has brought in about 150 dollars, a handsome honorarium for forty-eight lines.' We may, in some degree, regard these verses as his own requiem, a fit concluding strain for one, who, like the object of his benevolence, was pre-eminently 'of a constant, loving, noble nature.'

DIE ALTE WASCHFRAU.

Du stehst geschäftig bei dem Linnen
Die Alte dort im weissen Haar,
Die rüstigste der Wäscherinnen
Im sechs-und-siebenzigsten Jahr.
So hat sie stets mit sauerm Schweiss
Ihr Brot in Ehr' und Zucht gegessen,
Und ausgefüllt mit treuem Fleiss
Den Kreis, den Gott ihr zugemessen.

Sie hat in ihren jungen Tagen
Geliebt, gehofft, und sich vermählt;
Sie hat des Weibes Loos getragen,
Die Sorgen haben nicht gefehlt;
Sie hat den kranken Mann gepflegt;
Sie hat drei Kinder ihm geboren;
Sie hat ihn in das Grab gelegt,
Und Glaub' und Hoffnung nicht verloren.

Da galt's die Kinder zu ernähren
Sie griff es an mit heiterm Muth;
Sie zog sie auf in Zucht und Ehren,
Die Fleiss, die Ordnung sind ihr Gut.
Zu suchen ihren Unterhalt
Entliess sie segnend ihre Lieben,
So stand sie nun allein und alt,
Ihr war ihr heit'rer Muth geblieben.

THE OLD WASHBOWMAN.

Among yon lines her hands have laden,
A laundress with white hair appears,
Alert as many a youthful maiden,
Spite of her five-and-seventy years.
Bravely she won those white hairs, still
Eating the bread hard toil obtain'd
her,

And labouring truly to fulfil
The duties to which God ordain'd her.

Once she was young and full of glad-
ness,

She loved and hoped, was woo'd and
won;

Then came the matron's cares, the
sadness

No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate; she
pray'd

Beside his sick-bed; he was taken;
She saw him in the church-yard laid,
Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

The task her little ones of feeding
She met unflinching from that hour;
She taught them thrift and honest
breeding,

Her virtues were their worldly dowry.
To seek employment, one by one,
Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone,
Alone and old, but still high-hearted

Sie hat gespart und hat gesonnen,
 Und Flachs gekauft und Nachts gewacht,
 Und Flachs zu feinem Garn gesponnen,
 Das Garn dem Weber hingebracht;
 Der hat's gewebt zu Leinwand;
 Die Scheere brauchte sie, die Nadel,
 Und nähte sich mit eig'ner Hand
 Ihr Sterbehemd sonder Tadel.

Ihr Hemd, ihr Sterbehemd, sie schätzt
 es,
 Verwahrt's im Schrein am Ehrenplatz;
 Es ist ihr Erstes und ihr Letztes,
 Ihr Kleinod, ihr ersparter Schatz.
 Sie legt es an, des Herren Wort
 Am Sonntag früh sich einzuprägen,
 Dann legt sie's wohlgefällig fort,
 Bis sie darin zur Ruh' sie legen.

Und ich, an meinem Abend, wollte,
 Ich hätte, diesem Weibe gleich,
 Erfüllt, was ich erfüllen sollte
 In meinen Grenzen und Bereich;
 Ich wollt' ich hätte so gewusst
 Am Kelch des Lebens mich zu laben,
 Und könnt' am Ende gleiche Lust
 An meinem Sterbehemde haben.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
 She gather'd coin, and flax she bought,
 And many a night her spindle plying,
 Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
 The thread was fashion'd in the loom;
 She brought it home, and calmly seated
 To work, with not a thought of gloom,
 Her decent grave-clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation,
 They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
 Her age's pride and consolation,
 Hoarded with all a miser's care.
 She dons the sark each Sabbath day,
 To hear the Word that faileth never;
 Well pleased she lays it then away,
 Till she shall sleep in it for ever.

Would that my spirit witness bore me
 That, like this woman, I had done
 The work my Maker put before me,
 Duly from morn till set of sun.
 Would that life's cup had been by me
 Quaff'd in such wise and happy measure,
 And that I too might finally
 Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

ART. X.—*L'Europe depuis l'Avènement du Roi Louis Philippe.*
 Par M. CAPEFIGUE. *Pour faire Suite à l'Histoire de la*
Restauration du même Auteur. Paris. 1845.

UNFORTUNATELY it is not in the power of nations to determine who shall and who shall not write their annals; otherwise France would probably not have suffered M. Capefigue to be her historiographer. He is an endless pamphleteer. He runs up and down a subject in search of figures of rhetoric, and almost constantly missing those which might have suited his purpose, takes up, and uses in their stead, the most inapposite tropes and figures in the world. And such as are his art and ideas, such is his language. No living writer, perhaps, can match him for the strangeness of his vocabulary or the poverty of his style. The same words do duty in all senses; sometimes he aims at dignity, and froths up into bombast; sometimes he seeks to be idiomatic and familiar, and sinks into vulgarity; and occasionally the ambition seizes him to be recondite and philosophical, in which case no Delphian interpreter could have divined his meaning.

Yet this same enigmatical gentleman is said to be popular in France; from which one of two things must be inferred, either that the French are longer-sighted than other people, and can discover sense where we fail to discern the most remote glimmerings of it; or that, like certain of our transcendentalists here at home, they think it lawful and even pleasant to admire what they don't in the least understand. That they are a tolerant, and, in some sense, a liberal people, no one can doubt. They endure compositions whose tediousness would kill any other nation, which shows their tolerance; and having read or heard out the inflection, they usually endeavour to say a good word for it, which places their liberality beyond dispute.

Of course the thing must be French, for they love none but indigenous nonsense. They have no patience with a dunce from beyond the Rhine or over the Channel. Upon such a one criticism may do its worst and welcome. What they delight in is a blockhead of home-growth: a prosier, who has breathed the air of the *salons*; a Capefigue, in short, who has supped with Talleyrand, and been closeted for a full half-hour together with Prince Metternich.

Still, if contemporary France could have found an abler chronicler, it would probably have been better pleased; for M. Capefigue is an unskilful painter, who lowers his subject while labouring to impart grandeur to it. Had he possessed the least particle of the serpent's wisdom, he would have appeared to be guided by a policy directly the reverse of that which he has ostentatiously pursued. While explaining the plan of his history, he says, that whereas other writers had been severe on France and its government, and lowered instead of raising them, he meant to follow the contrary course,* and, by displaying every thing to the best advantage, to exalt the character of his country.

This destroys all confidence in him from the outset. It is a distinct intimation that we are to expect nothing in his pages but what he at least thinks will make for France. He may not, indeed, be always inclined to spare his political opponents, particularly if they manifest any leaning towards democracy. But he considers it quite practicable—as, in fact, it is—to segregate political parties from the mass of the community, and blacken the former without much detriment to the latter. It is an operation, however, that requires some skill. Nations are made up of parties, and parties generally paint each other in somewhat unattractive colours. It would scarcely do, therefore, to judge of the French democracy from the testimony of the Philippists, or

* "Il y a des pamphletaires qui se font un plaisir d'abaisser le gouvernement de leur pays; je veux l'élever et le grandir en le faisant connaître.

vice versa, or of the Legitimists from the representations of either. There is, possibly, in each of these factions less evil and less good than the evidence of different classes of witnesses would lead us to expect; and in estimating the merits of the whole nation, we must examine the motives of those who give it a character, before we trust them.

Let it, however, not be supposed that the historiographer of 'Europe since the Accession of Louis Philippe' stands alone. He belongs to the fashionable school of French historians, in whose narratives the grave and momentous annals of the world are assimilated as nearly as possible to a romance. There is a lavish display of what is vulgarly denominated eloquence. Philosophy, too, stands at the corner of every page, and politely ushers you into the next. Facts, like mere stubble, are cast into the furnace of the fiery elaborator of history, and vanish amid the intense glow of declamation.

We seem to have grown too wise in this generation to lay any stress upon events, or to think of reading for ourselves. Our plan now is to put on the spectacles of some fashionable speculator, or to read by proxy. We get our intellectual banquet eaten and digested for us. Our partiality for the representative system makes us transport it into the domains of literature and philosophy, and content ourselves with expressing our opinions as we do in parliament, vicariously, by burgesses and knights of the shire.

Formerly, a historian was held to be a narrator—a man who, through a transparent medium, enabled future generations to contemplate the past in its true character and costume, with all its defects and beauties, with all its greatness and its littleness; in short, just as it was. Had the men who performed this office been perfect, our knowledge of past times would have been so also. We should have conversed with the Persian and the Mede, with the Babylonian and the Egyptian, with the Assyrian and the Chaldean, with the Roman and the Greek, in their own moral and political languages. Our minds would have been familiar with their ethnosyncracies. To our eyes would have been thrown open all the now mysterious processes by which their ideas, beliefs, opinions, and actions, were engendered. We should have understood what, in the present state of our knowledge, appears so passing strange; the reasons of their fantastic religions; of their abnormal institutions; of their wild and rude laws; of their capricious, irregular, fanciful, and contradictory manners.

As it is, these things do not altogether escape the grasp of our understanding, because Greece and Rome gave birth to men capable of writing history, of drawing a tolerably correct picture

of the old world, and stereotyping it in the forms of intellect, for the benefit of the new. Had those great writers composed their works in accordance with the French theory of history, it is not too much to affirm that antiquity must have been wholly unknown to us. Some grand objects we might have discerned through the distorting mists of style, towering, like colossal phantoms, in the background of time; though, like the vocal Memnon, they would have been dumb to us, and all that sweet and ravishing wisdom, which now speaks to our mind's ears, would have been utterly lost.

France has never given birth to a single great historian, for reasons all of which it might be presumptuous to attempt to assign. Some, however, lie prominent on the surface of the national manners; and of these the chiefest is that vanity which prompts to universal affectation and display. Nothing in politics, philosophy, or literature remains unsophisticated. Every man's principal business in life is to astonish his neighbour, as the principal business of France is to astonish the rest of the world. Hence the entire abandonment of simplicity. No man obeys his natural impulses, or is content to appear before the public such as he is. There has even been an obvious degeneracy within the last seventy years; for, in the character of a great historian, language is an important element, and the language of France, for more than two generations, has been undergoing numerous metamorphoses, all of them with a downward tendency, and calculated to immerse the divine principle of thought in more and more ignoble forms.

In saying this, we trust we are actuated by no national feeling, though there be much in almost every phasis of the French character which we acknowledge to be distasteful to us. It may be that the field of our sympathies is narrowed by our insular position; and yet, if this were the case, we should discover the same phenomena in our intellectual relations with the Italian and the Spaniard, with the Turk and the Persian, with the Arab and the Hindú; but it is not so. There is scarcely any nation now existing with whose prevailing forms of thought—with whose tastes and preferences—apart from all considerations of religious belief, we have not more sympathy than with those of the French people. Living at our very threshold, they present, in almost all possible respects, the most striking contrast to us. It signifies very little that they secretly regard our character with profound reverence; that they have borrowed from us their political institutions and the better part of their laws; that they are happy to be our imitators in philosophy, poetry, and the useful arts. They do not by this means appear to approach a

not the nearer to us; but, on the contrary, the more they borrow, the less they seem to resemble the lenders. From this, if from nothing else, we may discover how wide is the distance between admiration and love. France admires England, because it has set her up as its model in all things; yet it hates her in the same proportion; and that, too, perhaps, because it has been compelled by the force of circumstances to submit to this servile imitation, in order to retain its place among the great powers of the world.

There was, indeed, once a time, and we frankly acknowledge it, when France stood foremost among Christian nations, and served in most things as a model to all its neighbours, and to us among the rest. This truth appears evidently from a large portion of our history. We borrowed from her our fashions and our drama, our wigs and our morals, our cookery and our philosophy. Even in the art of war we went to school to her, and were content humbly to follow her footsteps in the external development of our civilisation by distant settlements and colonies; and that period of inferiority was of long duration. But an end was at length put to it, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the superior grandeur, expansiveness, and stability of the British character began to display themselves, and to be recognised by the rest of the world.

Putting forth our national strength with that steady perseverance which our worst enemies will not deny to us, we gained the ascendancy over our rival by land and sea, in the useful arts, in literature, and in arms. We destroyed the influence of France throughout the whole continent of America and the West Indian islands, we gradually cleared the ocean of her fleets, we rendered ourselves masters, one by one, of all her colonies, we subverted the empire she had begun to found in India, and appropriated to ourselves that of which we had deprived her. Even the volcanic eruptions of the Revolution interrupted our career but for a short time. The new power that appeared to have arisen out of anarchy and confusion, and to thrive by what had always proved the bane of other states, yielded at length to our superior character. We overthrew Napoleon, and indisputably established our claim to be esteemed the first political community in the world.

And, willingly or unwillingly, France has long, by acts and words, admitted us to be the paramount power in Christendom. Her very annals have ceased to wear the impress of originality, and in their leading features have become almost a repetition of ours, only that we had arrived early in the seventeenth century at the point which they barely reached at the close of the eighteenth. We consummated our great revolution by an act of

regicide, and so did the French; we placed a man of brilliant genius at the head of our commonwealth, who excited the wonder and admiration of mankind by his achievements in war and peace, and so did the French; we then became weary of our own greatness, surfeited, as it were, with glory, and in a paroxysm of despondency and weakness, submitted to the disgrace of the restoration; and in this inglorious transaction also, the French have been our faithful imitators. Having given the restored Stuarts a trial, and found that misfortune had not rendered them wise, we set aside the reigning family and placed over us a distant branch of it, in which again we have been imitated by our neighbours.

The remainder of the parallel time, in all likelihood, will supply. But enough, surely, has already taken place to show what position Great Britain occupies in relation to France.

In saying this we would, as far as possible, guard against being misunderstood. It is not from any motive of vanity that we here dwell on these unquestionable facts of history; but in order to prevent some, who may not sufficiently attend to such facts, from being betrayed into error by the lively and romantic class of writers, who at present obtain the name of historians beyond the Channel. It, no doubt, costs even great authors an effort to admit the inferiority of their own country, and to relate faithfully the transactions which demonstrate it. But when a man reflects that to love and serve truth is an act of greatness, and that past events will remain unalterable, whatever view he may please to take of them, he will prefer being true to his own reputation, in the hope that it may reflect some lustre on his native land, to augmenting its calamities by proving it to have given birth to a partial and ignoble historian. But it is, perhaps, too much to expect to find this feeling common among the journalists and pamphleteers of the day. Some, no doubt, experience it; but in the strife of parties, and in the fever of national jealousy, they are far from being the most influential writers. They please most who keep in countenance the failings of their contemporaries, who strengthen their prejudices, inflame their passions, and flatter their self-love.

We may, perhaps, be thought, while making these observations, to be engaged in the very task, the pitifulness of which we are seeking to prove. But there is no getting rid completely of the facts of history. We appeal to what has happened, and is daily happening, in France, in support of our views of the two countries; and if any one will undertake, from the same sources, to convict us of error, we shall be most happy to acknowledge his success, if he succeed, and to relinquish our mistaken notions.

As far, however, as our knowledge extends, whether of French writers or of the French people, we can discover nothing but involuntary testimony to the superior greatness of England. Much reluctance is certainly exhibited in delivering the evidence. The most friendly journals, the least partial writers, the quietest good people of town or country, who pronounce the name of Great Britain, do so with manifest pain. The mere sound, or the very sight of the letters that compose it suffices to send a thrill of anguish through a Frenchman's frame. All the epithets they heap upon us are only so many proofs of their conviction that we have far outstripped them in the race of power. They call us proud and repulsive, which, when properly interpreted, can only mean, that as a nation and as individuals, we feel our independence of the rest of the world, and will not pay them court, having no favour or concessions to ask of them.

Precisely the same notion prevailed of the Romans of old beyond the limits of the Republic. They were regarded as haughty and unsociable, because their thoughts were habitually of empire, which rendered it difficult for them to converse freely with other nations whom they had subdued or meant to humble. They could have very little in common with persons living beyond the frontier; and although the circumstances of modern Europe be now greatly changed, the people of a country like Great Britain, perpetually meditating on the development of its strength, and regarding nothing seriously but what may serve to extend its dominions, or enlarge its commerce, or impart fresh stability to the distant and multitudinous outposts of its power, is obviously placed in analogous circumstances.

No phrase is more common in the mouths or writings of the French than '*Perfidious Albion*;'—but why perfidious? All we contend for is admitted by this epithet. We should not be perfidious at all did we stand in a relation of inferiority to France. We never hear of perfidious Bavaria or perfidious Portugal, or even of perfidious Austria. The compliment is reserved for us, because the French people are fain to fancy that we have stolen a march upon them. They perceive clearly that we have shot far ahead, and their vanity will permit them to account for the circumstance only by attributing it to superior cunning on our part. They ought to reflect, however, that perfidious is a term which the superior never addresses to his inferior; whereas it is always uppermost on the lips of the vanquished. If, therefore, they would dissemble their inferiority, let them cease to call us perfidious, proud, haughty, repulsive, and so on, and affect to regard us as extremely agreeable people. That would indeed be a bitter satire, because it would show that we had ceased to be feared.

Superficial observers who desire to obtain a reputation for acuteness, are apt to ridicule the Englishman for the strange impression he habitually makes on foreigners. He is looked upon as an unaccountable, mysterious being, whimsical in his preferences, fantastic in his tastes, but possessing incalculable energy of character. Coming from a wealthy country, he is invariably supposed to be opulent, and because he has commerce and settlements all over the globe he is believed to concentrate within himself something of the peculiarities of all nations. Scarcely is he imagined to have a home. Now the world beholds him steaming athwart the ocean, now building cities or planting vineyards on the vast islands of the Pacific, now smuggling opium on the coast of China, now lolling in luxurious and costly palanqueens on the burning plains of India, now fighting amid the rocks and snows of Affghanistan, and now listening to soft music, or admiring sculpture, and painting in the balmy atmosphere of Italy.

To ignorant foreigners, London appears to be a sort of Pandemonium, enveloped perpetually in dusky clouds of smoke, and resounding to the roar of innumerable wheels, and steam-engines, and hammers, and whatever else is wielded by the hand of industry. Nay, our whole group of islands is frequently imagined to form a dreary outskirts of the habitable world, scarcely ever warmed or illuminated by the sun, and breeding nothing but turbulent and ambitious men who, born and educated amidst storms and sleet, rush forth from their dismal dwelling-place to carry terror and devastation over the finer portions of the globe.

For ages the French had no correcter idea of us or our country, and still the number is very small, even of those that have actually been in England, who possess more accurate knowledge. Not many years ago, the French amused themselves with the fancy that we had no literature and no philosophy. They had heard, perhaps, of Bacon, Locke, and Hobbes; but whether they were Laplanders or Americans, they would not have taken upon themselves to say. Shakespeare they knew by reputation, as a sort of European Ojibbeway, who possessed the knack of amusing from the stage the blue-coated savages of Great Britain. In the course of time, the discovery was also made that we possessed an atrabilious puritan versifier, whom Jacques Delille undertook to dress up in the forms of humanity. And if those days of stupid ignorance be now vanished, they have yielded to a but very imperfect popular enlightenment in regard to us. The statesmen and politicians of France, together with some few of her literary men, entertain more enlarged notions, both of us and our constitution, and set, in general, so great a value on the latter, that, as we have already remarked, the higher efforts they have yet made in politics have

been so many attempts to naturalise it and its subsidiary institutions among them.

Every man who has had any experience in life knows how difficult a thing it is for one individual thoroughly to comprehend the character of another ; and when a nation applies itself to the study of any of its neighbours, the obstacles in the way of a just appreciation are infinitely multiplied. There is, however, one element in our own composition which renders the study of foreigners easier to us than the study of us and our institutions is, or ever can be, to them ; we make a matter of business of it, and speculate as it were commercially on the results. The French are right in their notion that we are pre-eminently a trading people, and look very much upon the rest of mankind with the eyes of political economists. When brought in contact with an outlandish race, the first question always is, can we trade with them ? and if not, then the second is, can we beat them ? And we generally do the one or the other. This habit of ours makes us studious of foreigners. We try to know what they are that we may learn what they want, and, having got at these two facts, we are in most cases able to make money by them. The French are fully aware of this, and sometimes, as in their observations on the late treaty with China, affect to despise us for it, though their disdain be something like that of the negro, who, comparing his own hair and physiognomy with those of the white man, pretended to prefer the former before his wavy ringlets, and the latter before his godlike features.

But whether our motives be grand or sordid, philosophical or economical, certain it is, that we endeavour to understand the other nations of the world by travelling and residing among them, by studying their languages and their characters too much, perhaps, as we study books without caring greatly for the particular volume in hand, and only solicitous respecting the results.

The French, in this respect, successfully resist the instinct of imitation. They make the Delphian precept, ' Know thyself,' the great rule of their investigations, and, turning their back on the rest of the world, fix their gaze incessantly on their own country and themselves. Hence the exclusiveness and the narrowness of their theories, and hence, too, we fear, the mistake of their philosophers, who deny the existence of a spiritual principle in man.

We do not desire to insist on this unpleasant topic ; but we have met with few writers, save among the French, possessed by a passionate solicitude to claim affinity with the ape and the chimpanzee. Our feelings, at least, carry us towards another goal. If they experience the yearnings of relationship in the di-

rection we have indicated, we relinquish them to their kindred, and trust they will make much of them; but for ourselves we would much rather soar upwards with humanity, and place it on the level of a higher species.

How the perusal of M. Capefigue's work has betrayed us into this course of observation, any one who reads it will easily understand. Claiming to be regarded as a history, it is in truth nothing but an apology for France, a very long, laboured, but futile attempt to secure to her the first rank among nations. In one of M. Guizot's journals it was affirmed the other day, that France is the greatest Catholic power in the world, which left to England its natural supremacy over all states, Christian or Pagan. The historian of Louis Philippe would not be content with this, yet he rather insinuates than asserts his opinion which he appears to base entirely on this fact, that France has it in her power to unsettle the foundations of civil society throughout Europe. We grant that she is sufficiently great to play with much effect the part of an incendiary, but it requires much less power to disturb the world than to pacify it. A single flash may set a mountain of combustibles on fire, but to extinguish the flames, to substitute order for confusion, to repress the principle of anarchy and to restore a disjointed world to harmony and music, this is what France has never yet done or attempted to do. The task has invariably been reserved for us. We are the hereditary pacificators of Christendom. Ours is a preserving not a destructive power, though in the act of repressing violence and injustice, we can, when it suits our views, put forth considerable energy, as France and many other countries can testify.

Had M. Capefigue been altogether destitute of ability, we should have spared ourselves the trouble of examining his labours. But he is in many respects a clever man. Several passages in the volumes now before us, are interesting and well written, and the whole would have possessed a certain value, had he confined himself within far narrower limits. Some idea of the diffuseness of his style may be gathered from this, that the history of a month, with the previous explanations which he judged necessary, is more voluminous than the history of the Peloponnesian war; and the narrative of events from the accession of Louis Philippe to the present day, will nearly equal in extent Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' a work which embraces the history of the world during fourteen hundred years! M. Capefigue aims, perhaps, at being considered the Clarendon of these times. But we fear he will be disappointed, for though he is quite as tedious as Clarendon, he has little of his acute insight into affairs, nothing of his stately egotism, or of the volumi-

nous grandeur of his style. He begins by describing a state of things extremely curious in itself, the position of parties, and the feelings prevalent throughout France and Europe previous to the Revolution of July—but the whole is presented to the mind in so vague a manner, that it will require extraordinary labour to derive much instruction from it. We happened to be on the spot during the momentous period under review; we witnessed much of the revolution, and observed at leisure its effects and consequences; we conversed with some of the principal actors in it, more especially with him whom M. Capefigue treats with the greatest severity, the Marquis de Lafayette; we beheld the effervescence and the agitation that pervaded the distant provinces; we witnessed the setting up of some of the supplementary barricades, and therefore we may, perhaps, be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the difficulties which the historian of Louis Philippe had to encounter, but certainly has not overcome. He has, no doubt, got through a considerable portion of his task after a fashion, and it may be useful to review or even to read him; but whoever does so, in the hope of acquiring by his aid, a just conception of the period and of the characters of the men who figured during its continuance, will be egregiously disappointed.

The French people never show to so much advantage as during an *émeute* or a revolution. In the state of intense excitement into which they are then thrown, they appear to escape from the trammels of their habitual selfishness, and to display many of the qualities of heroism. It would be injustice to them not to allow that they love their country. We have had convincing proof of the contrary, both at home and abroad; by their own fire-sides, and in far distant regions, where the name of France with the familiar sounds of its beloved language have brought tears of unaffected rapture into their eyes, and we have everywhere been treated by them with partiality on account of our attachment to many departments of their literature, and to many particular spots in their native land.

It would be unjust, we say, then, to deny that the French love their country with a deep and passionate love, more than half instinctive it may be, but still most powerful and ennobling. We saw and mixed familiarly with them at a distance from the capital during the fiery excitement of the three days, when every hour threatened an explosion of popular fury, when the troops and the people stood for whole days face to face; the one with their fingers perpetually on the trigger, and the others with the accidental weapons supplied by courage in their hands. We shall never think of those days otherwise than with

admiration. They were most honourable to the French people. Fathers, husbands, children, all assembled in the great thoroughfares of the city, ready at the first warning to march upon Paris, and lay down their lives in support of their theory of liberty. All industrious avocations were put a stop to. The sense of private gain and the value of sous, so dear in the eyes of a Frenchman, were forgotten. People did nothing but watch for the *diligence* from Paris, and when its uncouth bulk at length appeared in the distance, rolling forward at the heels of nine or ten horses, and swinging to and fro like the side of a street put in motion, the intensely anxious crowd rushed tumultuously towards it to inquire what news from Paris, what chance there was of a republic? what hope of getting rid of royalty for ever? The *conducteur* and the outside passengers, sun-burnt and thickly powdered with dust, the weather being then exceedingly hot and dry, with bits of tri-coloured riband in their button-holes, would then doff their hats and, from their lofty platform, give as full an account as they were able of the state of things in the capital. When they could tell no more they were usually greeted with loud huzzas, and allowed to pursue their journey with the blessings of the multitude on their heads.

This fervour of public feeling continued for many days; but when at length the news came that the chiefs of the liberal party had, in their view of the matter, played the nation false, and given them one branch of the Bourbon family for another, the exhibition was like the extinguishing of flames by a heavy, sudden shower. Every countenance looked blank. The men hung their heads for shame, and sneaked away as fast as they could into their houses; the women, less able to contain themselves, in many cases wept for very vexation, and there was an almost universal sorrow diffused through the whole department. No doubt, in the interior of numerous houses there were, at the same time, royalists rejoicing at the event, and legitimists who deluded themselves with the notion that Louis Philippe was only holding the crown in trust for Charles X. We knew some of both these sections of the people, who did not hesitate to communicate their feelings to us.

In a few days afterwards, when we found ourselves in the capital, among the fragments of the barricades, and while the funeral baked meats for those who fell during the three days, were still furnishing the feasts of triumph and rejoicing, other proofs of the secret dissatisfaction of the people presented themselves continually. Professed politicians, who had been engaged in the late drama, affected to regard it as a grand stroke of policy, though not one of them could completely disguise the feeling of

chagrin and disappointment that lurked in his breast. They had, in fact, no sooner made themselves a king, than they discovered the fallacy of pretending to surround him with republicans and republican institutions. M. Capefigue plants himself on the steps of the Tuileries, and considers the whole question from that point of view. Yet, from his narrative, or, rather, elaborate special pleading, it is quite possible to acquire a tolerably correct notion of what was going forward. He of course hates Lafayette, together with the whole democratic party, and labours to hold them up to ridicule throughout his work. He is at the same time enamoured of Louis Philippe, the hero of his piece, the object of his most servile idolatry. To damage the one and serve the other, he would at any moment of the day or night make a holocaust of truth, and sometimes, we are almost tempted to think, of those also who reverence her. But, notwithstanding all this, M. Capefigue is unable to conceal the cardinal fact that Louis Philippe, both before and after the Revolution of July, played the part of a consummate hypocrite.

Of Lafayette we feel no inclination to become the apologists. We think, and always thought, him a weak, well-meaning man, with far too much attachment to cut-and-dried theories, and too little knowledge of the circumstances and generation among which he lived. His notions of republicanism were obsolete. He had, no doubt, studied the theory of free government, and was likewise acquainted with the habits and characteristics of his countrymen; but he had not sufficiently applied himself to understand the relations between his archetype and his materials, and the possibility of fashioning the latter into a strict resemblance of the former. In other words, he could not see what every real statesman could, that the French are incapable of republican government, and are scarcely yet ripe even for constitutional monarchy.

This was M. Lafayette's leading fault. But M. Capefigue at once thinks him a simpleton and a Jesuit; a man without political reach and discernment, and yet so deep as to be almost unfathomable to all around him. He fancies him to have been aiming at making a cat's-paw of Louis Philippe, and to have placed him on the throne only in order to pull him down again, as soon as it should be found to suit the interests of his party. Few persons, however, who knew the Marquis de Lafayette, will agree with him on this point. It is quite true that a coolness almost immediately took place between the old republican general and the king, who, in the course of a few weeks after his accession, ceased to come to the parties in the Rue d'Anjou, of which he had, until then, formed one of the most remarkable

ornaments. From M. Capefigue's account, one might be tempted to think that Louis Philippe had never mingled with the strange company that assembled weekly in the Hôtel de Lafayette, consisting, we are told, of the discontented of all countries, habitually living and moving in an atmosphere of anarchy and sedition. The fact, however, is quite otherwise. Not only while Duke of Orleans, but for six or seven weeks after he became King of the French, did M. Capefigue's model statesman court the society of those anarchists, old and young. He then made the discovery, which he might reasonably have been expected to make, that it was not quite becoming in the grave king of a great people, to mix familiarly with the young enthusiasts, whether for liberty or legitimacy, who congregated weekly at the houses of his friends. He therefore dropped the habit of frequenting private parties, not only at Lafayette's, but elsewhere also.

However democratic the worthy marquis may have been—in our opinion he was less so than is generally imagined—he felt severely the slight which his old friend, in his interpretation of the matter, put upon him. It would be difficult to forget the fidgettiness of his manner the first evening that his kingly guest omitted his visit. Hundreds of persons of both sexes, many of whom, whatever M. Capefigue may fancy, belonged to the first families in Europe, had assembled early to meet the king, who usually came late and left soon. That there were several republicans present is quite true, and that they occasionally met in knots, and talked what the Philippists would call sedition, is probable also; but a majority of the company then, and always, consisted of the most distinguished members of all parties and all nations in Christendom—English, Russians, Austrians, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks. On the very evening in question some of the loveliest daughters of the noble houses of England were present, and instead of discussing the doctrines of the political propaganda, were far otherwise engaged in giving utterance to those remarks and sentiments which spring from a polished education and a joyous heart.

Every carriage that drove into the spacious court was supposed to be the king's, and Lafayette, notwithstanding his aristocratic breeding, veered more than once towards the door, as though to attract the wished-for visitor. But he did not make his appearance, and people contrived to amuse themselves without him. There were, we remember, a few Orientals among the company, who at times led the conversation towards the East; and there were those also who introduced the comparison between the French and Austrian armies, at that moment a most exciting topic, since the idea had gone abroad through Europe that events

might speedily bring them into collision. Comparatively little was said in any of the circles of the domestic politics of the hour. On other occasions, when the company consisted of less heterogeneous elements, the case may have been different.

M. Capefigue labours hard to justify Louis Philippe for the manner in which he conducted himself towards his republican friends, the Marquis de Lafayette, M. Lafitte, and others, and in order to attain the end proposed, judges it necessary to blacken with might and main those whom he regards as the king's enemies. He may find this course necessary to the forwarding of his own interest, in which case we sincerely pity him. The fact, nevertheless, is not as he supposes. The king's defence may be based on the unchangeable nature of things; it being wholly impossible for a man recently invested with sovereignty to continue on terms of friendship with those to whom he owed his elevation. Doubtful of his situation, jealous of his privileges, the prince almost necessarily fancies that every one who approaches him, is about to invade his dignity, while his old friends observing his punctilious devotion to the newly-imposed laws of etiquette and court formalities, are no less necessarily offended by the changes in his demeanour. Thus coolness, distance, and anger, arise not so much from the fault of either party as from the incompatibility of their claims and pretensions. Had M. Capefigue taken this view of the case, as we think he might, he would have escaped the supposed necessity of libelling the former associates of the Duke of Orleans.

We have omitted to dwell on the events of the three days in Paris, because, though the details may be highly exciting, they are not very instructive, and have already frequently been laid before the public. But with respect to the revolution itself, was it justifiable or was it not? In answering this question people will of course be guided by the habitual cast of their politics. The partisans of freedom will of course decide that it was founded in justice because Charles X. had violated his compact with the nation, and thus forfeited his right to govern. On the other hand the Philippists will maintain pretty nearly the same doctrine, only they will be careful to add, or at least to insinuate, that though the elder branch of the Bourbon family had thus as it were abdicated the throne by its folly, yet a sort of right derivable in part from it, passed to the younger branch, and gave it a certain claim to sovereignty.

Such, at least, appears to be M. Capefigue's view. He nowhere, indeed, distinctly expresses himself to this effect; but we may very fairly gather it from the language he employs. Like all other weak persons, he is smitten with a profound reverence for

traditional names and traditional titles, and the Bourbon family, in his estimation, is as respectable as that of Confucius. By what chain of reasoning he arrives at this conclusion, he never explains. He thinks so, apparently because he thinks so, which he reckons satisfactory, though we can scarcely go so far along with him. On the contrary, if we may venture to express an opinion at all on so *immense* a question (to borrow one of M. Capefigue's favourite expressions), we should say that the Bourbon family was any thing but respectable. It has produced very few able, and still fewer good men; and its virtuous women it would be much harder yet to find.

But M. Capefigue is not particular. He thinks Louis Quatorze a great man, and would probably, therefore, experience no difficulty in discovering greatness under every hedge. Louis Quatorze, according to our simple apprehension, was an accumulation of elaborate littleness, of profligacy, meanness, cruelty, and the most sordid and grovelling superstition. To refer to such an individual, therefore, by way of illustrating the glory of a family, is much the same as if he had referred to Cartouche, the one having been a knave on a grand and the other on a small scale.

We are less at odds with the historian, when he comes to estimate the personal merits and character of Louis Philippe. And here we may observe, by the way, that in the drawing of character, when no party prejudice happens to interfere, M. Capefigue sometimes exhibits considerable ability; in proof of which we might certainly adduce that of Louis Philippe himself. There is, of course, a strong disposition to indulge in panegyric. His hero has a world of good qualities, some of which are real, and others imaginary, but, upon the whole, there is a striking general resemblance between the picture and the man. We trust M. Capefigue thrives by writing contemporary history, which may constitute his justification for the manner in which he speaks of persons high in office and power:—

“For 'tis their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse that cause by which they eat and drink.”

That Louis Philippe is an extremely able prince, the events of the last fifteen years clearly show. He has a great aptitude for business, is calm, clear-sighted, and capable of much political combination; as a husband and a father, too, he appears to be deserving of high praise; nor would it, perhaps, be too much to give him credit for considerable industry. But when M. Capefigue requires us to put faith in the limited nature of his ambition, we smile at the simplicity of the man; for great simplicity it is, whether he believes what he says or not. If he believe, then he

is a charming instance of unsophisticated trustfulness in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. But if, as is more probable, he believe nothing at all, and only threw out his bait to catch gulls, still he must be capable of putting large trust in human credulity to suppose that the world would be deceived by an artifice so transparent, in spite of the facts of history.

From these it would appear that Louis Philippe had long been closely linked with those who were engaged in undermining the elder branch of his family, and that he had assiduously aided and abetted them. For this he must have had some powerful motive—love of his country, or love of the house of Orleans. In these our iron days, we much fear that his majesty, the King of the French, will not be able to obtain much credit for love of country, otherwise than as a means to an end. He saw the madness of his relative, Charles X., and may really at times have entertained serious apprehensions for the consequences both to himself and France. But to understand a man's antecedents, as the French express it, we must have recourse to the subsequent portions of his life.

It was a maxim, we believe, among the old Roman lawyers and rhetoricians, that the man who profited most by a crime always lay open to the suspicion of having committed it; and very justly, unless he could clearly prove his innocence. Now, though many gained by the overthrow of Charles X. none gained so much as Louis Philippe. It may fairly, therefore, be presumed, unless M. Capefigue can prove the contrary, that he kindly aided the process by which his ambition was so much gratified. His case is not that of a prince, who, having lived at a distance from the court in the obscurity of private life, has been dragged suddenly forward by the force of circumstances, and through the instrumentality of strangers, to take upon himself the much coveted cares of royalty. Quite the contrary. It was the intimate friends of Louis Philippe, men with whom he was in daily and nightly habits of intercourse, between whom and him there were no secrets, who overthrew Charles X.

It is scarcely credible, at least to us, though the publication of the July ordinances was precipitated by the folly of the king and his ministers, that the business should not have been long foreseen and provided against. No word is more common in the mouths of French politicians than *eventuality*, and we fancy that this particular eventuality had for some months been calculated upon as a dead certainty. But calculated upon by whom? Why, in the first place, by Louis Philippe, and next by MM. Lafitte and Guizot, the Marquis de Lafayette, and their coadjutors. Few, perhaps, knew exactly that the ordinances were coming, but

most persons anticipated some foolish act of power by which the throne would be endangered, if not lost ; and the probability is that among the keenest haruspices in France, his present majesty, Louis Philippe, was the chief.

Kings of all ages have been addicted to snuff up with incredible satisfaction the incense of flattery, knowing which, there has been, ever since the invention of letters, a large herd of writers ready to administer it to them. To this herd M. Capefigue emphatically belongs, and he is a great adept in the art, seizing adroitly on every circumstance that may enable him to put forward things agreeable to royalty. He loves every thing that wears the broad R. upon it. He loves queens regnant and queens dowager ; princes and princesses of the blood ; he loves their lacqueys, he loves their horses and their spaniels ; he loves even their saddles and their coach-wheels. How amiable a man must he then be, and how exquisitely adapted to draw the characters of royal personages. In fact, his family groups are models in their way. All kings and princes are good, but with a certain difference, the living being always better than the dead, the more powerful better than the weak, the reigning infinitely better than the abdicated and exiled. Even in the delineation of the Orleans family, we discover traces of exquisite tact.

The Duke of Orleans was, of course, perfection in his way ; gallant and chivalrous, full of generosity, and overflowing with politeness. But then, having come occasionally in contact with Lafayette and the democracy, he had acquired a certain soldierly air hardly compatible with princely grandeur. The truth is, he was frank and free, and the nearest approach in look and bearing to an English gentleman of any we have ever seen in France. His manners were almost wholly divested of affectation. There was no appearance of condescension in his affability. He had, in short, some of the beautiful frankness of democracy, though a prince. Is it for this reason that M. Capefigue's eulogy is somewhat cold, and tinged with cynical indifference ? We fear not. The Duke of Orleans is dead, and dead princes exercise no power, and distribute no patronage. It is lawful, therefore, to remember their faults.

Not so of those who have regencies in their eyes. Accordingly, we find that the Duc de Nemours is a right noble gentleman, aristocratic in his manners, and with an aristocratic nose, who never, even from his boyhood, liked Lafayette, or could endure the people, whether in or out of uniform, or was attached to any thing below the level of his august self.

If this be not adroit, we know not what is. Of course there is one page in M. Capefigue's work which the Duc de Nemours

will read with singular pleasure, and will doubtless remember when he comes to be regent and has places to give away. The truth, meanwhile, is, that this same duke is much disliked in France, and no one who ever saw the two brothers together, who ever watched the masculine, open countenance of the one, and contrasted it with the supercilious, finikin, effeminate man-milliner physiognomy of the other, could fail to discover the reason. The Duc de Nemours is thoroughly unamiable, and looks so. Even during the levelling pleasures of the chase, when most persons put on a jovial unconcern which places them on a level with their neighbours, the Duc de Nemours has all his drawing-room looks about him, and glances down the forest glades at the bounding deer as though he thought the fairest scenes in the world not good enough to hold him.

It is unnecessary to proceed with this royal spawn of the revolution, to celebrate the virtues of the Prince de Joinville or d'Aumale, or Montpensier. They who are desirous to know all their good qualities may consult M. Capefigue. In no part, as Chaucer says, will he fail. He has made a *catalogue raisonné* of their excellences, upon which he will enlarge with all the self-complacency of Juliet's nurse. He dilates on their mighty actions, past, present, and to come; and consequently merits any pension which Louis Philippe may give, or be inclined to give him. He is really worth a considerable salary, and earns his cash, whatever it may be.

In saying that M. Capefigue has a knack at drawing characters, we may, perhaps, have contrived to be misunderstood. It is not by any means our intention to insinuate that he is at all solicitous to preserve a strict resemblance between his portraits and the persons represented. Not at all. His object is to produce a clever picture that may attract attention, and amuse and pique the curiosity of the public. They who have not seen the originals will not puzzle themselves with conjectures about the degree of correctness in the likenesses; while they who have, will good-naturedly, perhaps, imagine that the dashing chronicler may have seen further than they. However this may be, M. Capefigue's off-hand group of Louis Philippe's first ministry is cleverly imagined, and still more cleverly executed. In such pictures truth would be an impertinence. We have no right to expect it. The object is to cry up the politicians of the king's party, and to cry down all those who are troubled with popular leanings. And this is very ingeniously done. Conte Molé, the Duc de Broglie, and M. Guizot, are held up to public admiration as men of business, as grave statesmen, gifted more or less with genius, and equal to bear the weight of mightiest mo-

narchies. It does one good to live in the same age with men of this vast calibre, whose colossal greatness throws its shadow even across the Channel, and enables us, hyperboreans as we are, to enjoy the pleasure of contemplating their Titanian proportions.

There is, however, one slight defect in the character of the Duc de Broglie, which M. Capefigue may perhaps forgive, but could not consent to overlook: the duke is a religious man, a sort of diplomatic puritan, who endeavours to reconcile the principles of probity and honour with the practice of public affairs. This it must be admitted is a great mistake of his. What should a minister of Louis Philippe have to do with religion or any thing of that sort? M. Capefigue feels the preposterousness of the combination, and is at pains to point it out. The objects of his veneration are persons like M. de Talleyrand, and Pozzo di Borgo, and Prince Metternich, proficients in worldly wisdom, who refuse to recognise in the universe any intellect superior to their own. These are the kind of people to manage the affairs of great states. They feel and are prone to exercise the power of men over the nature of things. Raised by meditation to that high level from which it is possible to discover the perfect unity of whatever exists, they regard all actions with their issues, as things indifferent in themselves, and only more or less preferable, according to their bearing on the interests of the contemplator. What are the creations of ethical science? What is good, or bad, or right, or wrong, but that which we choose to think so? Nature establishes differences, but no preferences. To her all things are alike, the toad and the Venus di Medici, the habits of Borgia and the habits of Socrates. That which enables us to attain our ends is lawful, and that which obstructs us is to be shunned. There is no other rule of morality—no other scale of good or bad.

To the school of politicians by whom these doctrines are propagated, have belonged Louis Philippe and all his favourite ministers. Of course, the historian discloses truths like this with becoming reserve. He has studied under the Jesuits, and forestalled Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.

In the midst of the grave and reverend seniors above commemorated are found in the July cabinet certain individuals ill adapted to co-operate with them, such as M. Dupont de l'Eure, M. Lafitte, and two or three other minor notabilities, the especial aversion of M. Capefigue. These gentlemen seem to have taken the Revolution in earnest, and to have imagined that they could at once have a king and a free constitution, because such a thing has proved practicable in England. The historian pities them and so do we; they had, it seems, been long amusing them-

selves with dreams about 1688, and the American system, and what not, and now that they had overthrown the elder Bourbons, cherished the expectation that with a younger branch of that illustrious house, they should be able to accomplish all they desired. Experience, however, soon brought them to their senses. Like the horse, when he first put a man on his back in order to avenge him against his enemies, they found that they had got a master, and the thought seems soon to have crossed their minds, that it might yet be possible to get rid of him. This idea in reality it was, that produced those fierce dissensions in the cabinet, which, with so much unction, M. Capefigue commemorates. M. Dupont, he says, always entered with the thought of resignation uppermost in his mind, and the word upon his lips. Twice at least in every twenty-four hours did he threaten Louis Philippe and his colleagues, that he would leave them to their fate. He opposed his morose and inflexible will to their courtly facility, and often forced them to adopt measures altogether against their preferences and convictions.

But how happened it that M. Dupont de l'Eure could exercise so irresistible an influence? Was he a great statesman? Did he possess a mind of a superior order? Had he a long experience of business, or a great capacity for the conduct of affairs? Not at all, according to the historian. He had nothing, and was nothing but the leader of a party. But how came he to be the leader of a party? By the exercise, according to the historian, of his nonentity. People followed him just because he was incapable of leading them, they had no other reason in the world. This is an odd statement, and one might be inclined to disbelieve it, were it not that M. Capefigue assures us of the fact. Upon his testimony, therefore, we must confide, falling as we do, bound hand and foot, helpless into his hands; he is the great magician of the period, and converts servility into wisdom, and honesty, ability, and patriotism, into folly, with a skill altogether marvellous.

Most persons will probably recollect the trial to which the revolutionary ministry was put, almost immediately after its formation. That it should not have pulled together, under any circumstances, is quite intelligible, considering the elements of which it was composed. There were, properly speaking, no political parties in France, and, therefore, no heads of parties, otherwise such a ministry would only have been a standing evidence of the utter profligacy of the country: it consisted of Republicans, Radicals, Whigs, and Conservatives, or of the things in France most analogous to those distinctions. It would, perhaps, have been difficult to patch up a better ministry at the

time, or a worse at any other time; but even an able cabinet would then have experienced some difficulty in maintaining its ground.

The people of Paris, deeply enamoured of change, and proud of their success against the old monarchy, were little disposed to return at once to the jog-trot habits of daily life, under a strict and jealous government. M. Capefigue, however, grossly caricatures their propensities; converting a few accidental outbreaks into a general rule, he maintains that they were desirous of forgetting altogether the rights of property, and that there was every disposition to toss up for a general scramble. Most literary men of the period, shut up in a little study with their books, conceived much the same idea. One of the most distinguished among them observed to us, during the prevalence of the excitement: 'Sir, there are 12,000 rascals in Paris who would cut your throat for ten sous,'* and others seriously maintained that all the ragamuffins who fought during the three days, were actuated solely by the love of plunder, though accident prevented them from indulging the propensity.

* Strolling about one evening in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, or church of Ste. Geneviève, we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain. There was a lady with us, and having no umbrella, we were glad to take shelter in the first passage we saw open; it was that of a cobbler, who sat at work within, singing merrily, and at intervals pausing to chat with his wife, or poke with the handle of his awl a pretty, chubby little fellow who stood close to his knee. The cobbler very civilly asked us into his room, handed us a couple of chairs, and, while we were sitting out the continuance of the shower, amused us with the history of his life. He had been a soldier in the grand army, and accompanied Napoleon to Moscow. During the dire retreat from that city, he had the good fortune to escape the almost universal ruin, and on returning to Paris took up again with his old trade of making and mending shoes. He had at a later period married and become the father of three children, two of which now lay sleeping on a neat, white bed, in a recess of the room where we sat, while the third

* That Monsieur Capefigue's ideas of his townfolk are not a whit more favourable may be inferred from the following passages:—'Si cette multitude avait trouvé sous ses mains le Prince de Polignac, M.M. de Peyronnet, de Chantelauze, ou de Guernon Ranville, elle leur aurait arraché les entrailles, elle aurait promené leurs têtes ensanglantées sur des piques.' 'Sous prétexte que la Chambre des Paris voulait sauver les accusés, ces masses affreuses espéraient les déchirer de leurs ongles.' 'Ainsi la mort partout, peut-être l'échafaud en vertu d'une sentence arrachée au pairie par la violence, et ce qui est plus pénible encore que la mort sur l'échafaud les exès du peuple qui demande à déchirer les entrailles des victimes.' L. iv., 103, 149.

stood, as has been said, at his knee, pleasantly, from time to time, interrupting him in his work. 'When the revolution of the three days began,' said he, 'I took down my old musket which hangs against the wall yonder, kissed my wife and children, and went out, as I ought, to fight for liberty. I thought, it is true, that I had done with that sort of thing, and had no wish, I assure you, to be engaged in insurrection. If I kept my musket it was merely as a *souvenir*. I had carried it through the snows of Russia; it had saved my life, and I loved it, monsieur, as one loves an old friend. And though a poor man, sir, I loved my wife and children, too, and was very loath to part with them. Mais enfin que voulez-vous, monsieur, nous sommes tous enfans de la patrie.' And with the words he paused and hammered away more energetically than ever on his lapstone, looking sideways at the little boy, and seeming to be under the influence of a good deal of emotion. While we replied: 'You have fought bravely, and it is to be hoped have gained for yourselves a good government.' 'Ah, pour cela,' answered he, without raising his eyes, 'je n'en sais rien,' accompanying the words by that expressive shrug of the shoulders, into which a Frenchman sometimes contrives to throw so much meaning.

This honest fellow had, at any rate, gained nothing by the three days, and we afterwards found, upon diligent inquiry, that the same was the case with by far the greater number of those who had overthrown the old monarchy. Nor do we think that they fought for plunder; it was opinion that swayed them. They fancied they were going to get a republic, and there is no conceivable earthly advantage which a French democrat does not believe to be signified by that magic word. Of course, the vagabonds of Paris availed themselves of the row to practise the legitimate arts of their profession; but they were far from being in a majority. In all the *émeutes* that afterwards took place, before and during the trial of the absolutist ministers, we were present and conversed freely with those desperadoes in *blouses Gauloises*, against whom M. Capefigue inveighs with so much unction. They were by no means the tatterdemalions described in his 'history.' On the contrary, the most respectable portion of the working classes were out, and though they were certainly of opinion that Prince Polignac and his associates ought to be put to death, there was no ferocity either in their looks or their expressions. No doubt they were labouring under a grievous fallacy; they fancied the lives of poor men are of as much value as the lives of the rich and titled, which is a mistake in all monarchies, constitutional or unconstitutional. In France, at least, you have only to call people rabble and you may shoot them. It would argue something like relationship to feel any sympathy for the *canaille*. And then

canaille can have no affections, no social domestic ties; they are none of them fathers or husbands, or sons or brothers, or lovers or friends. They are simply *canaille*, and when they happen to fall in an insurrection or otherwise, it is enough to state their quality. There is no necessity for sorrow or commiseration, so,—at least, reasons M. Capefigue, and he represents very accurately, we dare say, the prevalent feeling among the Philippists.

It is not our intention to deny that Paris wore a very alarming aspect during the trial of the ex-ministers. Angry and threatening crowds filled the streets and public places. Barricades were thrown up in various parts of the city. Even in the Place Vendôme and the Rue Rivoli, *voitures* and *diligences* were hauled out and jammed closely together so as completely to choke the thoroughfare. The Place de la Revolution, the Gardens of the Tuileries, and all the open spaces round the Louvre, were so densely thronged, that you might have walked over the heads of the people. At one moment, when the thought struck the mob that the criminals closely shut up in their prison were to be screened from the course of justice, the cry of vengeance was raised, and a vast body of men with torches in their hands passed the Barrière du Trône, and marched by night towards the Château de Vincennes. In such a temper of mind and fever of excitement they might, doubtless, have been betrayed into an act of atrocity. It was suggested by some one—some father, perhaps, who had lost his only son during the three days—that the people should fire the château, and thus take justice into their own hands; and with this idea in their heads, the multitude stretched forward in a column, and with shouts, and torches waving, advanced with fearful resolution along the road towards the State Prison.

The Château de Vincennes may be regarded as a second Bastille, with its turrets, moats, and dungeons, where indescribable crimes have at various periods of the monarchy been perpetrated. It was spared by mere oversight during the great Revolution, and the people appeared to be now resolved to correct the error of their predecessors.

It would, no doubt, have been a shocking thing, had they been able to carry out their design. All men, even the greatest criminals, have a right to a fair trial; and had the ex-ministers been burnt alive, the act would have been a stain on the civilisation of the nineteenth century. For once, therefore, we agree with M. Capefigue, and reprobate as heartily as he can, the form which the vengeance of the populace seemed likely at that moment to take. But it would be the height of injustice to confine our sympathy to the prisoners. Pre-eminently guilty they, no doubt, were; all their acts and their demeanour during the trial proved

it. But the period of active criminality had ceased, and they were now unfortunate. This fact would have sufficed, no doubt, to disarm the resentment of dispassionate men; whom they had not personally injured, whose whole hopes in life they had not blasted, whose nearest and dearest friends their acts of tyranny had not consigned to a premature grave; but some allowance must be made for the multitude, for those remnants of families which had been broken up for ever by the events of the three days, for those mourning and desolate persons who felt that they could never again know comfort, or hope, or peace in this world. M. Capefigue seeks to interest us in the fate of the guilty ministers, by dwelling on their firmness and courage, by sketching with as much art as he is master of, their aristocratic bearing and physiognomy, their pale and passive looks, their devoted attachment to the old monarchy. But what was the old monarchy? What was it but a name, or, as he is fond of expressing himself, a tradition? We are quite aware that men are generally weak enough to be the slaves of associations, traditions, prejudices, even in politics; but when the lives of thousands, and the happiness of millions, are placed side by side with an antiquated prejudice, what man, who takes upon himself to write history, ought for a single moment to hesitate on which side he should give his vote? We respect all forms of government which are capable of commanding the attachment of mankind. There is, and must be some good in every one of them. Even despotisms become amiable when they put on the character of paternal sway, and are administered by mild and gentle tyrants. But when the light of an institution has been quenched in the blood of the people, we experience the greatest possible repugnance both for the memory of the thing itself, and for those who cherish a preference for it. Indifference for human life is in itself a crime, and we discern no very distinct line of demarcation between those who are guilty of such indifference, and those who take part with them against the people.

Few studies in politics can be more instructive than that of the planting and growth of what the French, with ridiculous affectation, call the Monarchy of July. In the accomplishment of this undertaking, M. Capefigue's work may be useful. It would be quite absurd to regard it, with the author, as a history of Europe from the accession of Louis Philippe. It is not even a history of France. It is simply a partial exposition of the arts and contrivances by which the present sovereign of that country has succeeded in setting up a new dynasty, and weaning his subjects from the love of liberty and independence. Most statesmen are of opinion that the passion for freedom is only a paroxysm among the French, and that the normal state of their feelings is an ab-

sorbing predilection for glittering and ostentatious authority. This at least is the settled opinion of Louis Philippe, who has made it the basis of his whole policy, domestic and foreign. He believes that the French are willing to forego the advantages of free institutions, provided they can be enabled to enjoy a sufficient amount of drum-beating, waving of flags, marching and countermarching, and be regaled from time to time with the smell of powder and blood. All these things are collectively signified by the word *glory*. There is, of course, an immense amount of this article in the sound produced by two sticks descending on a tight piece of parchment; there is still more of it in unfolding a large square of parti-coloured silk, and holding it up to flutter in the air; and there is an infinitely greater quantity still in applying fire to a little pile of saltpetre and charcoal, and thereby giving motion to a spherical piece of lead, for the purpose of perforating the skull, or epidermis, and fibres, and respiratory organs of a biped.

When men do these things under the conviction that they are necessary to their freedom, the greatness of the end appears to sanctify the means. Red cloth and frizzled worsted then assume a respectable look, and we denominate the wearer of them a soldier, because, for a moderate amount of pay, he is *soldé* or hired to fight in defence of his country's institutions. It is a wholly different thing when men put on uniforms, and play with lead and gunpowder, merely to make a noise, and call the echo of it *glory*. But this is the French notion. They think it extremely glorious just now to roast a whole tribe of Arabs alive, or wall up thousands of them in a cavern, to perish slowly of hunger, or by each other's hands. They think it glorious also to send their sons and brothers, by a hundred thousand at a time, to knock their heads against Mount Atlas, and perish in the sands of Africa, for the purpose of giving expansion to the fighting gas which might otherwise take fire and explode nearer home, to the no small danger of Louis Philippe's dynasty. But perhaps the height of glory, the delicate apex of that sort of passion, is to place paper and ink at the command of a dozen sophists, with the understanding that they are to expend all the tropes and figures with which the Polytechnic School or the Sorbonne may have enriched their memories, in vilifying, libelling, and vituperating *Perfidious Albion*.

Knowing these little harmless foibles of the people over whom he was called to reign, Louis Philippe seriously set himself, from the very outset, about putting in practice the arts by which he could alone hope to render them happy. He knew it to be one of their crotchets that they would like to be free, and it cost him very little labour to manufacture certain forms of liberty, which

would of course serve their purpose just as well as the reality. It was likewise quite easy to satisfy the popular leaders, who would think themselves honestly labouring in the cause of democracy, if raised to office and power, and enabled from time to time to indulge the people with flaming eulogiums on their heroism and idolatry of glory. Democracy in France means talking about the people, and serving one's self. Panegyrics cost little, particularly to those who are used to the manufacture of the article; and Louis Philippe commissioned all his popular supporters to keep the enthusiastic folks of Paris in good humour by all manner of rhodomontade. He foresaw what would be the issue of the business, and that he should be able to let the heroes down softly from the slippery pinnacle to which the surge of the Revolution had lifted them.

It is not just now in our power to pause to describe minutely all the means by which this exemplary monarch managed successively to deliver himself from his old friends. A man so illustrious, so fortunate in the acquisition of power, so lofty by his position, so mentally enriched by study and reflection, should be above the weakness of friendship. In the serenity of those elevated regions which princes inhabit, the passions that disturb the tranquillity of the *canaille* ought to have no place. Every person there takes care of one individual, and universal contentment is the result. To describe a man living in perfect independence, the people of a different class often say of him, that when his hat is on, his house is thatched. So exactly is it with princes. Every one of them is a perfect whole, *terceus atque rotundus*, so that when his own microcosm is nestled snugly under the wing of fortune, all the rest of the world may go to the devil, if they think proper.

In strict accordance with this theory acted his majesty Louis Philippe. As a great statesman and a wise prince, he could not but know that friends are mere incumbrances, unless they can be made to serve as stepping stones from a lower to a higher level of society. The man who aims at power should never entangle himself with inextricable relations, but hold every one about him by a slip-knot, which, when it suits his purpose, he can let go at a moment's notice. In this admirable art the new king was a great proficient. He felt the most profound contempt for the rest of the world, and was even wiser than Pistol, who regarded the whole system as his oyster, which he as he said with sword would open. Louis Philippe's wisdom, we say, was of a higher quality than this. He despised the sword, because he felt himself to be in possession of an instrument far more delicate and finely tempered, with which, like another adept of his fraternity, he would confidently have undertaken to wheedle the devil, had his majesty been weak enough to

believe in such an entity. He knew much better, but undertook and accomplished a task of equal difficulty, when he enlisted Talleyrand in the service of the new dynasty.

That old gentleman was chiefly formidable from the perfect laxity of his character. All affections, principles, and sense of duty dropped through him like water through a sieve. He was bound by nothing, and to nothing. His only pleasure in life was to delude as many people as he could, to practise universal hypocrisy, to raise himself, if possible, and if not, to keep other people down. When brought into contact with Louis Philippe, this Coryphæus of knaves felt that he was overmatched, and experienced a strong anxiety to be removed as far as possible beyond the sphere of his master's influence. It was painful for him to recognise even secretly that he had met with his superior in the virtues of diplomacy. It was for this reason chiefly, that he desired the embassy to London rather than any post in the cabinet.

It is no doubt true, also, as M. Capefigue observes, that Talleyrand hated the people and every thing popular, and loved to be buried either in the obscurity of an office or in the misty glitter of a saloon. But the historian does not, apparently, comprehend the reason of this idiosyncrasy which we shall endeavour therefore to explain. Lax principles of morals, epicurean indifference to good and evil, which some philosophers have dignified by the name of equanimity, aversion from strong emotions trace their origin to some defect in the physical organisation. What may be denominated the defensive passions, as fear, caution, hatred, revenge, are strong in such persons; while the attractive and expansive passions, as love, friendship, patriotism, are feeble or inactive. They, therefore, like spiders, delight to wrap themselves in the web of their own artifices, and lie in wait for men, that they may trip them up in the dark. Mobs, public assemblies, parliaments, are hateful to them, because they dislike meeting with opposition face to face, and also because they cherish an instinctive fear of popular men, who are commonly bold and energetic. This in part, at least, explains the repugnance of our countryman Hobbes for the institutions of a free commonwealth, and the anxiety of Talleyrand to sneak away from Paris, and place himself out of hearing of the tumultuous voice of the populace.

But in whatever way we explain the fact, certain it is that Louis Philippe contrived to rid himself of Talleyrand, and at the same time to turn his unscrupulous morality to account, by despatching him to the court of St. James's, where he could engage in the congenial employment of doing mischief, and amuse himself with repeating the hackneyed tricks of diplomacy. Here in London, however, he was held in no high estimation by

statesmen; the minister who had most to do with him, and knew him best, thought meanly of his abilities, and considered him much better adapted to shine in the confined and murky atmosphere of a continental court, where genius itself is dwarfed and paralysed by the influence of despotism, than to carry on public business in a free country like this, where if statesmen overreach their rivals at all, it is by dint of shere openness and candour in which men accustomed to fraud can put no faith, and therefore suppose them to conceal something else which they vainly torture themselves to discover.

Talleyrand, we say, was regarded in London as a wicked old woman, abounding in scandalous gossip, full of tricks, artful to the last degree in the fabrication of frivolous impostures. While he was hugging himself, therefore, in the belief of his own impenetrability, he was carwigged, hoaxed, and baffled, by more than one British diplomatist. Nevertheless, there are still left some public men who cherish a sort of traditional respect for this old sinner, whose inferiority is irrefragably established by this, that he was incapable of noble thoughts, and could not comprehend an elevated theory of humanity. The corrupt and ignoble never can, whatever may be their abilities. A man truly great, must put faith in human greatness, because he derives from himself his archetype of humanity. He at least knows what thoughts and aspirations inhabit his own soul, he discovers there no taint of meanness; he loves his country and his kind, because it is his pleasure to love them, because he knows that the counterpart of his own greatness and goodness must exist external to himself. All the elements of grandeur are concentrated in this ennobling creed, which is firmly believed in by none but the chiefs of human kind. Talleyrand, in common with all other knaves, repudiated it utterly. He felt his own intrinsic worthlessness, and sought to avenge himself on the rest of the world, by being sceptical in regard to their virtues.

Our object, however, is not to paint the character of this vacillating and hackneyed diplomatist, but cursorily to indicate the manner in which Louis Philippe, after his accession to the throne, eased his shoulders of the burden of obligation, through whatever motive conferred upon him. It has, we believe, been said, that from gratitude to hatred there is but one step; this is more especially true in the case of princes; they always hate such of their subjects as have done them greater services than they can repay. In their presence, they feel themselves to be in some sort their inferiors, because in the reckoning of honour they are debtors, and to owe is a mark of circumscribed power. Besides, it is hard for men whom accident has raised to a throne, to persuade themselves

that they do not deserve their advancement. They, therefore, soon learn to imagine, that as they exercise supreme authority, so ought they to monopolise all endowments and all fame. They are above all things jealous of their rivals in popularity. To be esteemed by the people is to trench upon their prerogative, to stand before them, to eclipse them, and ultimately to deprive them of the affections of the country. This made Tiberius abhor his triumphant generals, and regulated Louis Philippe's machinations to effect the overthrow of the popular leaders, whose folly had placed him over their heads.

It is not, meanwhile, our intention to absolve the victims of Louis Philippe's craft from all blame. They were many of them weak, vain, grasping, and overbearing. They should have understood their situation better. Experience ought to have taught them that a throne, like the seat of the Delphian priestess, inspires all who sit on it with supernatural wisdom, and that frankly to advise a king, therefore, is like attempting to intermeddle with the laws of nature. They had undertaken to reconcile contradictions, to wed democracy to royalty, to give supremacy at once to the will of the people, and to that of the sovereign. But one result could consequently follow. Louis Philippe felt secretly persuaded, and perhaps justly, that they repented of having made him king, and would soon be engaged in endeavouring to unmake him; while, on the other hand, they felt that their presence was irksome to the new court, because it always seemed to wear an air of importunity; and that persons who had done nothing for the monarch, were for that very reason more agreeable to him.

Had they read history with any care, they might have foreseen that things would necessarily happen thus. Here, in England, precisely the same game was played. Charles II., immediately after the restoration, turned adrift all those who had done him any service during his exile. He felt exactly like a debtor in the midst of duns, and took the first opportunity to deliver himself. Every one remembers the fate of Clarendon, and how pathetically the old gentleman bemoaned himself. Yet the reward he received was the proper one. He had written a lying history, and been for many long years engaged in fabricating false and mischievous proclamations, malicious libels, and fraudulent state papers. Charles II. knew all this, and could not trust him. He remembered the old proverb—the dog that will fetch will carry, and arrived instinctively at the conclusion that the abilities which Clarendon had prostituted in his behalf, he might some day or other be tempted by self-interest to turn against him. It is the fate of dishonesty never to inspire confidence.

The example of Louis Philippe and his friends may be regarded as a fresh illustration of this truth. Many of them had been dishonest. If they believed in the practicability of a republic, they were dishonest in raising him to the throne ; and if the contrary was their opinion, they were dishonest in seeking to lead the country to expect the establishment of a democracy. Nothing accordingly could have taken place but that which actually happened. Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and their friends, demagogues, not statesmen, naturally dropped away from about the new idol. Louis Philippe no longer wanted them, and their interference in what were now his concerns, became a bore to him. He abhorred their fantastic nonsense about a republic of which he knew himself to be the antipodes, and he soon grew weary of acting a farce no longer necessary to his political advancement. The consequence was obvious.

It is the business, however, of M. Capefigue to represent the circumstances of those times in a different light. What he wishes to make appear is this ; that while the leaders of the movement were silly and ridiculous pretenders to statesmanship, and as destitute of virtue as of ability, the king was all probity and honour, endowed by nature with a superior intellect, and by experience with every variety of knowledge. This apology adroitly leads to the comparison of Louis Philippe with Augustus Caesar, whom, indeed, he somewhat resembles. He is quite as cunning, and, perhaps, quite as wicked. He has something also of his munificence, though little or nothing of the genius which overthrew the last bulwarks of liberty in Rome, and by policy, suavity, generous confidence and the native force of his character, subdued into acquiescence the boldest and sturdiest of her votaries.

Louis Philippe has in his own country had no great enemies to overcome. France has produced no Brutus or Cassius, and even no Anthony in these latter days. Against Napoleon, who in genius and villany was a Roman, Louis Philippe would have been able to effect nothing. His enemies have been the Fieschi's and Alibauds, antagonists far more worthy of him. He has had to escape from infernal machines, from garret conspiracies, from the Liliputian wickedness of a Liliputian race. There was a magnitude and a grandeur about the crimes of Rome, of which, even in imagination, France is incapable. In the worst days of the revolution, when the genius of villany was emancipated and even encouraged to exercise its utmost invention, there was no massiveness, no originality in the atrocities which were perpetrated. Even the Noyades were an imitation.

M. Capefigue labours hard to create a contrary impression, but

only practically exemplifies the truth, that the sublime is next door neighbour to the ridiculous. His pen would fain invest a row with all the attributes of an insurrection. He imagines what the people might have done, and is led by a sort of national consciousness to compare them with an old raven flapping his wings and digging his beak and talons into a corpse,* accompanying the act by the most disgusting croakings. No writer, even in the worst times of the empire, would ever for a moment have thought of debasing the Roman people by such a comparison. When most a prey to corruption and degeneracy there was terror in their indignation. Trepidation accompanied their outbreaks, and the most hardened tyrants trembled to face them in the paroxysms of their fury. An *émeute* in France has generally, since the accession of Louis Philippe, been a hole and corner business instigated by some obscure criminal, and carried into effect by a handful of desperate vagabonds. To overcome such adversaries surely requires no display of transcendent abilities. Any thing superior to the anile incapacity of Charles X. will suffice to govern France. There is not a despot in Europe who would be unequal to the task. The Parisians bend their neck to the yoke, they only ask bread and journals, and incessant abuse of England.

Where then is the mighty merit of governing, during fifteen years, so submissive and docile a people? There is no nation in the world whose relations, internal or external, are less complex. The population is homogeneous, and addicted to little variety of occupation; and a large amount of political ignorance lies like a dead weight on public opinion all over the kingdom; and this is a necessary result of the rural occupations of the people. An immense majority of the French, engaged from father to son in the pursuits of agriculture, live scattered over the face of the country, in villages and small towns, where much more thought is bestowed on fiddles and five franc pieces than on the franchise, on *réunions* than on reform, on soup than on political economy. There are few great cities which may be regarded as the forges of political opinion. There is little movement in the population, which has everywhere a local impress, a provincial character, a traditional cast of thought utterly inconceivable to us. No speculation, no enterprise, disturbs or intermingles the various strata of society. The descent of trades and professions operates

* This delicate image is, with some slight variation, thus expressed by M. Capefigue, "Le General Daumesnil le vieux soldat, fut obligé de venir parlementer avec cette troupe rugissante, et il parvint à calmer ce rassemblement, plus sombre que le battement des ailes des corbeaux qui s'abattent pour aiguïser leur bec sur les ossements des cadavres."—T. iii., 168.

almost like the laws of caste among the Hindus. The channels of trade are few and narrow, and swept by no brisk current. A sluggish communication goes on between place and place, like that which existed in England during the middle ages. Externally, France has no multiplied relations, little commerce, few colonies, no neighbours but those on her own frontier. Great Britain is neighbour to three-fourths of the world. Innumerable nations stand in contact with her. Half the world depends on her for clothing and the productions of the useful arts. France has nothing to offer to strangers but wines or gewgaws, things which they can very well do without. Her people, therefore, are not much tempted abroad, and, consequently, never acquires that reckless independence of character which is incompatible with a tyrannical government.

The English people could not live under Louis Philippe for one week. They would not attack him with infernal machines, they would hatch no conspiracies, they would break out into no *émeutes*, but they would smother him under petitions, or brain him with a remonstrance. They would meet from one end of the kingdom to the other, they would agitate, they would shake the whole soil of the island with popular emotion. There would be no rest for him or his ministers, night or day. Trade would cease, politics would absorb man, woman, and child, throughout the three kingdoms. He would perceive that he could hope for no peace or intermission till he granted them their rights, and he would therefore grant them.

If M. Cpefigue be of a different opinion, as most probably he is, we should like to hear his reasons for the faith that is in him. These he has not given in the lengthy volumes before us. We grant he is very severe on the French people, abundantly ready to acknowledge their imperfections and to exaggerate their wickedness; for the worse he can prove them to be, the more credit must be due to Louis Philippe for keeping them quiet.

That the King of the Barricades very early learned to distrust his subjects we are aware. Even so far back as December, 1830, he began to be apprehensive of a fatal termination to his reign, and issued a curious order, to the knowledge of which we came by accident. Traversing the Champs Elysées one rainy day, wrapped up to the nose in a cloak, we were about to step into the gardens of the Tuileries, when a sentinel stepped forward and said: 'You can't go in.' 'And why not?' said we. 'Because,' replied the man, 'you have a cloak on.' 'And what harm,' we inquired, 'is there in a cloak?' 'Oh, none in the world,' rejoined he, 'but it is feared there may be something under it.' 'And what is to be done?' continued we. 'Why, just slip off your cloak,' observed the soldier, 'and then step inside the gate and put it on again. I

shall have done my duty, and that's all I care about. His majesty, however, I can tell you, is afraid of cloaks, and of the people who wear them.'

The soldier was right, Louis Philippe had already begun to dread his people. For a few weeks after the Barricades he used to drive about with his family in an open carriage, and appeared anxious to court popularity. He even sometimes ventured, as M. Capefigue very carefully relates, to go abroad on foot with a single aide-de-camp, when he was usually recognised and saluted with loud demonstrations of loyalty. But such days were far too bright to last. The intercourse between king and people is not to be carried on after that fashion in France. It might do very well for the old Emperor of Austria to stump about Vienna, like a parish beadle, and be known and greeted by his phlegmatic subjects with a submissive, affectionate alarm, which insured his safety, and their servitude. The offspring of the French Revolution have not yet reached that pitch. They have just enough of fire left in them, to make it hazardous for their sovereigns to go unescorted abroad, though not enough to compel them to rule constitutionally. They have never yet conquered for themselves the right to hold a public meeting. They cannot congregate together to discuss their grievances, and make speeches, good or bad, and pass resolutions and petition parliament, or remonstrate with it. Hence their partiality for secret societies, and the offensive asperity of their opposition press. But their hostile feelings do not exhale themselves in fierce and fiery declamation as with us; but in calumnious statements, quietly expressed, and odious insinuations. On this fact the French sometimes pride themselves. The reason, however, is, that they always write under correction, and play their little harmless gambols, like a spaniel accustomed to be beaten. They must not speak out, dare not be rough and boisterous. Such habits flourish only in free countries. The subjects of despotic states have always a certain tincture of politeness, which has a secret reference to the stick. In proof of their supposed freedom, they sometimes refer to their *émeutes*, and the saturnalia of their revolution. But all these demonstrate the contrary; they are indications that the pressure was too great, and that the passions of the populace, finding a chance outlet, had burst forth, like the winds in Virgil, suddenly to ravage sea and land.

A people replete with energy, and actuated by strong feelings of independence, is little addicted to revolutions. It will stand no nonsense from its rulers. It does not suffer grievances to accumulate; it lies always on the watch against abuses; it murmurs, it grumbles, it threatens, and thus prevents the necessity of trying

conclusions with the established authorities. Louis Philippe would be a harmless man enough on this side of the Channel. Being gifted with considerable shrewdness, he would at once perceive that it is not for courts or cabinets to play with the feelings of the English people. We must have our representatives, good or bad; we must enjoy the freedom of the tongue; we must say what we please, and publish what we please; discuss any thing and every thing, and that, too, in any numbers, from five hundred to half a million. Enjoying these privileges, we eschew altogether infernal machines, barricades, and that sort of thing. Occasionally, to be sure, we ourselves submit to great abuses, because we know but one way of getting rid of any thing that annoys us, and that way generally requires a considerable length of time to bring us to the point desired. We convince, instead of killing, the opposite party. We assail them with the artillery of public opinion, we thrust out towards them the ugly muzzles of syllogisms, we bring them down by force of argument.

And yet the French sometimes fancy that it is their mission to carry moral and intellectual ideas round the world. To Great Britain they attribute a much lower aim:—

“They call us *traders*, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition.”

But, among other things, we trade also in constitutions, and watch with as much anxiety over the fate of our freedom as over that of our printed cottons. We produce statesmen, too, and would not submit to be lectured by dreary doctrinaires, such as elaborate fustian for the French Chambers. Look at the two countries and the two people! In France, authority meddles with every thing; in England, it never shows itself if it can help it, so that a foreigner might almost imagine we had no government at all. Authority never was so modest as it is in England. It conceals itself behind a thousand pretences, rather than come forward and contest the privileges of the subject. In France, the people cannot make a railway but the government will immediately have a hand in it. In England, scarcely any stress of circumstances can compel the government to invade the domains of private speculation. We draw an almost impassable line between public and private business, and confiding the one to the care of our rulers, forbid them to meddle with any thing else. They know, also, and observe the limits of their duty. They understand what the public expects of them, and with a tact which would excite admiration if it were not every day witnessed, they generally contrive to avoid producing a shock between the interests of the community and the interests of government.

We throw out these hints now, that as M. Capefigue progresses with his pamphlet in ten volumes, he may, if possible, take them into consideration. Perhaps, however, he may not find room for them, since, although he pretends to take all Europe for his theme, he is scarcely ever able to look beyond the frontiers of France. But to him, of course, France is Europe. We admire the ingenuity of patriotism when it keeps within any tolerable limits. But French patriotism too commonly means an utter contempt for every thing beyond the borders. They are the only parallel the Chinese have in Christendom. They have two eyes, and see clearly with both, while all other nations have but one at most.

When the historian of Louis Philippe comes, however, to estimate the amount of mental activity displayed during the first six months of the new period, he discovers little that can afford him satisfaction. Arts and literature seldom flourish in periods of excitement. They are but the ornaments of our intellectual life, and when we are contending for the thing itself, it is impossible to bestow much attention on the mere graces of it. Literary men, in reviewing the progress of mankind, are too apt to overrate the value of mere letters. They forget that nations may be happy without them, and that, even in periods of high civilisation, it may sometimes be questionable whether the contemporary additions to them produce more good or harm. In France, as M. Capefigue acknowledges, the harm predominated. A vicious spirit pervaded nearly all the compositions of the day, which aimed at acquiring popularity by flattering the ignoble passions of the multitude. A sort of mock philosophy, half pantheism, and half sentiment, was got up expressly for the occasion; and this was accompanied by a new theory of political economy, adapted to the capacity of sots and dreamers. The noblest principles of politics were shorn of their dignity by being exhibited in connexion with odious doctrines, which have always been the aversion of honest men. The speculators and visionaries of the period were obviously not aware that, in proportion as political systems divest themselves of the aid of material force, they require the support of doctrines and opinions. Despotism may repose on sensual creeds, may consort with vice, and even derive strength from national profligacy; but the opposite of despotism must, in all times and countries, owe its permanent existence and efficacy to spiritual theories, which nourish virtue in the people, and render patriotism and the abnegation of self habitual conditions of the mind.

France has endeavoured to obtain possession of liberty under impossible circumstances. Her reformers have not sufficiently reflected that society cannot be kept together without the operation of cohesive or repressive principles. If lofty ethical habits, which

endear men to each other, and lead them to discover their own good in the prosperity of their neighbours, do not prevail, their place must be supplied by the fear of power, by selfish solicitude, by mutual suspicion, with which freedom cannot co-exist. There is a strong sensual tendency in the French character. Even the most spiritual writers escape with difficulty from this failing, their highest thoughts and aspirations being too commonly disturbed by exhalations from worldly objects.

At the time immediately succeeding the revolution of July, great additional force was imparted to the grosser passions of the people; during the struggle itself they had, as we have said already, exhibited many good qualities, much disinterestedness, and a very strong desire to promote the good of the community. But afterwards, when they came to observe that the leaders of all parties were endeavouring to secure as many advantages as possible to themselves, and that what might be called the aristocratic class, placed in opposition to the democratic, was drawing up to itself and absorbing all the warmth that should go to vivify the whole body politic, they began to grow ashamed of their enthusiasm, and in their turn endeavoured to snatch as much pleasure and to accumulate as much property as they could for themselves. It was this reactionary feeling that gave rise to most of the excesses of the Parisians. Anxious above all things not to be duped, they sought to recompense themselves for their former sacrifices, by seizing upon all manner of coarse indulgences, which the vicissitudes of the hour flung in their way.

Hence the debasement of literature, the abuse of dramatic exhibitions, and the profane and odious character assumed by what passed just then for philosophy. Volney had observed of an Oriental people, that apprehending nothing after death, believing that when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, no dreams come to disturb our everlasting sleep, they take up arms with alacrity, and throw away their lives with absolute indifference. A phenomenon exactly analogous has from time to time been observable in France. Men steeped in the influence of the senses, swayed by irregular passions, unaccustomed to reflection, destitute of all correct knowledge, have rushed from the orgies of sensuality into the embrace of death without allowing themselves a moment's pause for calm thought. And this is the heroism of pantheistical dogmas, the heroism of those villanous schools, which, at different epochs of the world's history, have reappeared for the calamity of mankind. St. Simonians, Communists, Fourierists, and a rabble of other sectarians arose, preaching vice, and eating like canker-worms into the hopes of future generations.

Their principal attacks were directed against property and

marriage, and it is characteristic of the French that they have clung far more tenaciously to the former than to the latter; for while there has been no relinquishment of estates, no indifference to five-franc pieces, marriage has been allowed to fall into so much disrepute that half the children now born in Paris are illegitimate, and yet the French perceive no absurdity in prating from time to time about democratic institutions as though it were practicable to reconcile such things with the character of a people, a moiety of whom, by their own showing, live in habitual disregard of the fundamental duties of society. With these data before him any one may foresee what is to be the future destiny of France. It must submit to servitude under some form or other until it can resolve to have a national religion; Catholicism, if it can discover nothing better. There is no freedom without faith. The man who believes in nothing better than himself will never make great sacrifices for his fellow-creatures. The body politic is a sphere which is but half earthly, the other half is in the skies, and belongs to them. Weak and fantastic reasoners would strip politics of this attribute of sublimity, and reduce the people to a body of calculating savages congregated together, but still, secretly, in a state of mutual hostility. Religion gives men a common parentage, melts them into one family, throws the links of affection far and wide around the necks of all, creates a common home for the whole human race, where, in the sight of one common Father, they may taste of eternal happiness. The influence exercised by this system is we own less powerful than, for our good, we could desire; but without it man has no choice but to degenerate perpetually, and lose one by one all the attributes which raised him from primæval barbarism, and gave grandeur and expansion to his intellect, beauty to his thoughts, force to his principles, elevation to his fancies, and a broad and permanent basis to his happiness.

ART. XI.—1. *Les Mystères de Londres*. Par Sir FRANCIS TROLOPP. 9 vols. Bruxelles. 1845.

2. *Zambala l'Indien: ou Londres à vol d'Oiseau*. Par J. ARAGOL. 4 vols. Paris. 1845.

THE French are fond of calling themselves *le peuple le plus sympathique du monde*,—the people, above all others, endowed with large and liberal sympathies. It is their 'mission,' they say, to lead the march of modern civilisation. Their fitness for this high

calling is manifested by innumerable tokens. In literature, for instance, they have achieved eminence in several departments. Their eminence as travellers and painters of other nations, is incontestable of its kind. The kind is somewhat peculiar. Among all the faculties which they possess in any remarkable superiority, the faculty of not being able, as Locke quaintly says, 'to see beyond the smoke of their own chimneys,' is very distinguished. This characterises them as observers of other nations. They are the Cockneys of Europe. With true Cockney spirit, they either gape in wondering enthusiasm at every thing which is new to them, or else submit it to the test of their small standard. Thus we shall see M. Arago falling down, awe-struck, before the sublimity of the London policeman; as we have known the Parisian describe Switzerland as *une jolie décoration*. The power of observing what lies before them, be it of the simplest, is a power few of them possess. They must 'dress up' what they see. Reality is so prosaic; truth so feeble; and if not feeble, so *ignoble*. Now a writer's aim cannot of course be to convey simple truths; it must, as Bayes says, be to 'elevate and surprise.' This aim French tourists pursue, with a success more than respectable. They *do* surprise, not only their countrymen, but the nations whose manners they portray. We have already, in this Review, witnessed some examples of their success. The work of M. Alfred Michiels on England must be fresh in the memory of our readers. But that was nothing in comparison with the two works placed at the head of this article—works which on all accounts deserve an introduction here—works of lofty pretensions to truth (*vide* respective prefaces)—works of conscientious labour, and of high moral influence, to say nothing of '*les qualités du style, les péripéties du drame, les protestations énergiques*,' &c., &c., &c.

English society is such a complex subject, and its varieties are so numerous, that it would be no easy task for a foreigner to depict it. Indeed, one may be often surprised at the ignorance occasionally exhibited even by Englishmen, and men in such a position as would have enabled them, one would think, to know better. But if we reflect upon the strong, the almost irresistible, tendency in every mind to generalise from one or two facts, and to conclude that these facts are the general characteristics of a nation, we shall understand how easy it is for foreigners to give us their experience, and yet be ludicrously wrong. Moreover, let us couple this tendency with the *nature* of the facts likely to be observed, and we shall then understand most of the extravagances which are credited of us on the continent. The nature of the facts may easily be defined. They are either public, *i. e.* what takes place in the streets and open places; or,

they are private, i.e. domestic. The former are easy enough to ascertain, but they do not reach far. The latter are extremely difficult, because extremely complex.

This is the way a Frenchman of the middle classes spends his month or more in London. He speaks no English of course; scarcely any Frenchman does.* He understands it, however, *parfaitement*; all Frenchmen do (if we are to believe them). He lodges with one of his countrymen; dines at one of the restaurants in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square; sees the 'lions'; spends his Sunday at Greenwich or Richmond; goes to the theatre; lounges up Regent-street; is alarmed at the quantity of money he spends, and the little amusement he gets for it; and returns to *la belle France*, to instruct his friends as to how things are managed across the Channel. He has seen our streets, our parks, our theatres, our 'lions,' our equipages, our splendour, and our rags. He has seen as much of England as the generality of Englishmen see of France.

But there is another class of visitors; more observing, better instructed. A Frenchman of this class has probably some letters of introduction; but he must be very lucky in the persons to whom they are addressed, or he must be a very superior person himself, if these letters do much for him. In every case he 'boards in a family.' He has a nice little drawing-room *au premier*; he takes his meals with the family. The friends of that family become known to him. He is invited to their houses; he observes their manners; and he generalises from them. A cautious man might easily make this mistake of hasty generalisation. For observe, that to a Frenchman his landlady is a lady. He of course cannot draw nice distinctions in manners; and the mere fact of his landlady taking a boarder is to him insignificant. As no one in France has a whole house to himself, to 'let lodgings' is the most natural thing in the world. Now, although we are quite aware that straitened means are not always synonymous with inelegant manners, we must still say that, with due allowance for individual exceptions, the class of society in which a man mixes, who mixes with the friends of the family in which he boards, is *not* a representative of English breeding, is *not* the type which Englishmen recognise; no more than methodists are true specimens of Church of Englandism. Yet the pictures of English society published in France are obviously taken from this class;

* We can vouch for the literal truth of the following anecdote:—A Frenchman who had resided nearly a year and a half in London without acquiring three English phrases, inveighed against the stupidity of the people of the house where he lodged, because they could not converse with him. '*Sont ils bêtes ces Anglais?*' Here I have been nearly eighteen months in this house, and the boobies can't speak a word of French to me yet.'

even when the painter has had opportunities of seeing better society, his habitual study has been of the class we speak of.

This is not the only cause of a Frenchman's misrepresentation of England. Setting his personal feelings towards us aside, we must still believe him to be essentially incompetent to form a correct opinion not only of us, but of every foreign nation. The French mind is the least flexible of any. The prejudices of an Englishman are neither wise nor agreeable; like all prejudices, they make the possessor ridiculous, offensive, and short-sighted. But an Englishman needs very little travel, if he have two grains of intelligence, to make him give up all such prejudices as are not wholly moral. This the Frenchman cannot do. France is his invariable standard, because he identifies himself with it.

We must be understood as speaking generally. Individual Frenchmen have studied England in an earnest conscientious spirit. We have no books on France at all equal to Gustave de Beaumont's 'Irlande,' and Léon Faucher's 'Angleterre;' such exceptions to the general tenor of their books we are delighted to acknowledge. Let us also notice the careful and accurate articles which Philarète Chasles publishes in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which exhibit an intimate acquaintance with our language and literature, and a fair appreciation of our writers. The article on Burke, in the November number, is the very best we ever read on the subject. Nor should we omit to mention the new review, 'La Revue Nouvelle,' which promises to take an important stand in periodical literature, and is animated by a grave and temperate spirit of friendliness towards England.*

The two works placed at the head of this article are worth a few minutes' attention. They will, perhaps, instruct the reader; they will unquestionably tell him much that he never knew before, but which two clear-sighted Frenchmen have seen with their piercing eyes. Sir Francis Trollope, emulating M. Sue, determined on concentrating the observations he had made in his 'nombreux voyages' to England, in a work which should be for London what M. Sue's work was for Paris. But Sir Trollope, though a great admirer of Eugène Sue, thought that in 'Les Mystères' the latter had indulged too freely in the exercise of imagination. He, Sir Trollope, determined to exclude imagination in favour of reality; his book should be '*palpitant et vrai*.' To this task he was very competent. His '*vie agitée*' had been passed in various

* In our last number, we gave a slight account of this periodical. To what we then said, we have now to add, that a change has taken place in the mode of publication. The 'Revue Nouvelle' now appears twice a month. A change decidedly for the better.

circles : now in the bosom of the most *résearché* society, and now in the secret haunts of vice and crime. To him had been opened the *salons* of Belgrave-square, the clubs of Pall Mall, and the low taverns of St. Giles's. In fact, Sir Trollope was a sort of Marquis of Waterford; he was fond of 'seeing life;' what he saw, has been dramatised in nine wearisome volumes—volumes which have raised him from his deserved obscurity into a *feuilleton* notoriety. He is now writing at a rapid rate; and he no longer indulges in the pseudonyme of Sir Trollope: he is Paul Féval, 'auteur des *Mystères de Londres*, &c.'

'Zambala' is by J. Arago, brother of the astronomer, author of the '*Voyage autour du Monde*,' and contributor to several of the small newspapers of Paris: an empty, extravagant, turgid writer, labouring to be 'terrible' and 'palpitant,' in the style of 'Eugène Sue,' and being only wearisome and turgid. We never remember such fierce strivings after 'effect,' with so little effect produced. It may be mentioned as a specimen of his grandiloquence, that having lost his sight, he now never speaks of himself but as 'le pauvre Belisaire!' Certainly Belisarius was blind, but so is the beggar at the corner of our street; and we see no more resemblance between Belisarius and the beggar, than between Belisarius and the obscure *feuilletonist*.

Neither M. Arago nor Sir Francis is inimical to England. The impression resulting from a perusal of their works would certainly be extravagantly false; but the writers are evidently great admirers of the country they translate. The disagreeable effect is caused by the topics they select. An odour of beer and gin rises from their pages. The atmosphere reeks with the fumes of disgraceful orgies. The horrors of Bedlam, the brutalities of 'hells' and public-houses, the filth of St. Giles's, and the hideous vices of the pariahs of society, thieves, pimps, and prostitutes are crowded together in these books; and as if such scenes were not 'palpitant' enough in their own naked horror, they must be dressed up with all the tawdry eloquence, and unscrupulous exaggeration of third-rate *feuilletonists*. It will be readily admitted that a 'fight' is terrible enough in its reality; but the descriptions given in '*Les Mystères*,' and in '*Zambala*,' are sickening. Prurient imaginations, dabbling in filth, may find such descriptions to their taste. As representations of any thing English, they are laughable.

Wearisome as these books are, they have their uses. Wading knee deep in filth and folly, we sometimes alight upon a strip of ground which almost repays us for the toil. Such insights into our social condition! such revelations of our virtues and vices! M. Arago has 'revealed' to us the policeman. The reader, perhaps, fancies that he knows very well what a policeman is; the

reader flatters himself. M. Arago, who has made a voyage round the world—who is an observer *par excellence*—who knows London ‘as few know it’—contrasts the policeman with the sergent-de-ville. The result of this contrast is highly favourable to England; how true it may be the reader shall judge. Be it known, therefore, that while in France the primary requisite of the guardian of the peace is strength of wrist; in the policeman it is suavity of speech—*la politesse du langage*. The sergent-de-ville is a man with a fierce aspect, large whiskers, harsh voice, and broad shoulders. The policeman is a man delicately shaped, *une nature svelte*, with blue eyes, with *un regard limpide*, with aristocratic hands, white and small. The sergent-de-ville must be expert in his use of the cane, and must understand *la savate*. To the policeman such advantages are useless; he has scarcely ever to sustain any struggle with offenders, his whole eloquence consists in persuading ‘par la parole qui prêche toujours et avec douceur le respect de la loi.’ How little do we comprehend that which is daily passing before us! A Londoner imagines a policeman to be a very useful, but supremely inelegant member of society. But it appears that the policeman is as elegant as he is useful, and as humane as he is elegant. He is a ‘*nature svelte*,’ his eyes are blue, his hands are white, his eloquence soft and persuasive. The Londoner imagines him to be somewhat rough and peremptory in manner, breaking Priscian’s head with as little remorse as if it were the head of a pickpocket. M. Arago declares that the menace of a policeman is a fraternal exhortation. He watches over the city with the tender solicitude of a pastor who guards a flock. ‘Vous lisez toujours,’ exclaims the enthusiastic observer, ‘la bienveillance sur le visage épanoui du policeman.’ Is not this a revelation? But travellers do not always see alike. M. Paul Féval, in ‘Les Mystères de Londres,’ has a very different opinion of the elegance, urbanity, and utility of the policeman, who, he says, is sleeping or waking almost always, a very ‘*maussade inutilité*’; he is indolent, phlegmatic, and indifferent, for the public, but becomes a little more active for the nobility. He is also eminently corruptible. A pickpocket taken *flagrante delicto* slips a sovereign into the policeman’s hand, and is allowed to escape. M. Arago, however, is very sincere in his opinion of the police. He has made one of them the hero of his book. Here is his portrait:—

“One amongst them was especially distinguished by the affability of his manners, the elegance of his language, the regularity of his features, on which were stamped an ineffable sweetness. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty, belonging to a family of honest tradesmen, of small fortune, but honourably acquired. Georges Oxley knew that he

was handsome; for the *jeunes miss* who passed near him, at first looked down, and quickly glanced up again, only to ascertain whether *the eyes of the policeman were as soft and dreamy as they were reputed in the world*. Further on they once more looked back to convince themselves that Georges possessed the grace and elegance which generally distinguish young men of good family; and then the *jeunes ladies*, still only from curiosity, for I will not dive further into their consciences, passed again, and let their handkerchiefs or parasols fall by chance, in order to be able to contradict public opinion, which endowed Georges with the purest pronunciation, and the most harmonious voice."

These slight incidents occurred so frequently, that they would have rendered the most modest man in the three kingdoms conceited; and Georges, without intending it, without knowing it, perhaps, was forced to think that he had been noticed among the crowd of policemen, his brethren.

"His was a privileged nature, gentle and calm externally, warm and powerful internally, but so doubtful of his future, that a deep sentiment of sadness and bitterness was always to be read in his smile. Georges would never have had the power to run after happiness; he would have feared a deception, and therefore it was, perhaps, that when all was joy in his house, he alone, always at the post of honour confided to him, bore so much melancholy and timidity in his appearance and his words, that it was impossible to look at him without a strong feeling of interest and a touching affection. Activity of mind and apathy of body sometimes go together. Georges Oxley thought, and thought a great deal; but when inquisitive looks, when maternal solicitude sought to guess the cause of his painful preoccupation, his broad and open brow became pure and serene, his manners, his language recovered their natural manliness, and the more energy you found in him at that moment, the more you pitied him for the violence he submitted to from a sense of dignity."

This 'lion' of a policeman, whom all *les jeunes miss* are talking about, is, we presume, the Childe Harold of the force. He joins in no ignoble orgies. He flirts with no cook or kitchen maid. Cold meat in the kitchen is unknown to him. He stands aloof:

"Not that he loves *maids* less, but *ladies* more."

And ladies love him. Lord B.'s daughter, the charming Lady Emmeline, not only loves, but marries him. One exquisite touch about her we must preserve. Georges' family keep a lace warehouse. Emmeline goes there frequently. One day she goes there, but is dissatisfied with every thing shown her. Georges' sister guesses the cause. Emmeline expected to find *him* there; to be served by *him*; but Childe Harold is at that hour 'on his

beat; the daughters of England are admiring his dreamy eyes, while he is exhibiting the '*politesse du langage*' and '*les mains de bonne maison*,' which are the characteristics of the force. Emmeline says she will call another day, and leaves the shop; but in leaving it she drops a sovereign into the hands of a beggar girl, whispering, '*Prie pour moi, et pour lui!*'

We know not under what aspect to admire this most. The accuracy of the picture is rivalled by the perfection of the sentiment. The sovereign to a beggar indicates the wealth of our aristocracy; the request to the beggar: 'Pray for me and for *him*' (the policeman), charmingly typifies our national sentiment, and *abandon*.

Sir Trollope, though he does not share M. Arago's penchant for policemen, assures us that the hangman is a gentleman; a fact of which we were in ignorance. He also represents the Earl of White Manor taking his wife out into the market with a rope round her neck, and offering her for sale; according to the law and custom of our land. But even this is insignificant beside his Sir Brian de Lancaster, Lord White Manor's younger brother, who, because the law of primogeniture has deprived him of an equal share in the family property, refuses to accept a liberal allowance from his brother, and because he cannot have half, will have none. Having made this resolution, he sells matches in the streets, and pesters Lord White Manor by always accosting him in public with a request that he will buy matches of his younger brother. This is called a '*duel sourd*' between the two brothers; all London applauds the younger brother; the earl is driven almost mad.

The manner in which public places are made the scenes of all sorts of extraordinary transactions may be gathered from one example in each author. In '*Les Mystères*' a murder and robbery are attempted in the Temple Church during service; in '*Zambala*' a murder is effected at the opera; and the assassin escapes.

M. Arago, although adoring our police, has somewhat singular opinions of our morals. Our trials, he says, are decided by the number of witnesses. He puts it in this dramatic manner:

'How many witnesses have you? *Two*. And you? *Four*. The first loses the cause: numbers have so much influence on this mercantile nation!'

That is rather a good piece of logic. Sir Trollope equals it, when he attributes the hatred of the English towards the French, to the simple fact that England *borrow*s fashions, cooks, and opera-dancers from France; and as every debtor hates, more or less, his creditor, *indè iræ*. This is the reason why the Frenchman

in English farces always appears as '*un faquin, un fan faron couard, un fat loquace.*' Modest!

M. Arago also informs us that if a young lady comes home with her bosom adorned with a magnificent necklace, her fingers glittering with brilliants, her brow ornamented with a rich diadem, *it is a rare thing for the father or brother to ask her whence such precious jewels come*; and if by chance, as an exception, they do remark them, the most trivial answers satisfy them, and they demand pardon for their indiscreet curiosity. Secrets worth knowing! It would appear that young ladies are in the habit of returning from a promenade so bedizened. It would also appear that brothers and fathers do not greet the bedizened damsels with a stare; nothing is noticed, or if noticed, an apology is made for the indiscretion. We were wholly ignorant of this.

Equally ignorant were we of another fact observed by the same sensible and acute traveller, viz. that as soon as some atrocious criminal is brought to justice, every one is ambitious of having belonged to his select circle of acquaintance, of having pressed his hand in friendship, of having dined with him, &c. That people are anxious to see and speak to any criminal we know; that they are proud of having dined with him is, to say the least, novel to us. We should have imagined that our old proverb, about 'birds of a feather,' would have put some restraint on such an ambition.

Travellers, however, 'see strange things;' and draw stranger conclusions. Thus Sir Trollope paints a scene of pickpocketing at the entrance to a theatre; the victim, whose property is being 'conveyed' from him, cries out to the surrounding persons, entreating them to arrest the thief:

'Nobody,' says Sir Francis, 'responded to that appeal, as was proper. In London, the maxim, *every one for himself*, is put in practice with inflexible rigour.'

So egoistic a nation are we, that we let thieves escape rather than disturb ourselves! This is a reproach which must make England blush—if it be true; if not, then 'let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.'

In both these books we are favoured with sketches of living persons. All the notorious men about town are introduced; and the Duke of Brunswick is painted in the most glowing colours by M. Arago. The duke and the policeman seem to be his ideals of mankind. Sir Trollope's anachronisms are to be pardoned in a foreigner, though striking ludicrously on the English ear; and perhaps a similar excuse may be made for his reviving worn out anecdotes, and passing them off as inventions. In one

case, however, he has improved on his original. It is this. All the world knows the celebrated *jeu d'esprit* of 'the marquis,' who vowed he would shave off the redundant whiskers of an honourable M.P. This has been transferred to one of Sir Francis heroes, and in the following shape.

"The Honourable Pegasus Anticorn, M.P., wore terrific moustaches; these moustaches were unfortunate enough to displease Brian de Lancaster. One morning he went to the club and formally announced his intention of annihilating them.

"The Honourable Pegasus Anticorn was informed thereof in the course of the evening; whereupon he armed himself with a pair of double-barrelled pistols, determined to die rather than lose his moustaches.

"The next day the 'Times' announced that the honourable Brian de Lancaster would that day cut off the moustaches of the Honourable Pegasus Anticorn, M.P.

"A sabre was added to the pistols.

"The day after, London was covered with gigantic placards, promising a reward of a hundred pounds to whoever would bring the moustaches of the Honourable Pegasus Anticorn, M.P., to the house of Brian de Lancaster.

"Pegasus put on a coat of mail.

"The day following, the 'Herald,' 'Chronicle,' and 'Post,' gave an account of several gentlemen, possessors of large moustachees, who had been assassinated in the bosoms of their families, by banditti eager for the promised reward of a hundred pounds.

"Pegasus reflected: he sent for a barber; and then sent his moustaches, with a challenge, to Brian. Brian cut off his right ear at the first shot."

In spite of numerous absurdities, which excite a smile in the English reader, '*Les Mystères de Londres*,' is very soporific. Instead of being '*palpitant et vrai*,' as the author intended, it is wearisome and false. We have spoken already of the lowness of its topics; one chapter is entitled *Sang et Boue*: the title might fitly be applied to the whole work; it is written with a pen dipped in the gutter. As a picture of English life—even of the 'mysteries' of English life—it is absurd; as a romance it is stale and tiresome. The leading personages are the 'members of a band of rascals, who as smugglers, thieves, coiners, swindlers, and cut-throats, form a very 'terrible' association. The idea of this 'family' is poorly copied from Balzac's extravagant notion of '*Les Treize*.' In Balzac, thirteen men, all of prodigious energy and talent, combine together to rule society. They pretend to be almost strangers to each other. They assist each other with unhesitating, unreflecting devotion. And by means of their energy, their devotion, and their association, they become all powerful. In '*Les Mystères*' the 'family' has its mem-

bers in every grade of society; but its object is simply that of plunder. It has its noblemen, its physicians, its merchants, its bill discounters, its smugglers, its bullies, and its cut-throats. The existence of this society is 'perfectly known to the police;' but the police are impotent. That persuasive eloquence which M. Arago admires in the police, seems to be ineffectual with the *gentlemen of the night*.

"Before proceeding any further," says Sir Francis, "we think it proper here to tell the reader, that the immense association which bears in London the name of *The Family*, is constituted, with little difference, like the society it plunders. Only it is better constituted.

"It possesses a public, gentry and nobility, people, knights, and the senate.

"It likewise possesses a chief, who is king in all the magnificence of the term—king as were Henry the Eighth, or Elizabeth, of pious memory—king in earnest.

"We do not know whether it is allowable to give the ignoble name of *flash* to the language agreed upon by the various members of the association. These members, it is true, are robbers, but the bandits of London are noblemen.

"At any rate, the language of *The Family* resembles very little the language of Shakspeare. Our witty brother and countryman, Mr. Charles Dickens, has given numerous specimens of it in several of his charming tales. *Our fashionable Reviews have of late been so full of it, that they might be supposed to be exclusively edited by swell-mobs or swindlers.* Thus these writers of fashion no longer say: Who will pay the expense? *They chirp: Who is to stump up?* A penny is to them a *meg*, sixpence a *tanner*, a shilling a *bob*, a crown a *bull*, a sovereign a *coutter*, as if they had been sworn *smashers* from their earliest childhood.

"In order to express that their hero has passed the Insolvent Debtors' Court, they have a number of positively delightful periphrases. *This one has undergone a whitewashing; another has passed the Portugal soap-manufactory; a third has put a clean shirt on the old man.*

"All these are because the Insolvent Debtors' Court stands in a street called Portugal-street. Perhaps, also, because all those who frequent this court, barristers and judges included, really require a universal washing."

It will, doubtless, be somewhat startling to the English public to hear that our Reviews are so full of *flash* as to seem like the literature of swindlers. The grace and concinnity of Sydney Smith, the vigour and idiomatic charm of Macaulay, the scholarly 'Quarterly,' and the fastidious 'Edinburgh,' certainly are not specimens of the 'language of Shakspeare;' but that they are specimens of the literature of the swell-mob never before occurred to us.

Sir Francis continues:

"*The Family*, besides the especial degrees of a hierarchy unequalled in the whole world, and complicated to infinity, is composed of three constituted bodies: the *men*, the *gentlemen*, the *lords*. It is probable the title of gentleman is acquired by the force of things; that of lord is submitted to a sort of election.

"Above all these is the *father*, whom the *men* call *His Honour*, or designate by a proper name, which is subject to change, but not by the death of its bearer. This name is from time to time changed, like an old coat. Towards 1811, *His Honour's* name was Jack, so that many then thought, with some reason, that it was Jack Ketch; later, the dynasty of *Edward* commenced. Trustworthy communications permit us to affirm, that in 1844 the *father* of the *Family* is in orders, and possesses livings to the amount of more than a million of francs. His subjects call him the *Mandarin*.

"Nevertheless, he is married according to the flesh with a respectable lady; his domestic arrangements are excellent, and he is the edification of the British clergy.

"In 183—, *Edward* reigned probably more by right of conquest than by that of birth. *The Family* made fearful progress under his reign. Diamonds of the crown were stolen, heroic robberies were committed."

Some of these heroic acts are given in the volumes before us; we have too much respect for our readers to extract them. *Rio Santo*, his *Honour*, is an Irish adventurer who, assuming a Spanish name, and the title of marquis, becomes the 'Lion.' He is no ordinary animal. He is the ideal of all the men; the 'adored one' of all the women. A '*Whiggesse de Lettres* (!) fut jusqu'à lui proposer de l'illustrer à l'aide d'un roman en quatorze parties de six volumes 8vo. chacune.' Not only the 'whiggesse,' but the whole aristocracy of England quarrel for him. There is a constant struggle to get him; no party is complete without him. A Countess of Derby is his public mistress. He is Lovelace, Lord Byron, Rodolphe, and Vautrin, all in one. No one asks at the Spanish embassy about this enormously wealthy and all-powerful marquis. No one is curious about his family. He calls himself marquis, and all the aristocracy of England accept him upon his own statement. There is no Spaniard in London to confound him. There is no Englishman who has been in Spain, to confound him. His wealth is derived from smuggling, robbery, and coining. No one refuses to take his false notes; no one inquires into his affairs.

The extreme probability of this is heightened by *Rio Santo* having some companions moving in the same society, and all equally unsuspected. A Jew, cut down from the gallows and restored to life by the '*Family*,' is again in society, under the name of Sir Edmund Mackenzie: no one suspects him. A Ger-

man physician, of true English breed, meets with no German to converse with and detect him. All these swindlers pass unsuspected through the highest society—society in which every one's family and connexions are intimately known to every one.

But Sir Trollope, so severe on Eugène Sue, for substituting imagination in the place of reality, is, of course, here merely describing what he has observed; he disdains the idea of invention; what he describes is a matter of history. This is a valuable quality in a painter of society. 'Les drames terribles' of our social life are quite piquant enough, without having recourse to fiction. We quite agree with him. Eugène Sue has erred on the side of fiction. Has Sir Francis escaped the error? That he has not shown a brilliant imagination, we cordially admit. Has he then painted the reality? He says so; he has endeavoured to describe what he has seen. All we can say is, that he has seen very strange things.

ART. XII.—1. *The Bengal Hurkaru*, September and October, 1845.

2. *The Delhi Gazette*, October, 1845.

3. *The Friend of India*, October, 1845.

4. *The Madras Spectator*, September and October, 1845.

MOST persons who bestow any attention on Indian affairs, now regard with deep interest the prospect presented us by the East. It is felt that very great changes are about to take place there. Until recently the English appear to have been too much the slaves of a traditional policy, founded on a pettyfogging interpretation of treaties, rather than on just views of the interests of the country. One set of notions restrained us from taking the proper steps towards bringing the Chinese to reason; by another we were withheld from attempting any settlement on the vast island of Borneo; a third interfered with our occupation of Afghanistan; while in India itself similar prejudices have regulated our proceedings, and betrayed us into the persuasion that our duty requires us to sit still, and behold the native governments successively fall to pieces, after having passed through a protracted state of convulsions, rather than by timely interference, to preserve the inhabitants from incalculable calamities and sacrifices.

Most statesmen of the Tory school have encouraged theories like these, because they favour the besetting sin of men without energy of mind, who would rather discover an excuse for doing nothing, than apply themselves vigorously to the perform-

ance of their public duties. Whether at home or abroad, they love to taste the sweets of office, mingled with as few as possible of the bitters. To stand still is easy, to advance is laborious. They have, therefore, exercised their ingenuity rather in discovering excuses for inaction, than in examining the actual condition of the East, with a view to enlarge the field of our commerce or the circle of our political influence. From the high places of office, these pernicious ideas have descended to the lowest level of society, and obtained universal diffusion through the press. In India more especially, we observe a large and not uninfluential school of writers, delivering perpetual homilies on the sin of ambition, and pointing out what appears to them to be the folly of putting a period to the petty despotisms which have in all ages been the curse of India.

At present we witness with pleasure the spread of better principles; and events, which, after all, are the most successful teachers of mankind, will probably soon impart additional strength to the convictions of reason. It seems difficult to give currency to a sound theory of political ethics. A majority of persons, who fancy themselves capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, affect to entertain the belief that Providence keeps special watch over established governments, be their character what it may, for which reason it must, they suppose, be criminal to overthrow them.

But the most obstinate fallacies must yield, in the long run, to logic and experience. No maxim is more commonplace than this, that all governments were established originally for the benefit of the governed. If we would be consistent with ourselves, we must consent to draw the legitimate consequences from the doctrine thus laid down, and maintain, that when governments cease to effect the purpose for which they were established, the sanction of right and law wherewith they were at first invested, is withdrawn from them, and they are left defenceless, and purposely so, by Providence, to encounter the shock of accident. When things have arrived at this pass, no criminality can attach to the act of dissolving such institutions, provided they who compass their removal are prepared to set up something better in their stead. And we suppose it will be generally allowed that the government of the English in India is preferable, in most cases, to that of the native princes, whose rule in all ages, as well before as after our arrival in the country, has been lamentably incapable of securing the happiness of the people.

These remarks we have made to soften the regret of those who view with sorrow the disappearance of the native governments one after another, and in the course of a few years will probably have

to witness the overthrow of the last of them. If they were mere theatrical exhibitions, exercising no injurious effects on the happiness of the people, we might ourselves in some instances bestow on them a certain degree of admiration. They might serve extremely well for models of descriptions in romances. The wealth of a whole country, concentrated in one city and principally in one palace, may enable the monarch, even of a kingdom of moderate dimensions, to surround himself with circumstances of grandeur exceedingly striking to the eye. Beheld in the midst of regal halls, lofty, spacious, and glittering with barbaric ornaments, surrounded by gorgeously dressed courtiers, and receiving from his subjects obedience almost amounting to adoration, he necessarily appears to the vulgar eye a personage of great authority, possessed of what are called royal virtues, inherited with his sceptre from a long line of ancestors. He is known, moreover, to be the lord of many hundred imprisoned queens; and the extent of his opulence being altogether indefinite, it is supposed that calculation can set no bounds to it.

Circumstances like these impose on the imaginations of many honest persons, who seem very sincerely to believe that an individual thus situated must be deserving of respect, and that a long indulgence in a similar course of life has created for him rights to enjoy it for ever. Their minds seem incapable of understanding that the repetition of acts of wickedness or folly cannot create a right, and that the more frequently a man offends against the principles of justice, the less deserving is he of commiseration when calamity or punishment at length overtakes him.

We trust, that some such reflections as these will by degrees reconcile the partisans of the Amirs of Scinde to the downfall of those usurpers, upon whom an immense amount of superfluous pity seems to have been expended. But pity, like other articles, may sometimes be obtained for a consideration in the market. Thus, sundry expert sophists at Bombay have disposed of a large amount of pity and sympathy to the Amirs for an equivalent amount of hard cash, and the commodity will no doubt be forthcoming as long as there exists a demand for it. The people of Scinde inspired the gentlemen in question with no pity, because they had nothing to give in return for it. They were oppressed and impoverished, pillaged and maltreated, by their rulers, whose tyranny not only deprived them of their property, but closed against them the compassion of the Bombay press. For who could feel any thing for wretches, so poor as not to be able to fee an advocate? When we have sometimes attempted to make them the objects of a little consideration, we have been posed by some such inquiries as these: if they did not like the government of the

Amirs, why did they continue to live under it? Why did they not collect together all their goods and chattels, if their gentle rulers had left them any, and emigrate into the Company's territories? And these judicious questions have been deemed conclusive. Persons of the same sage class might have indulged in the same inquiries on the subject of Ireland, and of the poor and destitute in this country. Why don't all those who find that they can't live here emigrate to America, or Australia, or New Zealand, or any other spot of easy access? To find an answer is beyond our ingenuity, though one reason why they don't take the step in question may be, that they can't. This at any rate was the case of the people of Sinde. They would have been very glad to effect their escape even from their native land, had the means been within their reach; but the Amirs had taken care of that, by impoverishing them so completely, that they could not travel three hours without begging.

It may perhaps excite surprise in some that we allude at all to this question, which we hoped we had disposed of two years ago. But the Sinde controversy is still raging in India, where scarcely a week passes without giving birth to numerous articles for or against the Talpoor family. Very recently an officer, serving under Sir Charles Napier, drew up in form an accusation against the Amirs, enumerating their crimes, public and private, and contending that they are wholly unworthy of the slightest sympathy. This communication, signed Omega, and printed in the 'Gentleman's Gazette,' has imparted fresh vigour to the contest, which will probably be carried on at intervals for years to come. Our motive, however, for recurring to the subject is merely to show that the very worst rulers of the East are sure to find apologists among the conductors of the Indian press. When we march into the Punjâb, therefore, and restore public tranquillity to that country, it will immediately be discovered by the same enlightened and patriotic individuals, that the Sikh chiefs were patterns of moderation and equity, and that our Indian government has been guilty of an act of injustice that must cause us to be detested throughout Asia.

But will Sir Henry Hardinge, it may be asked, take the step to which we have alluded? In our opinion the present Governor-general would be happy to be spared the necessity of having recourse to any vigorous measures, and to devote the whole period of his administration to the ordinary details of business, to the dispensing of patronage, and to correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. He has not been fitted by nature voluntarily to undertake or accomplish any thing great, though like many other persons he may have greatness thrust upon him. Up to this moment he has given no signs

of administrative power, or of any statesman-like qualities. The press of Bengal is filled with angry invectives against the spirit of his appointments, and the whole character of his policy, if policy he can be said to have. As we have already observed, however, his sole desire appears to be to kill time, receive his salary, and return to Europe with the reputation, if possible, of having done no harm, and if possible also of having done no good. What he may be meditating we will not take upon us to decide, neither can we pretend to foresee in what direction the irresistible current of events may force him to proceed. But data enough have been supplied by his conduct since his landing in India, for arriving at a tolerably correct conclusion respecting the career he desires to pursue.

If our estimate of Sir Henry Hardinge's character be a just one, he is not the man who should be Governor-general at a period like the present, which is evidently big with the most momentous events. Within India and without there are numerous circumstances which require to be regulated by a master hand. For many years to come we cannot reasonably expect the occurrence of a long interval of repose, seeing how many states are manifestly approaching their dissolution, and how many enemies, stationed on our immediate frontiers, are watching anxiously for a favourable moment for pouring their undisciplined hordes into our territories, less with views of conquest than of plunder and carnage. On all sides our Asiatic empire is at this moment closely invested by uneasy elements: the Belooches, Affghans, and Sikhs on the north and north-west, the Nepaleese on the north, the Burmese on the east, and the Chinese still further in the same direction. Scarcely can the most delicate and skilful policy preserve us from coming into hostile collision, in the course of a very few years, with each of these classes of enemies. However prudently we may conduct ourselves we shall not be able to avoid our destiny, which evidently is to carry on wars and to make conquests till our national forces are spent, till the impulse from our central home ceases to act, till all the vast and scattered elements of our power strike against some impassable barrier and are rolled back like waves towards the spot from whence they came.

One of the reasons of this state of things must be sought for in the character of our neighbours, the greater number of whom understand neither themselves nor us. Existing in a state of barbarism, they are led to place too much reliance on their own resources, which they see, and to make far too little account of ours, which are invisible to them. They, therefore, court rather than avoid a struggle with us; and it is only when beaten and laid prostrate, and deprived perhaps of half their territories, that they discover the madness of the enterprise in which they were

so eager to engage. But it must be reckoned among the misfortunes of barbarous people, that they are self-confident and ignorant. Could they be made to comprehend their own feebleness, they would rest content with the independence which we never envy them, and seek to live in amity with us, and enrich themselves by our trade, instead of courting and provoking a contest, in which nothing but hard knocks can be their portion.

But experience has shown, that uncivilised nations are incapable of contemplating their own interests dispassionately. The animal propensities prevail in them over the intellect, in which consists their claim to be regarded as barbarians. And, therefore, as we cannot alter the nature of things, we must calculate on the perpetual recurrence of hostilities on our Indian frontiers. The policy of the Governor-general must constantly vary, according to the exigencies of the case. In some instances, conquest may already have carried us to the natural limits of our dominions; to transgress which, would be to sin against the fundamental principles of statesmanship. Here, therefore, when driven by the force of circumstances into war, our object should be chastisement inflicted solely with the view of constraining our neighbours to keep the peace. Elsewhere our course must be widely different. For, whoever considers the natural structure of India with its immemorial political relations, cannot fail to be convinced that the present limits of our empire are not those which nature has assigned to the possessions of the supreme rulers of that land. We ought clearly to be masters of the barriers which surround it on all sides, and constitute its defences against invasion.

Possibly, however, neither Sir Henry Hardinge nor they who sent him out, ever bestowed a serious thought on the bounds which appear to be set by Providence to the expansion of our empire in the East, which consist much less in the geographical features of the country, than in moral considerations. On many points, it is obvious, we must advance. In the north-west, for instance, there exists a state subordinate to us, inasmuch as it is a part of India, but nevertheless intensely hostile; partly, on account of the character and religion of the people, and partly from other causes. That state is the Punjáb, which has already attained a pitch of political disorganisation that renders it a terror to its neighbours. Even during the Affghan war, many signs of what has since taken place made their appearance. Our Sipahis could nowhere be brought in contact with Sikh troops, without being demoralised. The favourite topic in their camps invariably was the folly of the Hindús, in submitting to British rule; according to them, the time had already arrived, when it

would be quite practicable to expel us from the country; when the Affghans were setting the example of resistance; when the Belooches, throughout the whole extent of their mountains, were in arms, and when they, themselves, only waited for some signal which they expected, to fall upon us, and commence the dismemberment of our unwieldy empire.

From that day to this, the hatred of the British has been gaining strength in the kingdom of Lahore. According to certain journals in India, and some itinerant orators here at home, our conduct has fully justified the prevalence of this feeling among the Sikhs. We are less clear-sighted than these sages. Though we have bestowed some consideration on the subject, we have failed to discover any such justification. On the contrary, the Sikhs, in our humble opinion, are greatly indebted to us, both for the conquests they have made and the continuance of their power. It was our culpable forbearance and moderation, that threw Cashmire and Ladak into their hands; that suffered them to seize on the province of Peshawur, and extend their authority down the right bank of the Indus, to Mitten Kote; and though we warned them off when they were about to seize on Upper Sinde, and would not suffer them to wrest from us the protected Sikh states on the left bank of the Sutlej; the effect, whatever may have been our motive, has been to protract the duration of their state. For had we allowed them to pursue their own desires unchecked, they would long ago have forced us into hostilities with them, and thus have brought about their own destruction.

But the point to be examined now is, whether the Governor-general would be justified in reducing the Punjâb into a British province, and if so, whether the act would be politic. It may assist our inquiries, to establish at the very outset the fact that interference in some shape or another has become absolutely necessary, and that he has therefore only to choose between its different forms. No one probably will contend that we ought permanently to submit to the necessity at present imposed on us by the Lahore government of keeping 36,000 men concentrated on the extremity of the north-west provinces, in order to secure the inviolability of our frontier. Such a line of argument would be too monstrous even for the habitual advocates of the native princes; it is consequently as clear as the sun at noonday, that we must take upon ourselves the regulation of affairs at Lahore; and, as we observed at the outset, we have only to decide between interference, by which word the introduction of the subsidiary system is meant, and permanent annexation.

It is generally admitted to be imprudent when a thing is to

be done, to do it by halves, and to take more trouble to effect a preliminary settlement, than would be necessary to bring the whole affair to a conclusion. Now, to give stability and consistency to the Sikh government, it would be requisite entirely to re-organise it, and when that difficult task should have been accomplished, it would be equally incumbent on us to dissolve the military force of the country, and supply its place by troops of our own. Probably, indeed, we ought to have reckoned this as the first step, because there will be little chance of our being able to meddle with the government until we shall have beaten the army, or rather that profligate and disorderly rabble which has assumed the name in the Punjâb. But supposing the native government restored, and upheld by a British contingent, what then? Will our difficulties be over? Shall we have established tranquillity in the Punjâb? Very far from it. The history of the subsidiary system is before us, and we have unhappily had but too many examples of the crimes and miseries of which alone it is prolific.

If any one be sceptical on this point, he has but to turn to Oude and the Deccan, in order fully to satisfy his mind. In both of those countries the subsidiary system has borne its most bitter fruits, and the result, after all, will not be national independence to the people who have felt the scourge, but ultimate absorption in our dominions, after having endured whole ages of misrule, and perpetually increasing destitution. Humanity, therefore, as well as policy, would lead us to advocate the annexation of the Punjâb, which is manifestly incapable of self-government, which would only have its evils aggravated by the subsidiary system, and which cannot with safety be left in its present state.

If circumstances, therefore, compel us to march an army into the country, and to put down the military Sikh rabble by force, we can discover no reasons why we should not make the act of interference a final one. When Lord Ellenborough felt himself called upon to settle the affairs of Gwalior, he should have been guided by this maxim. Either his interference was necessary, or it was not. If no necessity existed, he should have remained quietly at Calcutta, and allowed the Marattas to manage their own concerns; but, on the other hand, if the state of the country was such that he could not, without fighting two sanguinary battles, reduce it to any thing like order, he should have seized on that opportunity to accomplish the whole business, and have placed it beyond the power of the Gwalior chiefs again to put the peace of India in jeopardy.

But whatever force there may be in this reasoning, as applied to Gwalior, it is far greater in the case of the Punjâb, for in the

former state, though there were quarrels and disturbances, it would always have been an easy matter to put an end to them. The field of anarchy was comparatively small and insignificant. The seeds of confusion also were less widely scattered. Among the Sikhs scarcely can the most sanguine person discover any grounds of hope for the restoration of tranquillity. During the life of Ranjit Singh people imagined that his government would prove an exception to the general rule, and that he would be enabled to impart a consistency and permanence to despotism, which it has rarely ever possessed in India. The fallacy of this expectation became visible immediately after his death. It was then perceived that Ranjit Singh had not in reality founded a state, though he had established his personal influence over an extent of territory sufficiently large to have formed one in abler hands. The vices, moreover, of his own character contributed materially to mar his work. All the men on whom his partiality had conferred power, inherited his own recklessness and want of principle, and were easily tempted to aim at establishing their authority by every variety of wickedness.

The history of their atrocities we have already given in a former article, and it may very safely be affirmed that no improvement has taken place since we closed that fearful chronicle. Without expecting a miracle, therefore, it is impossible to look for the regeneration of the Punjâb, by any efforts of its own. Whatever elements of order are introduced into it, must be derived from a foreign source; or, in other words, we must ourselves restore it to tranquillity. Having taken this step, we shall next have to determine whether we will abandon the harmony we have produced, to be immediately marred by discord, or will persevere in restoring the Punjâb to the domains of civilization. No native government can be upheld there without making us a party to its iniquities. If we place at its disposal a subsidiary force, we ought to inquire to what uses it will be put. Now, some of those uses are these: in order to pay us the subsidy agreed on, and to meet its own expenses necessary or unnecessary, it must collect a large revenue from the people; in this transaction it will be requisite to employ the troops which we hand over to it. Our Sipahis, therefore, in the service of the Lahore Durbar, will have continually to burn villages and sometimes to cut to pieces their inhabitants, in order to amass the vast sums of money required by the vices and responsibilities of the court. Should this be regarded as an extravagant supposition, we request our readers to cast their eyes on the kingdom of Oude, where they may frequently behold forty villages in flames at once, not set on fire by the enemy, or by sculking incendiaries, but burnt by the collectors of the revenue, in order to compel the inhabitants to pay their taxes.

But the evils of the system do not cease even at this point. For if the revenue collectors have an army at their command, the chiefs of districts and villages take care to be on even ground with them, and have always at their disposal as many troops as they can pay. There are, consequently, two armies in the country, one designed to support established authority, another to resist it, and these two armies are constantly engaged in deadly conflict, by which more lives are probably lost in the course of a few years than were sacrificed by Timoor or Nadir Shah, in their conquests of Hindustan.

Precisely the same state of things must be continued in the Punjâb, if we introduce into it the subsidiary system, and we say continued, because at the present moment, though the acts of violence perpetually committed are less under our notice than in Oude, they are no less numerous and atrocious. For several years past a large portion of the Sikh army has received no pay, though it has all the while subsisted in affluence. Whence then have the means of subsistence been drawn? From the towns and villages, which it has sacked and plundered, as it would an enemy's place taken by storm. And on these occasions, outrages have been perpetrated more fearful than any on record in the revenue wars of Oude. From these it is not our design to lift the veil, but all readers of history, who know of what crimes they who sack cities are habitually guilty, may imagine them. To add to the dire character of these scenes, religious feuds and animosities have mixed themselves up with military recklessness and violence; for of the peaceable inhabitants a large portion are Mohamedans, while the soldiery consists almost exclusively of the followers of Nanak Shah.

We have already made an allusion to the state of the Nizam's territories, which scarcely rank second to those of any other native prince in anarchy and demoralization. Not many weeks ago, several Madras journals astonished the civilised world, by attributing to the Governor-general a plan for bringing his highness to reason, which no high British functionary could ever have entertained. It was said he meant to bombard Hydrabad. But out of what circumstances could the supposed necessity for such an act of cruelty have arisen. In order to explain this we must recapitulate a few of the events, in the recent history of the Deccan.

Late in the summer, a Peon, in the service of the British Residency at Hydrabad, was murdered by one of the professional assassins of the city. Immediately upon commission of the deed, he took refuge among the Pat'hans, who refused to deliver him up to justice, though frequently summoned to do so by the public

authorities. General Fraser, the British Resident, may probably have thrown more asperity into his demands than was absolutely necessary, on account of a singular feud existing between him and the Nizam, and the latter may have been so much nettled by it, as to be betrayed into an injudicious resistance to what he had always recognised as the paramount authority. The nature of this feud it may be necessary to explain, as it will serve to throw some light both on the actual state of affairs at Hyderabad, and on the anomalous relations that must always exist between us and the nominal sovereigns of the protected states.

His highness thought proper several years ago to confide the chief management of his affairs to Rajah Ram Buksh, a Hindu, who at first appeared to possess great talents for business, but soon yielded to the seductions of power, and lapsed into habits of indolence and neglect. But the sovereign still continued to show favour to him. He could not perhaps make up his mind to punish in his minister the most remarkable faults in his own character. As he bestowed no attention on the affairs of his kingdom, why should any one else? Negligence was the order of the day, and Rajah Ram Buksh was rather commended than otherwise for not proving an exception to the general rule.

There was a man, however, at Hyderabad and in his highness's service, too, to whom these pococurante habits appeared criminal. His eyes were sharpened by the inferiority of his station, he was not minister, but thought he should like to be, and therefore applying himself diligently to business, and acquiring a considerable knowledge of public affairs, he adroitly insinuated to his highness, that he was much better able to serve him than Rajah Ram Buksh. As, like his master, moreover, he was a good Mussulman, he may have thought that this circumstance ought to have some weight. It was, in fact, rather hard, that he, a true believer in the prophet, who, if he had not paraded round the Káaba, and kissed the black stone, would have very much liked to do so, should occupy a position of inferiority to a villanous idolater, who worshipped more gods than he could reckon, the cow and the Cholera among the number. But the Nizam continued obdurate. Possibly, he had conceived something like friendship for his minister—for princes have sometimes been known to be guilty of this weakness—and possibly also he may have been offended by the officiousness of Suraj ul Moolk, the individual whose praise-worthy ambition we are here commemorating. Whatever theory we may adopt to account for it, the fact was as we have stated; and the worthy Suraj ul Moolk, having been grievously disappointed and disgusted at court, betook himself to the Residency, and laid his griefs before General Fraser.

All wise historians have descanted on the evils of divided power, especially if it be divided without judgment. We are under no absolute necessity therefore of travelling to Hydrabad for illustrations or proofs of what is so generally admitted. The Nizam and the resident only acted a state part, but the discordancy of their views, and their dissensions, especially as each had the means of doing mischief in his hands—imparted fresh vigour and vitality to the rank crop of abuses by which the whole kingdom had long been overrun. General Fraser took the part of Suraj ul Moolk, the Nizam that of Ram Buksh, and they pitted their favourites each against the other, and in this way contrived to throw the whole system of public affairs into confusion.

But what are the Pat'hans, who protected the murderer, and are at this very moment playing so important a part in the drama—we know not whether to call it tragedy or comedy—now enacting at Hydrabad? They are Affghans who have been settled for three centuries in the Deccan, and constitute a small force of irregulars, not more perhaps than 1500 in number, in the service of the Nizam. Addicted to turbulence and bloodshed, they have generally been a terror to the government in whose service they are enlisted, and the history of their mutinies, massacres, and other atrocities would, if properly written, form a highly interesting and instructive volume. It was but the other day that by way of showing their contempt of all law and authority, they seized upon a Gosaen in the service of the state, and taking him along with them to their stronghold in the hills, under pretence that he owed them money, refused to deliver him up, till they should receive several thousand rupees as his ransom. What could his highness do? It was unpleasant to be bearded by a small party of vagabonds—for the offenders only numbered twenty-five—and yet it was beyond his power to reduce them, without having recourse to the English. Here then was an occasion for displaying the gallantry of our Sipahis in the service of his highness; and a small party of them, headed by Captain Morrison, marched to the deliverance of the Gosean. But the Pat'hans had not been rendered cowardly by three hundred years' residence in the relaxing climate of the Deccan; they opposed force to force, and it was not until every man of them had fallen, that Captain Morrison succeeded in entering their little fortress, where he found the Gosaen's body hewn to pieces in the midst of his ferocious captors.

Two or three and twenty years ago, these mercenary mountaineers gave the world a still more striking example of their indomitable valour. Encamped within a short distance of the capital, they set the government and its troops at defiance; and though a

considerable army of Moguls was sent out with several pieces of artillery to reduce them to obedience, they speedily routed them, captured their guns, killed their general, himself a Pat'hān, and caused the reigning prince to tremble on his throne. The battle was fought on the plain close to Hydrabad, and the inhabitants who thronged the battlements beheld the Moguls flying pell-mell before the victorious rebels who pursued them almost to the gates, and inspired them with so much terror, that they scarcely considered themselves safe when they had placed the thickness of the city walls between themselves and the Pat'hāns.

Two or three other circumstances connected with the Pat'hāns may deserve to be mentioned. Moralists are wont to maintain, that brave men are never cruel. But this is an amiable fallacy; the Pat'hāns are as brave as lions, and as cruel too. They practise assassination as a trade, and by their violence, insolence, and insatiable rapacity, keep the city of Hydrabad in perpetual excitement and confusion. In character and habits they strongly resemble the Albanians. Without respect for human life, without any fixed notions of right and wrong, though grossly superstitious, they live in the midst of perpetual broils, and kill or are killed with a *sang froid* almost peculiar to themselves. It is their pride to set the government at defiance, and they profess to serve it only in order to have a pretext for robbing and massacring their fellow-subjects. But as they are so few in number, why, it may be asked, has not the Nizam long ago got rid of them? They have been longer-witted than his highness, and connected themselves by marriage or otherwise with so many of the principal families, both in the capital and in the country, that they are supposed, on a very moderate computation, to possess 10,000 supporters external to their own camp.

The reader will probably think this sketch of the Pat'hāns somewhat prolix, but it appeared to be requisite, to account for the present state of things at Hydrabad. When these professional ruffians refused to give up the murderer of the Peon, even at the instance of the prince himself, the matter was of course referred to the Governor-general, who, after mature deliberation, is said to have come to the most extraordinary decision. He did not order the British contingents to attack the Pat'hāns and cut them to pieces, if they persisted in their disobedience to the law, which is what many Governor-generals would have done. No, but in order to stave off the application of the *ultima ratio*, he decreed, that if they did not deliver up the murderer within the space of one month, they were to be expelled the Nizam's dominions! But who was to expel them? And where were they to take refuge? In the Company's territories? We fancy not; and the way back to

Affghanistan, whence their ancestors issued some three centuries ago, would prove rather tedious and difficult. But the allotted period has elapsed, and we hear nothing of the expulsion of the Pat'hans, or of the delivery of the criminal. Probably his excellency has forgotten the whole business, in the bustle of preparation for the Punjab campaign. But the Soubah of the Deccan is not in a condition to be forgotten long. Society there is fast resolving itself into its original element, and the whole territory must shortly be restored to the jungle, or given up to the Company. We can discern no middle course.

Looking further eastward to the Tenasserim provinces, we appear to discover a source of trouble, where nothing of the kind was anticipated. Tharawaddy, whom by complaisance we denominate Emperor of Burmah, has been seized by the common disease of superannuated despots. A desire to prolong their tyranny beyond the term of their natural life. He has, it is said, numerous sons, some legitimate, others illegitimate, some distinguished for capacity, others for imbecility; but with characteristic partiality he pitched upon a fool for his successor. To this choice, however, the grandees about the court objected, and one of his sons, the Prince of Prome, who had for some time been at the head of an army, betrayed evident symptoms of a disposition to contest the point with his sire. We are no admirers of paricidal wars, but the old gentleman had clearly become dangerous. He had so long been accustomed to have his will that he considered it a grave offence to oppose it whether wittingly or unwittingly. As a general rule even in Burmah to pay respect to the son is interpreted into reverence for the father; and a courtier who was of this way of thinking, fancied he should be considerably recommending himself, by waiting obsequiously upon the Prince of Prome, he supposed in fact he should thus be making two or three moves up the ladder of promotion. Not so Tharawaddy. He had secretly resolved to raise another of his sons to the throne, and to regard and treat as enemies all who should seem desirous of upholding the former favourite. As soon, therefore, as the prince's visiter appeared in the royal presence, the Lord of the Golden Feet adopted the most effectual means for convincing him of his error, for seizing a spear which stood close at hand, he ran him through the body.

Such is the sharp logic of the East, especially in the hands of royal professors. Of course the Prince of Prome understood the full force of this *enthymeme*, and collecting round him all the troops at his disposal, moved off to a greater distance from his gentle parent. But Tharawaddy, with that promptitude which despots generally exhibit in the accomplishment of mischief, is said to have

pursued the youthful rebel, and after dispersing his adherents, to have put him with all his family to death. At length the discovery was made, that the king was insane, and his dethronement was resolved upon, and effected. Of the steps taken subsequently, two accounts have reached us, according to one of which, one of the king's sons, of tender age, has been appointed regent under the guardianship of his uncle, Mekkarameng, who is said to be a man of abilities, and has long been a member of the Asiatic Society; the other account speaks of the raising of the 'old king' to the throne. But who is the old king? We know that Tharawaddy succeeded his brother, and who was deposed to make way for him, and the probability is, that the person now denominated 'the old king,' is that brother who may possibly have recovered the use of his reason.

In another and more remote part of the East, a new centre of political relations has just been set up: we allude to the settlement on the island of Laboan, one of the satellites of Borneo. Most persons will probably remember the obstacle which has hitherto prevented our establishing colonies in this part of the Indian Archipelago, the pedantic interpretation of a treaty formerly concluded with the Dutch. By the twelfth article we entered into certain stipulations respecting the smaller clusters of islands in those seas, which have commonly been supposed to exclude us from Borneo, and all the diminutive isles dependent on it. But this diplomatic prudery can be suffered to exist no longer. Treaties are not meant to be traps to catch the unwary, but solemn instruments for the advantage of both the parties who enter into them, and it can be clearly proved that it will be very much for our advantage to colonise Borneo, while it cannot possibly be injurious to the Dutch, whose hands are already quite full. In fact, their possessions in Java and Sumatra are too much for them. And if by insisting on the document above referred to, they should be able to circumscribe our operations, they would only be enacting over again the fable of the dog in the manger.

As we have observed, however, the first step has been made towards putting an end to this state of things. The shores of Borneo had long been studded with the haunts of Malay pirates, who issuing forth in formidable numbers, considerably impeded the progress of our commerce in the China Seas. The result of the expedition sent out to put them down is, of course, generally known. But though they have been dispersed and disabled for the present, nothing but the permanent occupation of the coast will destroy the piratical system. Upon this conviction we must act, and no other, or it will be in a short time necessary for ships proceeding to any point beyond the Indian Archipelago, to mount

guns and resume the warlike appearance which they wore in the early periods of our navigation to the East.

The little island of Loboan, on which we have already planted ourselves, contains a valuable and extensive coal field, discovered during the administration of Lord Auckland, who sent out persons to Borneo in search of this mineral. This circumstance will tend greatly to facilitate steam communication with China, and our other possessions in that part of the world.

For the present little attention appears to be bestowed by the public here at home, on our relations with the celestial empire. A treaty has been concluded, and trade is going on, and with the knowledge of these facts, they appear to be satisfied. But though Sir Henry Pottinger obtained and deserved much credit for his Chinese negotiations, he did not quite fulfil the expectations of the government that sent him out, though he probably exceeded those of the Tories and of the country. In his instructions more stress, we believe, was laid on Chusan than on Hong-Kong, and it is generally thought that even as far back as the time of Captain Elliot, Lord Palmerston had fixed upon the former island in preference to the latter. But upon its first occupation by the British troops, there seemed reason to apprehend that its climate would prove unhealthy. Indeed, we lost great numbers of our men, and those who came away were debilitated by sickness. This, however, proved not that Chusan is unhealthy, but that there are unhealthy spots in it; and it would be quite possible in most parts of the East to discover such spots if we looked out for them very diligently.

Subsequent experience has shown that Chusan is one of the healthiest islands in the eastern seas, and it would be difficult to understand how it could be otherwise. It consists of a rapid succession of hills and dales, and rises so considerably towards the centre, that there is almost everywhere a sufficient slope to effect the most perfect drainage. Generally the waters flow off freely of themselves, and there is, perhaps, in the whole island scarcely an unwholesome swamp; with the exception of that which was selected for the encampment of our troops. Cultivation has done its utmost to improve every inch of land. On all sides you behold nothing but farms and farm-houses, villages, towns, and roads of the most curious construction. Not being meant for wheeled carriages, they are all paved with large flag stones, almost as neatly as one of the streets of London, and upon them you may observe from morning till night, long strings of rustics conveying the produce of the island from the interior to the coast.

The trade of Chusan is prodigious. Forty thousand junks

of all sizes, are said to have put into the island in the course of one month of the present year. No spot in the Chinese empire enjoys so advantageous a position for commercial or warlike purposes; lying near the mouth of the Yang tse Kiang, it may be said to be the key to that river, and to be expressly formed to constitute the emporium of the most densely inhabited and actively trading portion of all Asia. In time of war, its possession would be of incalculable importance, as it would give us an absolute command of almost all the external relations of the empire.

From this account it seems quite clear that the possession of Chusan would be highly advantageous to Great Britain. But there stands in the estimation of many an insurmountable difficulty in the way, it being stipulated by the treaty of Nanking, that on the payment of the last instalment of the money due from China to Great Britain, the island shall be evacuated by our troops, all the other conditions of the treaty having also been fulfilled by the Chinese. Now, the payment in question was to have been made on or before the 31st of December, and, therefore; most probably has been made; so that, for aught we know, Chusan may again be in the hands of the Chinese, or even of those of the French; but if it be so, the greatest possible blame will rest with the Peel Cabinet, which, without in the least straining the prerogatives of power, might have retained possession of the island for the present, and entered with good chance of success into negotiations for its permanent cession to us.

To render this matter clear, we have but to consider the stipulations of the treaty of Nanking, and the manner in which they have been executed by the Chinese. In the second article of the treaty, it is stated, that at five of the principal ports of China, there enumerated, British merchants, with their families, shall reside for the purpose of carrying on their mercantile pursuits, 'without molestation or restraint.' It has been found by experience, however, that at four out of the five ports, this privilege is altogether nugatory, the English residents being molested and, as far as possible, restrained from carrying on their lawful calling, not only by the populace, but by the mandarins and other public authorities also.

Here, then, it is quite manifest the Chinese have been guilty of a flagrant infraction of the treaty, which they would appear to have signed, merely to get rid of the troublesome presence of a British armament. But it may be said they have paid the sum of money agreed upon; and if they have acted according to their agreement in one particular, we have no right to suspect their having failed in another. In reply to this we may observe, that the Chinese are too shrewd a people not to perceive that there

exists a wide difference between paying money and fulfilling the articles of a treaty, which may have reference to what may be called moral quantities. Money, they know, may be weighed or reckoned, so that even the English, outside barbarians as they are, may be able to ascertain, with tolerable exactness, whether they have been cheated or not. Not so when the matter under consideration is a thing so indefinite as molestation or restraint. Even when most insolent, offensive, and troublesome, they may think proper to deny that they have offered the strangers any molestation, and when by threats or cunning, by withholding provisions, or hindering the humble natives from entering into the service of the English, they have prevented them from carrying on their business, on the scale necessary to insure profit, they may think proper to deny that they have put any restraint whatsoever on their movements.

Nevertheless, no doubt can possibly be entertained that the Chinese have carried on, at four out of the five ports, a system of persecution, that neutralises our trade with the interior, and sometimes keeps our merchants all but prisoners in their houses. No attempt has been made to deny these facts. Even those cosmopolitan individuals who seek to establish their claim to liberality by libelling and vilifying their own country, have not had the boldness to controvert them. It follows, therefore, that the Chinese have broken the treaty, and that we should be perfectly justified in re-opening negotiations, and insisting on the option that was formerly granted us, of taking Hong Kong or Chusan, or, if we please, both. The Chinese, in fact, know that Hong Kong is of no value, and therefore had we chosen Chusan for our emporium, they would willingly have thrown in the former island as a make weight.

There is, moreover, another reason, why we should now, as the thing is fairly in our power, give the preference to Chusan over Hong Kong; if we let it slip out of our hands the French will have it. Monsieur Lagréné went to China in search of an island, for the purpose of making an establishment there, with the view of promoting French commerce. Certain obstacles no doubt were thrown in the way of Monsieur Lagréné's negotiations. In the first place, he seems to have found some difficulty in explaining who the French were—the Chinese, like all other Orientals, supposing them to be a petty tribe subject to Great Britain. Even among the inhabitants of the Persian Gulf, this notion prevailed until very recently. They considered Louis Philippe to be an inferior rajah, in the service of Queen Victoria, and were astonished at his assurance of sending out agents and emissaries.

ries of his own. The next difficulty was to determine, what articles France could offer China in return for her teas and Sycee silver. Silks her inhabitants did not need, and they were not yet quite prepared for Parisian millinery. In cottons they could not pretend to compete with the English—at least, in articles of moderate price. Finally, it turned out, that they had scarcely anything but wine to bring into the Chinese market.

A bright thought has since struck our ingenious neighbours, which might possibly have told well, had it presented itself to their minds in China; it is that for the present they should abandon the traffic in all vulgar articles of merchandise to the English and Americans, and undertake to supply the Chinese empire with moral and intellectual ideas. Our classical readers will remember a story, current among the ancients, of an Indian king, who becoming suddenly enamoured of Greece and her productions, wrote to Antiochus, requesting him immediately to ship for India a cargo of superior figs, and a batch of sophists. The plan of trading in ideas, whether moral or immoral, was too new and startling for those ages. Antiochus became alarmed at the bare suggestion of it, and replied, that the Greeks did not trade in sophists. A few ages later his countrymen grew to be of a different opinion, and exported the article by ship loads to Rome. It is quite possible that his majesty Louis Philippe may be desirous of imitating their example, and sending the pestilent sophists who infest every corner of his dominions, together with their debasing and vicious theories, to China.

But, however this may be, our relations with the Chinese empire must be alternately those of commerce and war. No one who has bestowed the slightest attention on the character of the Mantchou government, can fail to foresee that it will, from time to time, require to be brought to reason by force. It is one of the least perfect despotisms in Asia, and reposes entirely on two principles, which are those of ignorance and fear. If any one desired to become the benefactor of the Chinese, it is not moral but military ideas that he would first impart to them; in other words, he would teach them how to drive out the Mantchous, and establish a government of their own. It has not hitherto formed any part of our business to do this, though if the late struggle had been greatly protracted, we might possibly have attempted something of the sort. It is well known that the secret societies, more than once, made overtures to us with this view. They desired nothing so much as an opportunity to revive the old national contest between the partisans of the native princes, who still possess numerous representatives in various parts of the empire, and the upholders of the present dynasty; and they were quite willing,

for the time at least, to permit us to share in the spoils of the Tartars, if we would only lend our strong hand to put them down.

Still it ought not to be lost sight of, that our sole object in China is trade. We covet no portion of the Chinese empire, and in desiring to obtain possession of Chusan, are merely solicitous to place ourselves in a position to avoid the necessity of conflict and conquest. It can never be too frequently repeated, that we are not a military people, and that we have no desire to subjugate the rest of mankind. Wherever we present ourselves, it is for the purpose of exchanging our commodities for those of the natives, and while we are suffered to do this peaceably, we can be contemplated in no other light than that of the ministers of civilisation, and benefactors of mankind. It is quite true, we do not make profession of travelling about the world with our goods, from purely philanthropic motives. We go as merchants, and our object is gain. But, on the other hand, it is our wish that they who trade with us should gain also, in order that they may be better enabled to continue the process. Our maxim is to live and let live. But no man who considers the footing upon which our trade in China was placed before the late war, can experience the least surprise that we should have had recourse to vigorous means to ratify it. The Chinese authorities, with that pride which is the usual concomitant of extreme ignorance, insisted on treating us as inferiors, which in that part of the world signifies insulting, robbing, and occasionally putting to death. A temporary check has been given to this spirit, but symptoms are already beginning to appear of a strong disposition to revive it, in which case hostilities will again become necessary. To postpone this calamity, we ought to be in possession of an island like Chusan, having which, we might, if necessary, dispense with all establishments on the mainland, and thus escape multiplied chances of collision with the Mantchou authorities, who appear wholly incapable of restraining their inveterate disposition to be insolent.

Should the negotiations to which we have alluded be entered into by the British government, it will, we apprehend, be necessary to send out a new plenipotentiary; the present governor of Hong-Kong being no way fitted to conduct such an affair. He may possibly be an able man, but he is not suited to the situation in which he has been placed. He understands neither the art of governing his own countrymen nor the natives, but is constantly at issue with both.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Booke of Christmas Carols: illuminated from MSS. in the British Museum, &c. J. Cundell. London. 1845.

THE fashion of illustrating books in the style of the middle ages, which Germany began, is naturally to be brought to perfection in England; what they originate, we perfect. The book before us is a striking example of this position. As a specimen of mechanical reproduction of Art—the machine imitating what the brain conceived and the hand executed three centuries and a half ago—nothing has yet been produced in Germany or France to equal it. It is a blaze of splendour, quaint in its magnificence. The past lives there, in those fantastic devices, and in the pious splendour of the gold and colours. Turning over these brilliant pages, even those who are familiar with the enchanting delicacies of Girolamo di Libri, and other great “illuminators” of the fifteenth century, will admit that these mechanical reproductions most agreeably remind them of the originals.

It is by many degrees the best specimen of Chroma-lithography yet produced, uniting the two processes of chalk and ink work. In other publications of this class the work has been printed separately, and ‘mounted’ afterwards on the page; but in this ‘Booke of Carols,’ each entire leaf has fairly received the squeezes of the lithographic press as many times as there were colours to be impressed (in most cases six). Messrs. Hanchart, the lithographic printers, deserve great praise for the skill with which their part of the work has been executed. Nor should the printing of Messrs. Whittingham pass unnoticed; but their fame is established.

A superficial objection has been made to the use of Roman type in the printing of the Carols; and as this is the sort of objection likely to recur, and one having a plausible look, we may as well refute it. There is no anachronism in using Roman type with Missal ornaments; on the contrary, it is a bit of archaeological exactitude, for which the publisher deserves commendation. All who know any thing of illuminated MSS. are aware that each Missal had its own character of MS.—a great deal more distinct, indeed, than the German, Italian, or English MS. of our own day. It would have been an anachronism to have used the Old English or Gothic type in the present instance. The ornaments used are such as were common to the Italian and French illuminators of the period; gold grounds, with arabesques of flowers and animals; and

the MS. which they encircled were either the French hand-writing of the time, or else exactly what is here used—viz., the ‘Roman lower case’ letter; a genuine example of which is the Treaty of the Cloth of Gold (with its gold seal—a marvellous work, it is thought by Benvenuto Cellini), of which a counterpart remains in the Public Record Office.

The least successful parts of this work are the four Miniatures. We doubt, indeed, whether such things can ever be successful. But these have another fault: they are not of a contemporaneous character with the ornaments. We conclude our notice of this seasonable gift book by remarking on its cheapness. It is not only a book for the drawing-room table—it is cheap enough to be on *every* drawing-room table. There it will be a general favourite. The antiquarian will be charmed by its fidelity. The stupid visiter (whom one is forced to amuse) will ‘bestow some of his tediousness’ upon it. Children will admire its quaint animals; and children of the ‘larger growth’ will admire it on all accounts.

Chefs-d'œuvre des Auteurs Comiques. 2 vols. Firmin Didot. 1845.

THIS elegant and compact edition of the French Comic Dramatists should be on the shelves of all persons interested in the Drama. The plays here assembled have a peculiar interest, as types of the various phases of the dramatic spirit from 1645 to 1721, from Scarron to Dufresny. They have also, many of them, an intrinsic value; the true, light, playful spirit of comedy, reckless of exaggeration, careless of probability, careful only of amusement, runs through some of these veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*.

The present two volumes contain sixteen plays by Scarron, Montfleury, La Fontaine, Boursault, Baron, Dancourt, and Dufresny. We trust a volume or two more are in preparation; there is certainly no lack of plays worthy to be included in the series. We missed an old friend, ‘Le Jouer,’ by Regnard, which ought to have found a place here; but we presume, that as all Regnard’s works are published by Messrs. Didot in the same form, it was thought unnecessary to repeat the ‘Jouer.’ This, however, seems to us a mistake. The very object of making a collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* is to dispense with the whole works of the authors selected from. If a man has a copy of Regnard, he certainly will not care to have Regnard’s *chefs-d'œuvre* in another collection. But this applies to Scarron, to La Fontaine, &c., equally well as to Regnard.

In the succeeding volumes we shall hope to meet with Marivaux, Picard, Beaumarchais, &c. Messrs. Didot have, it is true, published a complete Beaumarchais, in one volume; but many readers will be anxious to have his ‘Figaro,’ and ‘Le Barbier,’ without his *larmoyante* comedy of ‘La Mère Coupable;’ and to have these *chefs-d'œuvre*, together with those of other authors, will be a strong inducement to purchase.

Alte hoch- und niederdeutsche Volkslieder, mit Abhandlung und Anmerkungen, herausgegeben von LUDWIG UHLAND. (Old High and Low-German Ballads, with an Essay and Notes, by LUDWIG UHLAND). Vol. I. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1844-5.

THE first volume of this publication contains only poems, the essay and notes being reserved for the succeeding volume, which has not yet appeared. The principal interest of the work is antiquarian and philological rather than poetical. As the plan includes German in its widest extent, not omitting even Flemish or the Low Dutch of the Netherlands, it furnishes many opportunities of comparing the different forms of the language. The editor even seems to have hesitated whether he should have included Swedish, Danish, English, and Lowland Scotch in his scheme. We are not surprised at his having determined on confining himself to Germany, and yet we in some degree regret that we have not the opportunity of tracing the connexion of the remoter as well as of the more central Teutonic dialects; and even more the still more curious similarity of thoughts and traditions, which is often shown by the recurrence of the same story in regions the most widely separated from one another. Uhland has in many cases given three or four versions of the same ballad, differing from one another sometimes only in the form of the words, sometimes in the details of the story. The following extract will remind the reader of many similar parallelisms between English and Scotch ballads. The first version is like modern written German, the second approaches Low Dutch.

"Gespil, liebste gespil mein,
Warumb trauest du so sere?
Ei trauest du umb deins vaders gut
Oder trauest du umb dein ere?
"Ich traur nit umb meins vaders gut,
Ich traur nit umb mein ere,
Wir zwei haben einen knaben lieb
Daraus können wir uns nit teilen."

"Ghespele, wel lieve ghespeelken
goet,
Waer om weent ghi so Seere?
Mer weent ghi om uns vaders goet
Oft weent ghi om u ere?
"Ic en ween niet om mijn's vaders
goet,
Ic en ween niet om mijn eere,
Wi twee wi hebben eenen lantsknecht
lief,
Rijc god, wie sal hem werden?"

Romancero Castellano, ò Coleccion de Antiguos Romances Populares de los Espanoles. Publicada por G. B. Depping. Nueva Edicion, con las Notas de DON ANTONIO ALCALA-GALIANO.

DEPPING'S 'Collection of Spanish Ballads' is, we believe, the most complete which has been published. The present edition is convenient, neat, and well printed. The editor complains of the inaccuracy of Lockhart's translations with some justice; for the spirit of the English version belongs exclusively to the translator. The old Spanish historical ballads are for the most part prosaic and straightforward narratives, with no poetical

attribute but that of very lax metre. A more severe charge is directed against Mr. Lockhart's alleged ignorance of Spanish; and certainly it is strange, that in the well-known ballad, 'My Ear-rings, my Ear-rings,' he should have translated *morena*, *Moorish*, instead of *black* or *dark*. The following extract is from a contemporary ballad on the capture of Rome by the army of Charles V. The poet seems singularly balanced between loyalty to his king, and piety to his pope.

"Mournful stood the Holy Father,
All with grief and sorrow drooping,
In St. Angelo his castle
O'er the lofty bulwarks stooping.

"And his head with no tiara,
Full of dust and perspiration—
Seeing Rome, the world's great Em-
press,
Harried by a stranger nation.

"And the yoke of conquest pressing
On the Romans once so stately—
All the cardinals in fetters—
All the bishops bound so straitly.

"And the saintly bones and relics
Scattered through the wide arena,
Yea, the holy coat of Jesus,
And the foot of Magdalena."

And so on, with a quiet and perhaps unintended humour. The same rhyme *ena* is used exclusively in the whole poem.

Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft. (The Constitution of the Church of the Future.) By C. C. J. BUNSEN.

THE reputation of the writer, and the influence which he is supposed to possess with the King of Prussia in ecclesiastical matters, may probably induce us on a future occasion to give a fuller account of this work. It originates in a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on certain questions arising from the foundation of the Anglican bishopric at Jerusalem, and suggested by Abeken's semi-official account of the negotiations on the subject between the Prussian Court and the English Church. In this correspondence, which is printed both in the original English and in German, Mr. Gladstone, as might be expected, protests against the recognition of a communion between English churchmen and the German Protestants; and incidentally he expresses his conviction that episcopal succession is an essential and indispensable part of the Christian Church. The Chevalier Bunsen, on the other hand, while he professes to admit the fitness of an episcopal form of Church government to certain countries, maintains that the adoption or rejection of the system is a matter of mere discretion and convenience; and passing in his book, into wider considerations, he endeavours to show that all reformed churches are bound to maintain the universal priestly character of Christians, and the consequent equality in all spiritual rights of clergy and laity. When Mr. Gladstone argues, that the essential forms of the English Church are universally binding, few foreigners would, perhaps, agree with him. When Mr. Bunsen, however, declares, that they are simply national, he forgets, that his opinion, even if true, can never be adopted by his opponents; for no church can be national without claiming to be universal in all its vital principles.

Compendium of Modern Civil Law, by FERDINAND MACKELDEY.
 Edited by Philip Ignatius Kaufmann. London: Wyley and Putnam,
 1845.

MACKELDEY, who was professor of law at the University of Marburg, published this manual under the title of '*Lehrbuch der Institutionen des heutigen Römischen Rechts*,' in 1814. As it has since gone through eleven or twelve editions, and has been translated into French, Spanish, Russian, and Greek, it seems that there can be no doubt of its fitness for the objects for which it is intended, either as a book of reference for practitioners, or a syllabus for the use of students attending lectures on the civil law. It is, like '*Adam's Roman Antiquities*,' or like almost all modern treatises on English law, not a book to read, but an enlarged and systematised index. Mackeldey, was, it appears, considered to belong to the dogmatical, as opposed to the historical school of jurists—that is, he laid more stress on the existing fabric of the law, than on the process by which it attained its present form. The compendium, however, contains a useful introduction on the sources of the Roman law, and on the process by which the code of Justinian became the basis of modern continental jurisprudence. The remainder of the work is arranged according to the usual divisions, according to persons, things, and the method of enforcing rights.

The editor and translator, Dr. Kaufmann, appears to be a resident of New York. Perhaps he will find his labours more appreciated in America than in England. Jurisprudence is the only branch of the severer studies which seems to flourish in the United States; and its range there is wider than that to which English lawyers are in general confined. Many of the functions which are regulated according to our ecclesiastical courts, belong in America to the same judges who administer the common law. The conflict of the laws of different states of the Union with each other, and of any of them with the law of the United States, gives rise to a class of questions only to be solved by principles common to all jurisprudence, and, therefore, intimately connected with the rules of Roman law. One province, Louisiana, is still subject to a law founded on the civil law, which must frequently come into collision or comparison with the common law of the Anglo-American States, and of the Union. Above all, there is some systematic instruction in jurisprudence, an advantage which in England is almost unknown. The compendium, however, may be useful to many persons who have no time or inclination for a general study of the civil law. Dr. Kaufmann seems to be one of those commentators who, in illustration of a severe and difficult subject, delight to disport themselves in disquisitions on things in general, a habit rather wearisome to the student. For instance, '*The barbarian's delight in war, has given place to the Christian's desire for peace. The lurid glories of martial heroism, are waning before the purer light of science and philanthropy, &c., &c., &c.*' And this is written in the same continent which contains Texas and Oregon.

The Citizen of Prague.—Translated by MARY HOWITT. 3 vols. Colburn. London. 1846.

'TRANSLATED' by Mary Howitt, says the title page; 'edited' by her, say the advertisements. It matters little which reading we adopt. In either case, Mrs. Howitt has shown a lamentable disregard for her literary reputation, in giving the sanction of her name to so clumsy a piece of journey-work. Whether or not the original novel be worth translating, is a question we will not now discuss. It is enough for us at present to declare that the version before us is naught. No printer's devil, suddenly advanced to authorship, could easily produce specimens of more uncouth English than may be found in page after page of these volumes. Such crambo diction might be barely tolerable in an essay on German Transcendentalism, or on Queen Dido's Shoebuckles, but it must be fatal to a work which pretends to amuse the reader.

The Anglo-Indian Passages Homeward and Outward; or, a Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, &c. &c. By DAVID LEICESTER RICHARDSON. London: Madden and Malcolm. 1845.

THIS is an interesting and instructive volume, while it has the advantage of being extremely small. It describes the whole passage from England to India, very briefly, of course, but nevertheless with sufficient fulness to excite the curiosity of the reader. Mr. Richardson does not aim at satisfying us. He tells those who perform the overland journey, what they ought to see, and almost everywhere indicates the sources whence they may obtain complete information. This is more particularly the case in the part which relates to Egypt, where at every step the traveller may behold something worthy of examination. Alexandria, with its environs, is rather minutely described; but Mr. Richardson apparently found that to proceed all through the country on the same scale, would have betrayed him into too great length. He afterwards, therefore, becomes more rapid, and by the hurry of the narrative, suggests the same sort of feeling that must be experienced by the overland tourist. On arriving at Cairo, instead of attempting a new delineation of all the great objects of curiosity by which it is surrounded, Mr. Richardson has with equal modesty and judgment adopted the elaborate descriptions of former travellers, who had enjoyed ample leisure to observe and record their impressions on the spot. The pieces of poetry introduced into the volume from Mr. Richardson's own pen, are original, polished, and elegant. The ocean sketches must vividly recall to every one, who has journeyed over the great deep, the grand natural phenomena which presented themselves to his view. The directions and miscellaneous information given in the appendix will be found particularly useful to those proceeding to India for the first time.

A Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zena, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Slavonic Languages. By Professor BOPP. Translated from the German, principally by Lieutenant EASTWICK. Conducted through the press by Professor WILSON: London, Madden and Malcolm, 1845.

It is scarcely requisite that we should do more than announce this work, congratulate our philological readers on its appearance in a most careful and trustworthy English version, and, on their behalf and our own, return thanks to the editors and publishers, who have performed their several parts in so creditable a manner, and to Lord Francis Egerton, who, we are told, suggested the publication, and has taken a liberal interest in its promotion. The character of Bopp's great work is too well established to call for comment here. The translation will, of course, be speedily in the hands of every philological inquirer in the British empire. With this conviction on our minds, we shall look with some curiosity to its sale, for we shall regard this as a test and measure of the value practically ascribed to the physiology of language by British scholars.

Hebrew Reading Lessons: consisting of the First Four Chapters of the Book of Genesis, and the Eighth Chapter of the Book of Proverbs, with a Grammatical Praxis and an Interlineary Translation. 70 pp. London: Bagster.

We doubt that there exists, for any language, a first reading-book so complete in all respects as this admirable little volume. By a very ingenious, and, as we believe, novel typographical contrivance, it really affords the student an intuitive perception of the structure and mechanism of the Hebrew words and phrases. The notes are just what they ought to be, and no more; copious in information and succinct in form. We do not exaggerate in alleging our belief, that with the help of this manual, the young Hebrew scholar may compress the labour of days into hours—we might almost say minutes.

Adventures in the Pacific; with Observations on the Natural Productions, Manners, and Customs of the Natives of the various Islands, &c. &c. By JOHN COULTER, M.D. Dublin: Curry. 1845.

A RAPID, lively narrative, full of amusing incidents, and seasoned with a fine salt-water savour: A capital book for a winter's evening.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the author of 'Revelations of Russia,' &c. Vols. 1, 2. London. Newby, 1846.

THIS is truly a hopeful book—a burst of sunshine lighting up one of the darkest and saddest fields that ever shocked the sight of pitying freemen. It is nothing less than an announcement, substantiated by manifold evidence, of the proximate regeneration and enfranchisement of the whole Slavonic race, the downfall of the Czar's accursed tyranny, the dissolution of those highly artificial compounds of heterogeneous elements, the kingdom of Prussia and the Austrian empire, and the augmentation of the better moiety of the European federation by the accession of eighty emancipated millions. Such a revolution would eclipse even that of France, in point of magnitude and importance. That it is coming, we fervently hope and believe; that the present generation will see it partially effected, if not wholly consummated, we think highly probable; nor would we venture to assign any term of years, whether reckoned by tens or by units, within which the beginning of these momentous changes may not possibly occur. The causes tending to produce them, are in a state of active development; and they are of a nature to augment daily in extensiveness and intensity.

All this, it may be said, is but naked assertion. It is so; and, moreover, it is assertion ~~too~~ startlingly bold to be admitted on the mere *ipse dixit* of any authority. For the proof, then, we refer to the volumes before us. It would be gross injustice to a work of such importance, to attempt an analysis of it within the scanty space that remains to us. We shall certainly return to it again; meanwhile, we earnestly bespeak the attention of all our readers to its deeply interesting disclosures.

We should deem ourselves almost criminal if we neglected to give increased circulation to the following extract. Be it premised that the atrocities about to be related were the result in no respect of religious fanaticism, but altogether of reckless political ambition, excited to ferocity by resistance. They emanated directly from the will of the savage Czar, and were as much his act and deed, as though he had committed them with his own hand:

TREATMENT OF THE POLISH NUNS.

"In the city of Minsk, in 1837, there still existed a convent of humble nuns of the order of St. Basilus. Their time, like that of the 'sisters of charity,' was divided between their religious duties, attendance on the sick, and the education of poor children. Their order had been founded in 1826, by one of the princes Tapiéha, a family to which the Czartoriskis are allied.

"Far and wide through the surrounding country, the suffering and needy had learned to bless their unassuming benevolence, and people of all ranks regarded with veneration a community, distinguished not by ascetic practices, but through its active and unwearied philanthropy.

"The very popularity of this order, and the estimation in which it was held, marked it out for a persecution so atrocious, that I know of nothing more harrowing in times ancient or modern.

"The cruelties of Nero, Domitian, and Caligula, the most virulent religious persecution of past centuries, and the horrors of the French Revolution, rarely equalled in degree the barbarities practised on these harmless women,

and sink into insignificance beside them, when the long protraction of seven years of suffering is considered.

"All the details of this inhuman persecution might have remained either utterly unknown beyond the Russian frontier, or merged in vague rumours of cruel treatment, but for the providential escape of four of the sufferers.

"To sum the facts briefly up, between the years 1837 and 1845, forty-four nuns perished at the hands of the Russian authorities, out of fifty-eight devoted to duties whose fulfilment appeals so directly to all human sympathies, that a religious sisterhood analogous to their own had been spared even during the French reign of terror, which so pitilessly swept away all other social landmarks. Of the fourteen that remained, eight had either had their eyes torn out or their limbs broken, and of the other six only four had strength to attempt, or fortune to effect, their escape. A few more months and the whole surviving fourteen, at last doomed to Siberia, might have been expiring on that weary road, which the ten unhappy creatures left behind by the fugitives, are at this moment being dragged or driven over, all lamed, blind, or ailing.

"Nothing in that case would ever have reached our ear of the incredible sufferings of these poor victims, whose fate would silently have contributed to swell those statistics of proselytism which the Russian government gives periodically to Europe, and which Nicholas has commemorated by the famous medal, inscribed with the motto, 'Separated by violence, and reunited by love.'

"Of the four fugitives, two, the sister Wawrzecka and Irena Macrima Mieceslas (Mieczyslas,) succeeded in reaching Posen, in Prussian Poland, where the Roman Catholic archbishop, having taken down their circumstantial deposition of the facts about to be narrated, sealed them with the arms of the archbishopric, and forwarded the document to Rome.

"An order consequently arrived for the superior to repair to Rome, by way of Paris; in which city she took up her abode till the 10th of October last, under the same roof with one near and dear to the author.

"Here she was led to give all the sad details of her harrowing story, whilst the scars which mark her body added their dumb eloquence to her recital.

"Irena Mieceslas had been thirty years renowned for her charity and benevolence throughout the government of Minsk, as head of the Basilian convent, consisting of thirty-four nuns, in the city of that name. It will be hence at once perceived that she is advancing into the vale of years. The aspect of her countenance, according to the portrait which the writer has before him, is at once noble and indicative of determination. It derives the first expression from the position of the eyes, which is such as we rarely meet with out of the Scandinavian or Anglo-Norman race; viz., obliques upwards from the outward corners; that is to say, in a direction precisely contrary to the eyes of the feline species, of all Mongolian races, and of many of the inhabitants of southern countries. The finely chiselled corners of her mouth seem to mark a decision of temper, of which she has given the most heroic proofs in her conduct.

"The substance of her narrative, which the other three sisters corroborate in the minutest particulars, is to the following effect:

"The Emperor Nicholas having profited by his influence and privileges in nominating corrupt and ambitious tools to the bishopric of the Basilian communion (that is to say, the Roman Catholic with Greek forms), amongst these Semiasco, the bishop of the diocese in which the convent of these poor nuns was situated, had apostatised to the Greek, from the Latin church. Finding that the great mass of the clergy, and the whole of their congregation, refused to follow the examples of their chiefs. Nicholas ordered forcible means to be

resorted to, and set on foot a persecution, which caused the females of this religious association great alarm, and induced them to use the private influence of their friends in the Russian capital, to be allowed to retire from their convent into the bosoms of their families.

"This boon the emperor refused, referring them to their apostate bishop.

"Semiasko, after vainly using all his persuasive powers with this community, to induce them to pass over to the Russian church, showed them alike the threats and promises he was empowered to make in the name of Nicholas, and the awful signature appended to a document, which commanded him to adopt such measures as the interests of religion might require, to oblige all recusants to conform. Finding their determination unshakeable, he left them three months to consider the matter, and then detaching from his breast one of the numerous orders with which the emperor had rewarded his apostasy, he attempted to pin it on the bosom of the superior, to whom he held out a dazzling prospect of honours and rewards.

"These women, it must be remembered, in their devout belief, now saw in their former pastor only an impious seceder from the faith of their fathers. Irena Mieceslas, therefore, spurning this temptation, said tauntingly to the bishop; 'Keep it, keep it; it would ill accord with the humble cross which marks my order; and with you it serves to hide a breast, beneath which there beats the heart of an apostate!'

"These nuns had been fortified in their resolution, by the exhortation of their confessor, a weak, but probably well-meaning man, named Michalewitch.

"As the persecution became more rigorous around him, between the threats and the promises of his bishop, he was influenced to desert to the Russian communion, and he was afterwards frequently obliged to take his seat as a member of the tribunal which attempted to subdue the obstinacy of these women. It is, however, probable, that he yielded more to terror than seduction, for he strove apparently to bury his remorse in incessant intoxication; and in this condition he afterwards fell into a pool of water, where he was drowned.

"Three days after the insulting refusal of the superior to apostatise, Semiasko came with a detachment of soldiers to turn the sisters out of the convent. Such was the violence employed—such the terror inspired by the account of the universal persecution, that a sick nun of their number fell and expired upon the pavement of the chapel.

"The remainder were heavily ironed hand and foot, and marched to Vitepsk, where they were placed in a Russian convent of 'black sisters.'

"These black sisterhoods, which may in some measure be compared to our penitentiaries, are places of refuge for the widows of private soldiers, and receptacles for the most disorderly prostitutes.

"Here the thirty-three nuns of St. Basilus, from Minsk, met with fourteen more of their order, transferred from another convent to this abode, where for two years they were kept at hard labour, chained in couples, and exposed to all the malignity of the depraved associates with whom these women of gentle birth were thus forcibly mingled.

"In 1839, all other efforts having failed to shake their resolution, they were transferred to another Russian convent of black-sisters, in the city of Polock. Here they met with ten more nonconformist nuns of the same order. The whole number of these women—fifty-seven—were now brought up twice a week, on Wednesdays and Fridays, before a commission of the Russian authorities and clergy, and flogged before them, receiving fifty strokes a-piece.

This was continued for months together, till the wounds upon their backs were an open sore, and pieces of the scabs and then of the raw flesh adhered

to the instruments of torture. Three of their number died beneath this infliction.

"They were then fed on salt herrings, and refused drink (a favourite Russian mode of torture), except on the condition of apostasy. This punishment, which it appears they found the most difficult to bear, was superseded by a system of starvation. They were only fed once every other day, and driven to eat nettles and the fodder of the convent cattle.

"They were employed to dig out clay, and not understanding how to conduct an excavation, the earth fell in and buried five of their number. With incredible barbarity the Russian authorities not only refused to dig them out, but prevented the nuns from attempting to extricate their companions. They perished in this self-dug grave.

"The next labour in which the survivors were employed, was to aid the masons in constructing a palace for the renegade bishop.

"Some of the Polish gentry, whose spirit no terrors will quell, coming to look on,—one of their number addressed some words of consolation to these poor women. Within four-and-twenty hours, not only this imprudent individual, but all those around him had disappeared.

"The falling of a wall in the midst of the nuns injured many and killed eight of them outright. A ninth and tenth soon after perished.

"These ten bodies were carried off by the people, and hidden where all the efforts of the Russian authorities failed to discover them.

"About this period, several monks of Saint Basilus were brought to the same convent. Their treatment is described as having been more barbarous than even that of the nuns. Four of these men, Zawewski, Koma, Zilewicz, and Buckzynski by name, all upwards of seventy years of age, were at last, in the full severity of winter, stripped and placed under a pump, where as the water was poured over them, it gradually congealed into a mass of ice, and froze them to death; another, named the Abbé Laudanski, aged and infirm, whilst staggering beneath a load of fire-wood, was struck upon the head with such violence, by a drunken deacon, that his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot.

"It must here be explained, that all the lower, or *white clergy* in the Russian church are very ignorant and depraved, and that the deacons are the lowest amongst them.

"In the present instance, however, the refusal of the great bulk of the Basilian clergy to pass over to the Russian church, had obliged it, in these forcibly converted provinces, to fill up those gaps in the lower ranks of its hierarchy with boors of the most illiterate and dissolute character.

"It happened that one of these surviving monks of St. Basilus succeeded in making his escape, and Semiasko, irritated by this incident, resolved to conquer the obstinacy of the nuns; and publishing that they were about to read their recantation, caused them to be forcibly led by the soldiery to the portals of the Russian church. The curiosity which this announcement caused, led the whole population of the city of Polock to assemble; notwithstanding the examples which had been made of those who had expressed their sympathy with the sufferers.

"The apostate bishop, in his episcopal garments, advanced towards the nuns, and bidding the soldiers leave his dear sisters at liberty, spoke to them with paternal kindness, then offering his hand to their superior, prepared to lead her into the church. Irena Mieceslas then seizing one of the hatchets used by the carpenters who had been working at the reparation of the church, called out to all her nuns to kneel, and addressing Semiasko, told him: 'After having been their shepherd, to become the executioner of those whom he had not already done to death, and to strike off their heads before the threshold of that temple, which their footsteps would never voluntarily cross.'

"So galling was the provocation of this rebuke to the Russian bishop, that, unable to contain himself, he struck the superior on the face, and then flung the axe indignantly from him. It chanced in falling to wound one of the nuns in the foot; and a moment after the superior having put her hand to her mouth, which was filled with blood, drew out one of her shattered teeth, and holding it up to him said: 'Take it, it will earn you some fresh order from the emperor.'

"Such was the effect of this scene, that nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of the people; and as the nuns were led back by the soldiery, the crowd followed them singing with one accord *Hallelujahs* and *Te Deums*.

"Such, notwithstanding all the repressive terrors of the Russian authorities, became the feeling of the population of the city of Polock, that it was found unsafe to continue the persecution of the nuns within its walls, and they were ordered to be removed to the borough of Medzioly, in the province of Minsk.

"This public defeat of the Russian bishop and authorities was, however, revenged on these poor women by an act of such diabolical malignity as only the most undeniable evidence can render credible.

"When the Russian soldiers, and the newly-made deacons, had been rendered drunk with brandy, all these helpless nuns were turned out amongst them as incurably obstinate, to treat as they thought fit. Then commenced a scene worthy of Pandemonium,—the shrieks and prayers of the victims mingling with the oaths, blasphemies, and ribaldry of the crowd to whose brutal lust they were abandoned.

"When the fury of these demons in human form had been exhausted, it was discovered that two of these unfortunate females were quite dead. The skull of one had been crushed by the stamping on the temples of an iron-plated heel. The other was trampled into such a mass of mud and gore, that even its human character was scarce recognisable. Eight others had one or several bones or limbs broken, or their eyes torn or trodden out. Of the whole number, the superior, a woman of iron frame as well as indomitable resolution, fared the best; but she was not allowed to attend or console her mutilated sisters except on the condition of apostasy.

"They were afterwards marched out of Polock by night on foot, and chained two by two,—even those whose eyes had been torn out, and whose hideous wounds were festering. Those whose legs were broken, or who were lame, were sent forward in carts under the care of Cossacs.

"A gentleman of Polock, M. Walenkiowitch, having ordered a funeral service to be read for these victims, was seized in the middle of the night and sent to Siberia, his property being confiscated. A monastery of Dominican monks, in another part of the country, having ventured to pray for them, was immediately dispersed.

"On reaching Medzioly, the nuns were again immured in a convent of the black-sisterhood, and divided into four parties. Here they were put into sacks, and towed after boats in the water, which was allowed to rise to their mouth and nose. Three more of their number perished in this manner, either of cold, or fear, or drowned by incessant immersion. The inhabitants of Medzioly carried off their bodies in the night, as the earthly coil of holy martyrs which men would some day venerate and hold precious.

"After two more years' captivity of the fifty-eight nuns (thirty-four from Minsk, fourteen from Vitepsk, and ten from Polock) only fourteen survived, and of these eight were either lame or blinded.

"The superior, Irena Mieceslas, who had fared the best, had an open wound, from which she was obliged to extract with her fingers the carious bones, and which afterwards becoming filled with worms, from want of dressing, caused her intense agony.

"At length some relaxation of vigilance having opened a prospect of escape, this courageous woman persuaded three of her companions to attempt it with her. In this enterprise these four women all succeeded, enfeebled by disease as they were, and without money or passports, at a distance of between two and three hundred miles from the Austrian and Prussian frontiers.

"At the commencement of the present year, profiting by the scene of riot and drunkenness to which the saint's-day of the *protopope* of the convent had given occasion, they effected their escape. Leaping down a high wall into the snow, they alighted in safety, and immediately fell on their knees in thanksgiving. They then separated, to facilitate their flight. The superior, in the midst of all the severity of the season, was driven to hide for days together in the woods, without other food than berries, or any thing to quench her thirst but the snow. Once, driven to extremity, she knocked at the door of a wealthy-looking house, and being received with veneration by its owner, was provided with money, provisions, and a correct map of her route. She crossed the frontier disguised as a shepherd; but even then was not in security, as the cowardly government of Prussia gives up even its own subjects to the Czar.

"It was not until she had reached Posen, in the midst of a Polish population, that she felt in security; and here she had unobtrusively withdrawn to a convent of the sisters of charity, but she was considered too precious, as a living testimony of the horrors daily perpetrated in that Golgotha which the frontier of Russia encircles, to be left in her retirement. With her scars, wounds, and personal evidence, she has been wisely forwarded to Paris, where a deputation recently waited on her, to express their sympathy with her cruel treatment. From thence she proceeded on the 10th of October to Rome, where she was received in the most distinguished manner by the pope and cardinals. In Posen she had been joined by the sister Wawrzecka, and shortly afterwards learned that the other two had in like manner escaped the pursuit of the Russian authorities, and been safely forwarded by the zeal of the inhabitants to the Austrian frontier."

Rambles in the United States and Canada, &c. BY RUBIO. London, Clarke. 1846.

WITH one word of protest against its vulgarity and vicious temper, we leave this weak and worthless production to sure oblivion. Excessive tenderness towards the faults of the Americans is not among our besetting sins: but we cannot say of the United States, as of Rubio's pages, that there is nothing good in them from one end to the other.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, Nov. 3rd. 1845.

THE anniversary of our flood! This time twelvemonth, dear Mr. Editor, or somewhat later, I was writing to you of drowned streets, ruined merchants, and dismal looks on all sides. This autumn, thank Heaven, our beautiful Florence presents a very different appearance, though a few croakers will persist in asking after every heavy shower that may occur, how many inches the river has been observed to rise; but we enjoy our sunshine and bright skies and laugh at them. Truly this Italian autumn has reminded one of Fanny Kemble's beautiful lines to the American autumn. We may say with her,

"Thou comest not in sober guise
In mellow cloak of russet clad;
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad.
But like an emperor triumphing
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming
And glowing purple canopies."

And as fate has kindly willed it, the peculiar beauty and brilliancy of the season is witnessed and enjoyed by an unusually large concourse of our migratory countrymen. The police-returns a few days since showed that there were then in Florence no fewer than between twelve and thirteen thousand English! We always expect rather large coveys about this time of year, but the throng this season is unprecedented. They swarm in the streets, in the theatres, in the churches, in the salons, in the galleries. Had they not the unmistakable 'cachet' which stamps them 'British' ineffaceably imprinted on every lineament and gesture, they might still be known by the unfailing accompaniment of Murray's red guide-book,—but a blind leader of the blind, be it said, *en passant*, for both the volumes on Northern and Central Italy are as imperfect and unsatisfactory as those on Germany are excellent.

However, Murray's red books are *de rigueur*, and it is difficult to traverse a street in Florence without encountering half a score of them. Their owners all are forming the most favourable notions of our climate, and will be ready on their return to swear that winter in Italy is a joke, and wintry blasts unknown. No Florentine, native or adopted, will undeceive them in the pleasing delusion, for it is here as it should seem, an universal law to assure every Englishman, who may chance to encounter wintry weather here, that such an occurrence is unprecedented within the memory of man—that there never was such a season before, and never will be again. I trust for the credit of our *bella Firenze* that the weather may not change before a good portion of our twelve thousand visitors have left us. But I have passed too many winters here not to know how very likely it is that any morrow may change our baskings to shiverings, and send our astonished countrymen scudding across the Piazza di Duomo before a wind which seems capable of cutting an oak in half. A 'tramontana,' with a fall of snow on the Apennine—and *hey presto!*—*il bel cielo d'Italia* is a poet's dream; and brick floors, fireless rooms, and wind-admitting doors and windows become most unpoetic and rheumatic realities. Meanwhile, all are buzzing about as gay as summer flies, and as busy. Cerito is here, too, dancing at the Pergola, where, to complete the delectation of our visitors, La Barbieri is singing in a style which would have long since caused her to be taken from us by London and Paris, had she wherewithal to charm the eye as potently as she does the ear. *Here* we judge singers by the latter organ.

Literature is, as usual, showing that it is alive by painful and laborious heavings under the superincumbent weight of censorships and obstacles of all

sorts, like the imprisoned giant under Etna; fighting the good fight bravely and perseveringly against all the odds that can be brought against it. But the amount of perseverance, of courage, of faith and hope, which can hope even against hope, needed for the maintaining of the struggle, can scarcely be adequately estimated by any save those who have the opportunity of watching these matters *de près*. And to one who does so watch the agonies of fettered intellect in Italy, the almost desperate game is truly heart-sickening.

Paolo Emiliani Giudici, has nearly completed his 'History of Literature in Italy.' As it is published in *fascicoli*, after the manner so prevalent now in Italy (more so even than elsewhere), the portion finished is already before the public. Two chapters of the work, amounting to 164 octavo pages, touching Dante and his era, have been printed separately by the publishers as a preface to an edition of the poet which they were bringing out. But alas! the censorship of the Papal government has discovered 'thirty-two propositions in it of erroneous tendency.' Naples, &c., of course, follow the decision, and the work is excluded from more than half its market, and the people from the benefit of something like sound criticism, and a just appreciation of the great men of their brighter day. 'In literary criticism,' says the writer of an able article on Italian literature in the 'Westminster Review' of October 1837, 'in literary criticism all here is truly void * * *. Criticism is dumb.' Since this was written she has more than once given indication that she was neither dead nor sleeping,—and has endeavoured to raise her voice. And here we see the result. For nearly a century the Dantescan criticism of Italy, as seen in the sterile labours of *dilettante* academies has been the scoff and by-word of Europe. The endless and objectless multiplication of such empty dissertations, disputes on readings, and word-catching verbiage, as formed the staple of Italian Dantescan labours until quite recently, was deemed by the rulers of Italy a safe and harmless employment for the leisure and intellect of her *litterati*. As long as none of the great and suggestive lessons with which the life, writings, character, and opinions of the mighty exile are pregnant, were drawn from the study of them, all was well, and benevolent princes were well content to patronise courtly academies whose elegant scholarship busied itself only with words, and whose well-bred learning dreamed not of seeking beneath their words for ideas which might disturb the placid dulness of their gentle literature. But another class of scholars has arisen. '*Major rerum nascitur ordo.*' And lo! Dante and Dantescan studies are found to be no longer the safe ground of intellectual tilting matches they were once deemed to be. The less that is said about him the better! The best consolation one can suggest to the author of a work thus excluded is the consideration that its admission into the Papal States would have been an irrefragable proof of its worthlessness. Yet it is a heart-sickening and up-hill course—that of a literary man who has any pretensions to be called such in Italy.

I have seen the first volume of Signor Giudici's work on the History of Italian Literature, from which this unfortunate preface to the '*Divina Comedia*' was extracted, and I can promise you. Mr. Editor, that when completed it will be well worth your notice. It may seem perhaps, to English readers familiar with the names (*and nothing more*) of Crescimbeni, Gimma, Quadrio, and Tiraboschi, that a new history of Italian literature was hardly needed. But I have sufficient faith, if not in the critical acumen, yet at least in the idleness of the readers of this our railroad-going epoch, to feel quite assured that a very cursory inspection of the *works* of these worthies of the eighteenth century would suffice to convince all who have any wish to inform themselves on the matter of Italian literature, of the necessity of a guide on the subject rather more adapted in matter and in manner to the wants of a somewhat thinking though ever hurrying generation.

Crescimbeni was an 'Arcadian,' and may be, indeed, deemed the father of all the Arcadians, as he was the first 'Custode' of the institution. This will be sufficient to enable those who have any knowledge of the Italian literature of the eighteenth century to form a sufficiently accurate estimate of his history. It is an enormous magazine of laboriously collected puerilities. Of the true essence and nature of poetry Crescimbeni was as profoundly ignorant as it is well possible for a lettered man to be. '*Poeta si non nascitur*' must have been his motto, or at least his creed. And the making of a poet and of poetry he deemed might be accomplished by the observance of a set of minute word-regulating receipts. And truly this method was so successful, that such a brood of 'poets' was formed from the worthless materials lying fallen in the *dolce far niente* of Italian life, as utterly overwhelmed the unfortunate Arcadian chronicler, who deemed all equally worthy of a place in his temple of fame, yet found himself utterly unable to accommodate so numberless a band even in the capacious limits of his weighty volumes. The expedient that he adopted in this distress is worth mentioning, as it is probably not generally known; and as it serves pretty well to indicate the value of his often quoted work and the calibre of the writer's mind. He had recourse to a lottery!!! He placed some thousands of names in an urn, and in the presence of Carlo Doni and Vincenzo Leonio, to guarantee fair play, he drew out a certain number, and of these composed the contemporary part of his history. A legally attested document, recording the fact was deposited in the Arcadian archives!!! We were aware that Fame sometimes was subject to optical delusions, but we never before heard of her wilfully shutting her eyes, and calling on blind Fortune to award her crowns for her. 'Such,' says Signor Giudici, 'is the history of Crescimbeni. When I recollected the reputation it enjoyed, I concluded that few had looked into it, and none perhaps examined it. But very many, from that sheep-like tendency to follow each other, that seems inherent in human nature, have cited it, and even still continue to do so—even still, when the sad experience of facts, and the example of the rapid progress of other nations ought to have freed us from our pernicious literary vanities.'

Gimma, the second of the above-named writers, was an encyclopedic philosopher, according to the meaning of the term in his day—the beginning of the eighteenth century. He had an immense reputation among his contemporaries. But having found out, as Signor Giudici says, 'how much easier a thing it is to write of every thing than of one thing only,' he conceived the idea of a vast work on the history of the entire cycle of human knowledge in Italy, from Adam to the end of the seventeenth century. And when he had amassed in sundry huge volumes all he could collect on this enormous topic, he issued them as a specimen of the mighty work that might be expected from him when completed in its entirety. Humanity was, however, mercifully spared this indiction, and poor Gimma died in travail.

Quadrio in his history of every poetry of every nation, and of every age, gives a list of antediluvian poets, and sets down Adam as the writer of the first *canzone*, which, according to the learned historian, may be found at the present day among the psalms attributed to David. The reader will hardly then expect from the exceedingly erudite Quadrio, a history adapted to the reading wants of 1845.

Tiraboschi's great work, useful and even indispensable as it is, as a book of reference, is the production of a pedant, of a profoundly learned, and indefatigably industrious one; but still a mere pedant, adapted admirably by his nature and qualifications for the compilation of a chronicle, but utterly incompetent to the composition of a history. Moreover, the utility of his work is diminished, and all its proportions distorted by certain prejudices, which were also, in a great measure, those of his day. He worshipped Petrarch. The mightier mind of Dante he could neither appreciate nor comprehend; still less had he

any idea of setting forth or hinting at the influence which that truly creative intellect exercised on the eras which succeeded his own, not only in the world of literature, but in every department of human life. 'And when a literary history reveals nought of all this,' cries Signor Giudici, 'what consolation are a dozen pages filled with an indifferent attempt at investigating biographical minutiae?'

I believe a translation of Signor Giudici's volumes is in progress; and I cannot doubt that they will be thankfully received in England.

The first volume of a work 'On the History, Theory, and Practice of Animal Magnetism' has just made its appearance here, and is making rather a sensation in our little literary world. It bears on its title page the name of 'Professore Lisimaco Verati;' but this is understood to be a *nom de guerre*, and the name of the real author is a profound secret. But the principal point of interest in the matter is the fact of the volume having passed the ordeal of the censorship. That it should have done so is attributed to two circumstances; firstly, to the insertion of the following notice on the fly-leaf. 'The author declares that he has treated the subject of this work purely as a philosopher; nor does he draw from it, nor ought his readers to draw from it, any the least argument contrary to the holy doctrines of our Catholic religion, of which he professes himself a venerator and follower.' And whenever any thing too startling to the faithful occurs in the text of the work, he puts a foot-note to say, 'Please remember the declaration on the fly-leaf.' This mode of maintaining one set of opinions, 'as a pure philosopher,' and holding another as a good Catholic, is amusing enough, and it must be owned extremely convenient in a country blessed with a censorship. It is to be hoped that the example may be followed. But the clergy are already screaming open-mouthed, and it is feared that the too lenient censor may find himself obliged to recall his licence. If so, adieu to the author's forthcoming other four volumes. The second circumstance, supposed to have assisted this somewhat flimsy and transparent device of sweetening a whole volume of heterodoxy with one big lump of orthodoxy thus put in after it was composed, in passing Professor Verati's book, is the fact that the censor is known, despite his ecclesiastical faith, to be an enthusiastic receiver of the doctrines of Mesmerism. *Valeat quantum*. It is to be supposed that he also has his official opinions and his own private conscience for home use quite separate.

It is very manifest, however, that several of the Italian governments, especially ours here, and even Austria in Lombardy, are inclined to relax in the matter of censorship, and others similar, far more than Rome is inclined to permit. No symptom of amelioration, no glimmer of penetrating light is there visible—with the exception of the occasional lurid flashes of reiterated revolt. The wonderful pertinacity with which she utterly refuses all amendment, hugs each abuse which it is sought to rend from her, and flies in the face of the enlightened sense and opinion of progressive humanity, with an audacity, now in the day of her weakness and decrepitude, more blindly, desperately daring than she ever ventured on even in the days of her prime, is truly astonishing, and can be explained only on the principle of 'quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' The soberest and gravest of those who have the misfortune to live under her sway, are convinced that no purification, save that of fire, fire which shall utterly consume the entire frame work of her present fabric, can avail to amend or render her endurable by mankind. Europe may depend on it, the last day of the temporal dominion of Rome's bishop is near at hand. The late revolt was but a false start—a premature outbreak of some of the hotter spirits, whom the more formidable leaders of the contemplated insurrection were unable to restrain, till what appeared to them a fitting moment. It was a mere flash in the pan. The real discharge of the piece will come presently, probably in somewhat less than twelve months. And in printing

this, Mr. Editor, you will be betraying no confidence, revealing no secrets. None are better aware of the facts I have asserted than the members of the Papal government. Many of them may perhaps hope that the crazy fabric may last their time, speculating on their own senility, and still more rapidly advancing decay. The wisest among them are known to be hopeless, and perfectly aware that their game is a desperate—nay, a lost one. One of those prophetic announcements which so often have preceded great events in the world's march, and have contributed to bring them about, is now current in Rome, and much dwelt on by her ignorant and superstitious citizens—assisted, doubtless by her wiser and designing ones. It is there very generally believed, that it has been prophetically declared that the present wearer of the tiara will never have a successor. The pontiff is known to be in a very precarious state of health, and the above idea has very much quashed speculation in Rome as to the probable election of the conclave on the expected event of his demise.

Notwithstanding the great arrears of improvement which all the Italian governments have to make up before they can approach the present point of European progress in its more favoured portions, we have recently had a pleasing indication that they are not all equally barbarous, and that our Tuscan prince is, indeed, '*facile princeps*' among them. Several of those who were obliged to fly to save themselves from the consequences of the late outbreak in the Romagna, took refuge in Tuscany, and were by the authorities lodged in prison, till it should be decided what was to be done with them. The Papal government made a formal demand that they should be given up. The grand-ducal ministers met to deliberate on the matter, and it is said, came to the determination of complying with the Papal demand. Whereupon, says report, the Grand Duke stepped aside, and penned an order to the keeper of the '*fortezza di basso*,' in which the refugees were confined, directing them to be immediately sent to Leghorn, and thence by sea to Marseilles; thus summarily cutting short the debates of his ministers on the question. Thus much is at all events certain, that they *were* all sent to Marseilles in contempt of the demands of the Papal government, and every man presented by the Grand Duke with a suit of clothes and a Napoleon.

Before closing this long and desultory letter, I must drop a word of caution to your art-loving readers anent the 'discovery' of a fresco by Raphael here, respecting which much nonsense has been written designedly or ignorantly in the French and English papers. The fresco in question, painted on a wall of the refectory of a *ci-devant* convent, now occupied by a carriage-builder, has been open to, and well-known by the Florentine artistic public for some years. It is, undoubtedly, a work of much merit; and used to be considered the production of some pupil of Perugino. It was then suggested that that master himself was the author of it. Suddenly, quite lately, it was proclaimed to be by Raphael, and his name was said to be discoverable in a cipher on the collar worn by one of the figures. Now any such cipher, did it exist, would of course prove nothing; and its existence seems at least problematical. A friend, a very competent judge in such matters, assured me that it 'required much faith' to see the alleged letters in the marks in question; and that the persons engaged in cleaning it refused to allow him, an artist well known here, to examine the wall closely on the pretence that the scaffolding was not strong enough to support two persons. In the next place, it would be extremely difficult to persuade those who are really well read in the history of art and artists, that Raphael produced a work at Florence which must have occupied him for a year, and concerning which history is utterly silent. To the best informed here this consideration is decisive on the point. I am told, however, that certain Englishmen are in treaty for the purchase of the painting. What will a money-burdened Englishman not buy! In my own humble opinion, the newly-discovered an-

thorship of the picture was in all probability opportunely suggested contemporaneously with the idea that it might be successfully removed from its wall.

It seems certain that one of the figures is a not uninteresting portrait of Raphael.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, will not have forgotten, probably, a more interesting and more genuine discovery of this nature, which was made here two or three years ago, of a portrait of Dante on a wall of the Bargello. It will be easily imagined what a sensation the first uncovering of this genuine presentment of the great Florentine occasioned here, among both natives and foreigners. Well,—a highly-gifted young countrywoman of ours (whose name is not quite unknown to fame at present, but whom, if I am not much mistaken, a wider celebrity awaits, as the meed of a translation by her of Niccolini's 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' shortly to be published). Miss Theodosia Garrow, produced a charming little poem on the discovered portrait. The Florentines were enchanted; and Niccolini, who had been exceedingly pleased by her translation of his magnificent tragedy, thought that he could not do better than return the compliment by translating her stanzas on the new portrait of Dante. The veteran bard's translation is about to be published here, and the young poetess's original will doubtless see the light some day. But, in the mean time, I cannot resist giving you a stanza or two as a specimen of Niccolini's hand at translating English poetry into 'la dolce lingua.' It is doing violence to the little poem thus to mar its integrity—but I dare not intrude the whole on your numbered pages—especially at the close of so long a letter.

* * * * *

"There was a poet mighty to dispel
Those mists of slavish ignorance
which fold
The infancy of ages;—stern and
bold
He sang an awful strain of Heaven and
Hell,
Bared to Earth's rulers their iniquity,
And grasp'd the burning truths for
which men die.

"He wrote his thoughts in rapid throbs
and tears
On the awakening souls of harsh
mankind:
The precious ore of speech yet un-
refined,
Rough with the gather'd clay of bar-
barous years,
His fiery spirit cleansed and sent it
forth
To be the music of the troubled earth.
"Still, Florentines! among your olive
shades

Now for Niccolini's version.

"Sì, vi era un vate che a sgombrar valea
Quelle nebbie che crea
Un' ignorar servile, e poi ne fascia
Del secoli l' infanzia : Inno tremendo

And marble halls the Poet's accents
dwell,—
Point the bright flash of genius,—
smooth and swell
The trembling tone of love;—'mid fra-
grant braids
Of blossom'd vine from childhood's lips
they throng,
Broken like running streams to
sweeter song.
* * *

"He stands among you now; the self-
same form
Which dwelt upon the memory of the
land
Thro' convulsed centuries. In either
hand *
He holds a sign of power;—one fresh
and warm
From Nature's sunny breast; the
other fraught
With the long garner'd wealth of
human thought."

Dal labbro risuonò di quell' austero
Sull Inferno e sul Cielo,
I Re del mondo fe' tremanti e nudi
Alle lor' colpe lacerando il velo,

* The newly-discovered portrait has, in one hand, a book, and, in the other, a pomegranate flower.

E alle parole seguì l' ardore
Che quei veri cantò, per cui si muore.

"In palpiti veloci
Ed in lacrime scrisse i suoi pensieri
A svegliar l' alma scabre ancora e rudi,
E coll' accella argilla
Di quei barbari tempi il prezioso
Oro della favella ancor non fina
Si ben foggì, che dal suo spirito ardente
Purificata si faceva divina:
Allor volò dalle percosse corde
Un' armonia nella città discorde.

"Qui degli ulivi all' ombra
Nelle marmoree sale
La voce del Poeta abita ancora:
E dell' Amor tremante
Suonan gli accenti, e l' aura che sospira
Nella breccia fragrante
Delle vigne fiorite, e la parola
Che il fanciullin consola

E la madre trastulla
A studio della culla;
E come un rio da lievi sassi infranto
Mormora la soave onda del canto.

"Or sta tra voi con quel semblante
istesso
Che in etadi agitati
Da sì lunghi cantese
Tenea l' esule vate
Nella memoria del natio paese.
In una man tu vedi
Segno del suo poter, frutto onde viene
Refrigerio alla seta, e l' hai concetto
O Sol, che scaldi al tuo Poeta il petto.
E l' altra man gravata
Da volume severo;
Vi sta come in tesoro accumulata
Lunga ricchezza dell' uman pensiero."

I cannot but say, that I think the translation but a flat and disappointing rendering of the original—even though the translator be the author of 'Giovanni da Procida,' and 'Arnaldo da Brescia.' I am sure, however, your readers must agree with me in admiring the English stanzas I have sent them; and so, Mr. Editor, abuse me as little as may be for the length of my epistle, and farewell.

PARIS, Dec. 16th, 1845.

Here, as in England, literature has for some time past been in a state of decadence. It is reduced chiefly to cheap reprints, in post 8vo., illustrated books, and *feuilletons*. The taste for volumes illustrated with wood-cuts continues, and from illustrated editions of old and popular authors, the Parisian booksellers have proceeded to the publication of original works, compiled generally with an eye to the pictorial embellishments, more than to the elegance or excellence of the text. We may point out 'La Chine Ouverte,' by 'Old Nick' (M. Forgnies) as an honourable exception. Romantic literature has been, during several years, in a course of successive degeneracy. After the romances of Pigault Lebrun and Paul de Kock, a style of literature only fitted for grisettes and herb-women, came Balzac and Georges Sand, who wrote for fashionable society, and gained popularity by their equivocal morality. Still there was genius of no ordinary character; and, at the same time, Hugo produced his splendid romance of 'Notre Dame,' with the no less remarkable creations of fancy, 'Bug-jargal,' and 'Hans d'Islande;' and Alfred de Vigny, gave a good specimen of the historical romance in his 'Cinq Mars.' Things are now, however, no longer the same. Cheap literature and the romance of the *feuilleton*, have struck a death blow at the dignity of literary composition; and the only object of a novel writer of the present day, is to make a romance which will stretch through the greatest possible number of daily journals. There are now more than sixty romance writers of this class, most of whom scarcely deserve the honour of being named. Alexander Dumas, who is writing five or six romances at the same time, a portion of each of which appears every morning in one of as many

newspapers, is still the best of these prolific gentlemen. His writings have always a certain charm, which distinguishes them from those of his rivals in the same line.

The taste for historical literature and archaeology, which flourished so much a few years ago, has been considerably broken up by political and religious controversy. Two great questions are now agitating the minds of the learned—that of the Jesuits, in which figure pre-eminently the names of Michelet and Quinet, and that of the university, caused by the abolition of the *conseil royal*, by the minister of public instruction, M. de Salvandy. In England, you can hardly form an idea of the agitation created here by the controversy relating to the Jesuits. It is this question which has interrupted the historical labours of Michelet, while the complicated affairs of the state have entirely robbed the world of letters of the historical labours of Guizot; although this enlightened minister loses no opportunity of encouraging and rewarding, in his official capacity, the historical labours of others. The '*Revue Nouvelle*,' which exhibits a decided partiality for historical articles, is understood to have been started, and to be carried on under his patronage. The government historical committee is proceeding rapidly, *tant bien que mal*, with its large series of historical documents. Augustin Thierry is actively preparing his great work on the history of the '*Tiers Etat*,' or middle classes; while Mignet is preparing, on an equally extensive scale, for his no less important '*History of the Reformation*.'

Archæology is also undergoing its vicissitudes. For several years the Parisian press teemed with valuable publications, illustrative of the literature and history of France in the middle ages. For the last two or three years the study of a less important, though in some respects a more pleasing, class of historical monuments—architecture and mediæval art—has obtained an undue preponderance, and swamped the taste for pure historical research. A reaction is now taking place. Even among archæologists, the exaggerated taste (or rather fashion) for mediæval architecture is rapidly losing its ground; while some of the best of the philological and historical scholars are preparing to renew the publication of literary documents, almost entirely interrupted during the last three or four years. M. Jubinal, one of the cleverest and most active of the French antiquaries, is founding a society for the publication of early French poetry, &c., somewhat on the plan of the English Percy Society. M. Jubinal is also busily occupied in preparing a new series of his fine work on Spanish armour. The Comte Auguste de Bastard continues with spirit, his most superb work on the illuminations of the middle ages, towards which the French government has subscribed during the last eight or ten years 2000*l.* annually, in addition to which M. de Bastard is said to have expended not much less than 10,000*l.* of his own property. It is said that two copies only of this work have yet reached England, and I am informed, that the poor spirit which characterises the management of the British Museum has proscribed this work from that establishment, on the ground that it is too expensive. M. Didron, who may be considered as the head of the modern archæological school in this country, is doing much towards spreading a just and correct taste for antiquities, by the monthly publication of his '*Annales Archéologiques*,' the cheapest and best work of this class that has yet appeared.

To turn from the serious to the gay, I will add a word or two on the theatres of this capital. I am obliged to say of this as of the rest, *rien de capital et de bon depuis longtemps*. In consequence of the entrance of M. Buloz, *directeur* of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' to the Théâtre Français, first as commissaire royal, and then as directeur and commissaire royal at the same time, the great composers Dumas, Scribe, and Hugo, have deserted it. Buloz is a man of great honour and probity, but very illiterate, and rude and stiff in

his manners. When a new piece does not please him, instead of refusing it politely, he tells the author naïvely, but honestly : ‘ Monsieur, votre pièce est détestable ; nous n’en voulons pas.’ He has, however, given so many proofs of his incapacity for the management of the first theatre in Paris, that, were it not for the talent and attractions of Mademoiselle Rachel, the Theatre Français would inevitably be deserted. The chief promoters of the modern French drama, Hugo and Dumas, have been obliged to take shelter, one in the Chamber of Peers, and the other in the Ambigu Comique. In fact, Dumas, whose talent is of the highest class, has become the comic writer of the populace, in a theatre frequented chiefly by men in blouses, where the good folks of the galleries, in order to make sure of places, go two or three hours before the regular time of opening, carrying their dinners along with them, which they eat during the *entre-actes*, and throw the fragments on the heads of the good folks of the *porterre*. The great attraction at this theatre, at the present time, is the ‘ Mousquetaires,’ a piece remarkable for its absurdity, but taken from a famous romance by Alexander Dumas, published in the *feuilletons* of the ‘ Siècle,’ and of such an extraordinary length that, continued daily, the publication of the whole lasted during three years. But as it is, it is said that Dumas will clear by this drama alone, not less than 50,000 francs. The drama, in one respect, is an imitation of the romance, inasmuch as the performance begins at six o’clock, and ends at midnight, it being the only piece acted, and it is expressly announced on the bills, that the *entre-actes* shall not last more than ten minutes !

We learn that Mr. Leach, the translator of Müller’s ‘ Introduction to the Greek Mythology,’ intends shortly to publish a translation of the same author’s ‘ Archæology of Art.’ We trust that the success of these works will be such as to induce Mr. Leach to translate all those works of Müller that have not yet appeared in English.

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